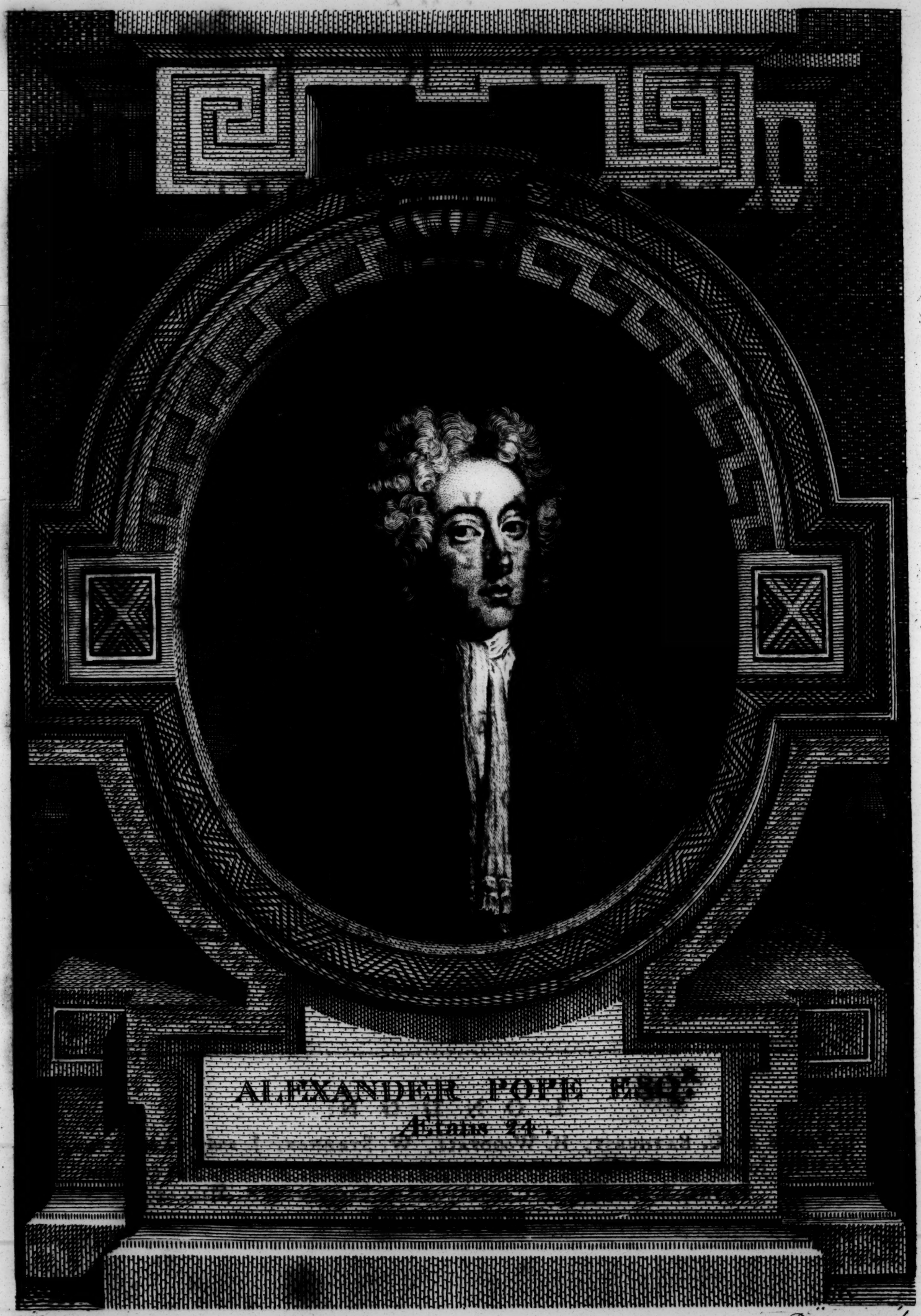
THE

WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.





Kneller pinx. *Ravenet sculp.*

THE

WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

COMPLETE.

WITH HIS LAST

CORRECTIONS, ADDITIONS,

AND

IMPROVEMENTS:

TOGETHER WITH THE

COMMENTARY and NOTES

OF

HIS EDITOR.

A NEW EDITION, IN FIVE VOLUMES.

TO WHICH IS ANNEXED

The LIFE of the AUTHOR, compiled from ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS, with a CRITICAL ESSAY on his WRITINGS and GENIUS.

BY OWEN RUFFHEAD, Esq.

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MDCCLXIX.

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VOLUME I.

Alte ſpectare ſi voles, neque ſermonibus VULGI dederis te, nec in Premiis humanis ſpem poſueris rerum tuarum: ſuis te illecebris oportet ipſa Virtus trahat ad verum decus.
QUID DE TE ALII LOQUANTUR IPSI VIDEANT, SED LOQUENTUR TAMEN. *Cicero.*

TRANSLATIONS and IMITATIONS,

AND AN

ESSAY ON MAN.

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ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE OCTAVO EDITIONS.

MR. POPE, in his laſt illneſs, amuſed himſelf, amidſt the care of his higher concerns, in preparing a corrected and complete Edition of his Writings *; and, with his uſual delicacy, was even ſolicitous to prevent any ſhare of the offence they might occaſion, from falling on the Friend whom he had engaged to give them to the public †.

In diſcharge of this truſt, the Public has here a complete Edition of his Works; executed in ſuch a manner, as, I am perſuaded, would have been to his ſatisfaction.

The Editor hath not, for the ſake of profit, ſuffered the Author's Name to be made cheap by a *Subſcription*; nor his Works to be defrauded of their due honours by a vulgar or inelegant Impreſſion; nor his Memory to be diſgraced by any pieces unworthy of his talents or virtue. On the contrary, he hath, at a very great expence, ornamented this Edition with all the advantages

* — "I own, the late encroachments upon my conſtitution make me willing to ſee the end "of all further care about me or my works. I would reſt for the one in a full reſignation of "my Being to be diſpoſed of by the Father of all mercy; and for the other (though indeed a "trifle, yet a trifle may be ſome example) I would commit them to the candour of a ſenſible "and reflecting judge, rather than to the malice of every ſhort-ſighted and malevolent critic, "or inadvertent and cenſorious reader. And no hand can ſet them in ſo good a light," *etc. Lett.* CXX. *to Mr. W.*

† — "I alſo give and bequeath to the ſaid Mr. Warburton, the property of all ſuch of "my Works already printed as he hath written or ſhall write Commentaries or Notes upon, "and which I have not otherwiſe diſpoſed of or alienated; and as he ſhall publiſh WITHOUT "FUTURE ALTERATIONS." — *His laſt Will and Teſtament.*

which the beſt Artiſts in Paper, Printing, and Sculpture could beſtow upon it.

If the Public hath waited longer than the deference due to it's generous impatience for the Author's writings ſhould have ſuffered, it was owing to a reaſon which the Editor need not be aſhamed to tell. It was his regard to the family-intereſts of his deceaſed Friend. Mr. Pope, at his death, had left large impreſſions of ſeveral parts of his Works, unſold; the property of which was adjudged to belong to his Executors; and the Editor was willing they ſhould have time to diſpoſe of them to the beſt advantage, before the publication of this Edition (which hath been long prepared) ſhould put a ſtop to the ſale.

But it may be proper to be a little more particular concerning the ſuperiority of this Edition above all the preceding; ſo far as Mr. Pope himſelf was concerned. What the Editor hath done, the Reader muſt collect for himſelf.

The FIRST Volume, and the original Poems in the SECOND, are here firſt printed from a copy corrected throughout by the Author himſelf, even to the very preface: Which, with ſeveral additional notes in his own hand, he delivered to the Editor a little before his death. The Juvenile tranſlations, in the other part of the SECOND Volume, it was never his intention to bring into this Edition of his Works, on account of the levity of ſome, the freedom of others, and the little importance of all. But theſe being the property of other men, the Editor had it not in his power to follow the Author's intention.

The THIRD Volume (all but the *Eſſay on Man*, which together with the *Eſſay on Criticiſm*, the Author, a little before his death, had corrected and publiſhed in Quarto, as a ſpecimen of his projected Edition) was printed by him in his laſt illneſs, but never publiſhed,

publiſhed, in the manner it is now given. The diſpoſition of the *Epiſtle on the Characters of Men* is quite altered; *that* on the *Characters of Women* much enlarged; and the *Epiſtles on Riches and Taſte* corrected and improved. To theſe advantages of the THIRD Volume, muſt be added a great number of fine verſes, taken from the Author's Manuſcript-copies of theſe poems, communicated by him for this purpoſe to the Editor. Theſe, the Author, when he firſt publiſhed the poems, to which they belong, thought proper, for various reaſons, to omit. Some, from the Manuſcript-copy of the *Eſſay on Man*, which tended to diſcredit *fate*, and to recommend the *moral government* of God, had, by the Editor's advice, been reſtored to their places in the laſt Edition of that Poem. The reſt, together with others of the like ſort, from his Manuſcript-copy of the other *Ethic Epiſtles*, are here inſerted at the bottom of the page, under the title of *Variations*.

The FOURTH Volume contains the *Satires*; with their *Prologue*, the *Epiſtle to Dr. Arbuthnot*; and *Epilogue*, the two poems intitled MDCCXXXVIII. The *Prologue* and *Epilogue* are here given with the like advantages as the *Ethic Epiſtles* in the foregoing Volume, that is to ſay, with the *Variations*, or additional verſes from the Author's Manuſcripts. The *Epilogue* to the *Satires* is likewiſe inriched with many and large notes, now firſt printed from the Author's own Manuſcript.

The FIFTH Volume contains a correcter and completer Edition of the *Dunciad* than hath been hitherto publiſhed; of which, at preſent, I have only this further to add, That it was at my requeſt he laid the plan of a fourth Book. I often told him, It was pity ſo fine a poem ſhould remain diſgraced by the meanneſs of its ſubject, the moſt *inſignificant* of all Dunces, bad Rhymers and malevolent Cavillers: That he ought to raiſe and ennoble it by

pointing his Satire againſt the moſt *pernicious* of all, Minute philoſophers and Free-thinkers. I imagined, too, it was for the intereſts of Religion to have it known, that ſo great a Genius had a due abhorrence of theſe peſts of Virtue and Society. He came readily into my opinion; but at the ſame time, told me, it would create him many Enemies. He was not miſtaken. For though the terror of his pen kept them for ſome time in reſpect, yet on his death they roſe with unreſtrained fury in numerous Coffee-houſe tales, and Grub-ſtreet libels. The plan of this admirable Satire was artfully contrived to ſhew, that the follies and defects of a FASHIONABLE EDUCATION naturally led to, and neceſſarily ended in, FREE-THINKING; with deſign to point out the only remedy adequate to ſo deſtructive an evil. It was to advance the ſame ends of virtue and religion, that the Editor prevailed on him to alter every thing in his *moral writings* that might be ſuſpected of having the leaſt glance towards *Fate* or NATURALISM; and to add what was proper to convince the world that he was warmly on the ſide of MORAL GOVERNMENT and a *revealed Will*. And it would be great injuſtice to his memory not to declare that he embraced theſe occaſions with the moſt unfeigned pleaſure.

The SIXTH Volume conſiſts of Mr. Pope's miſcellaneous pieces in verſe and proſe. Amongſt the *Verſe* ſeveral fine poems make now their firſt appearance in his Works. And of the *Proſe*, all that is good, and nothing but what is exquiſitely ſo, will be found in this Edition.

The SEVENTH, EIGHTH, and NINTH Volumes conſiſt entirely of his *Letters*. The more valuable, as they are the only true models which we, or perhaps any of our neighbours, have of *familiar Epiſtles*. This collection is now made more complete by the addition of ſeveral new pieces. Yet, excepting a ſhort explana-

tory

tory letter to Col. M. and the *Letters* to Mr. A. and Mr. W. (the latter of which are given to ſhew the Editor's inducements, and the engagements he was under, to intend the care of this Edition) excepting theſe, I ſay, the reſt are all here publiſhed from the Author's own printed, tho' not publiſhed, copies delivered to the Editor.

On the whole, the advantages of this Edition, above the preceding, are theſe, That it is the firſt complete collection which has ever been made of his original Writings. That all his principal poems, of early or later date, are here given to the public with his laſt corrections and improvements; That a great number of his verſes are here firſt printed from the Manuſcript-copies of his principal Poems of later date; That many new notes of the Author are here added to his Poems; and laſtly, that ſeveral pieces, both in proſe and verſe, make now their firſt appearance before the Public.

PREFACE.

I AM inclined to think that both the writers of books, and the readers of them, are generally not a little unreaſonable in their expectations. The firſt ſeem to fancy the world muſt approve whatever they produce, and the latter to imagine that authors are obliged to pleaſe them at any rate. Methinks, as on the one hand no ſingle man is born with a right of controuling the opinions of all the reſt; ſo on the other, the world has no title to demand, that the whole care and time of any particular perſon ſhould be ſacrificed to its entertainment. Therefore I cannot but believe that writers and readers are under equal obligations, for as much fame, or pleaſure, as each affords the other.

Every one acknowledges, it would be a wild notion to expect perfection in any work of man: and yet one would think the contrary was taken for granted, by the judgment commonly paſt upon Poems. A Critic ſuppoſes he has done his part, if he proves a writer to have fail'd in an expreſſion, or erred in any particular point: and can it then be wondered at, if the Poets in general ſeem reſolved not to own themſelves in any error? For as long as one ſide will make no allowances, the other will be brought to no acknowledgments *.

I am afraid this extreme zeal on both ſides is ill-placed; Poetry and Criticiſm being by no means the univerſal concern of the

* In the former editions it was thus — *For as long as one ſide deſpiſes a well-meant endeavour, the other will not be ſatisfied with a moderate approbation.* — But the Author altered it, as theſe words were rather a conſequence from the concluſion he would draw, than the concluſion itſelf, which he has now inſerted.

world,

world, but only the affair of idle men who write in their cloſets, and of idle men who read there.

Yet ſure, upon the whole, a bad Author deſerves better uſage than a bad Critic: for a Writer's endeavour, for the moſt part, is to pleaſe his Readers, and he fails merely through the misfortune of an ill judgment; but ſuch a Critic's is to put them out of humour; a deſign he could never go upon without both that and an ill temper.

I think a good deal may be ſaid to extenuate the fault of bad Poets. What we call a Genius, is hard to be diſtinguiſhed by a man himſelf, from a ſtrong inclination: and if his genius be ever ſo great, he cannot at firſt diſcover it any other way, than by giving way to that prevalent propenſity which renders him the more liable to be miſtaken. The only method he has, is to make the experiment by writing, and appealing to the judgment of others: now if he happens to write ill (which is certainly no ſin in itſelf) he is immediately made an object of ridicule. I wiſh we had the humanity to reflect that even the worſt authors might, in their endeavour to pleaſe us, deſerve ſomething at our hands. We have no cauſe to quarrel with them but for their obſtinacy in perſiſting to write; and this too may admit of alleviating circumſtances. Their particular friends may be either ignorant, or inſincere; and the reſt of the world in general is too well-bred to ſhock them with a truth, which generally their Bookſellers are the firſt that inform them of. This happens not till they have ſpent too much of their time to apply to any profeſſion which might better fit their talents; and till ſuch talents as they have are ſo far diſcredited as to be but of ſmall ſervice to them. For (what is the hardeſt caſe imaginable) the reputation of a man generally depends upon the firſt ſteps he makes in the world; and

and people will eſtabliſh their opinion of us, from what we do at that ſeaſon when we have leaſt judgment to direct us.

On the other hand, a good Poet no ſooner communicates his works with the ſame deſire of information, but it is imagined he is a vain young creature given up to the ambition of fame; when perhaps the poor man is all the while trembling with the fear of being ridiculous. If he is made to hope he may pleaſe the world, he falls under very unlucky circumſtances: for, from the moment he prints, he muſt expect to hear no more truth, than if he were a Prince, or a Beauty. If he has not very good ſenſe (and indeed there are twenty men of wit, for one man of ſenſe) his living thus in a courſe of flattery may put him in no ſmall danger of becoming a Coxcomb: if he has, he will conſequently have ſo much diffidence as not to reap any great ſatisfaction from his praiſe; ſince, if it be given to his face, it can ſcarce be diſtinguiſhed from flattery, and if in his abſence, it is hard to be certain of it. Were he ſure to be commended by the beſt and moſt knowing, he is as ſure of being envied by the worſt and moſt ignorant, which are the majority; for it is with a fine Genius as with a fine faſhion, all thoſe are diſpleaſed at it who are not able to follow it: and it is to be feared that eſteem will ſeldom do any man ſo much good, as ill-will does him harm. Then there is a third claſs of people, who make the largeſt part of mankind, thoſe of ordinary or indifferent capacities; and theſe (to a man) will hate, or ſuſpect him: a hundred honeſt Gentlemen will dread him as a Wit, and a hundred innocent women as a Satiriſt. In a word, whatever be his fate in Poetry, it is ten to one but he muſt give up all the reaſonable aims of life for it. There are indeed ſome advantages accruing from a Genius to Poetry, and they are all I can think of: the agreeable power of ſelf-amuſe-

ment when a man is idle or alone; the privilege of being admitted into the beſt company; and the freedom of ſaying as many careleſs things as other people, without being ſo ſeverely remarked upon.

I believe, if any one, early in his life, ſhould contemplate the dangerous fate of authors, he would ſcarce be of their number on any conſideration. The life of a Wit is a warfare upon earth; and the preſent ſpirit of the learned world is ſuch, that to attempt to ſerve it (any way) one muſt have the conſtancy of a martyr, and a reſolution to ſuffer for its ſake. I could wiſh people would believe, what I am pretty certain they will not, that I have been much leſs concerned about Fame than I durſt declare till this occaſion, when methinks I ſhould find more credit than I could heretofore: ſince my writings have had their fate already, and it is too late to think of prepoſſeſſing the reader in their favour. I would plead it as ſome merit in me, that the world has never been prepared for theſe Trifles by Prefaces, byaſſed by recommendation, dazled with the names of great Patrons, wheedled with fine reaſons and pretences, or troubled with excuſes. I confeſs it was want of conſideration that made me an author; I writ becauſe it amuſed me; I corrected becauſe it was as pleaſant to me to correct as to write; and I publiſhed becauſe I was told, I might pleaſe ſuch as it was a credit to pleaſe. To what degree I have done this, I am really ignorant; I had too much fondneſs for my productions to judge of them at firſt, and too much judgment to be pleaſed with them at laſt. But I have reaſon to think they can have no reputation which will continue long, or which deſerves to do ſo: for they have always fallen ſhort not only of what I read of others, but even of my own Ideas of Poetry.

If any one ſhould imagine I am not in earneſt, I deſire him to reflect, that the Ancients (to ſay the leaſt of them) had as much

much Genius as we: and that to take more pains, and employ more time, cannot fail to produce more complete pieces. They conſtantly apply'd themſelves not only to that art, but to that ſingle branch of an art, to which their talent was moſt powerfully bent; and it was the buſineſs of their lives to correct and finiſh their works for poſterity. If we can pretend to have uſed the ſame induſtry, let us expect the ſame immortality: Tho' if we took the ſame care, we ſhould ſtill lie under a further misfortune: they writ in languages that became univerſal and everlaſting, while ours are extremely limited both in extent and in duration. A mighty foundation for our pride! when the utmoſt we can hope, is but to be read in one Iſland, and to be thrown aſide at the end of one Age.

All that is left us is to recommend our productions by the imitation of the Ancients: and it will be found true, that in every age, the higheſt character for ſenſe and learning has been obtained by thoſe who have been moſt indebted to them. For, to ſay truth, whatever is very good ſenſe, muſt have been common ſenſe in all times; and what we call Learning, is but the knowledge of the ſenſe of our predeceſſors. Therefore they who ſay our thoughts are not our own, becauſe they reſemble the Ancients, may as well ſay our faces are not our own, becauſe they are like our Fathers: And indeed it is very unreaſonable, that people ſhould expect us to be Scholars, and yet be angry to find us ſo.

I fairly confeſs that I have ſerved myſelf all I could by reading; that I made uſe of the judgment of authors dead and living; that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors, both by my friends and enemies: But the true Reaſon theſe pieces are not more correct, is owing to the conſideration

how ſhort a time they, and I, have to live: One may be aſhamed to conſume half one's days in bringing ſenſe and rhyme together; and what Critic can be ſo unreaſonable, as not to leave a man time enough for any more ſerious employment, or more agreeable amuſement?

The only plea I ſhall uſe for the favour of the public, is, that I have as great a reſpect for it, as moſt authors have for themſelves; and that I have ſacrificed much of my own ſelf-love for its ſake, in preventing not only many mean things from ſeeing the light, but many which I thought tolerable. I would not be like thoſe Authors, who forgive themſelves ſome particular lines for the ſake of a whole Poem, and vice verſa a whole Poem for the ſake of ſome particular lines. I believe no one qualification is ſo likely to make a good writer, as the power of rejecting his own thoughts; and it muſt be this (if any thing) that can give me a chance to be one. For what I have publiſhed, I can only hope to be pardoned; but for what I have burn'd, I deſerve to be prais'd. On this account the world is under ſome obligation to me, and owes me the juſtice in return, to look upon no verſes as mine that are not inſerted in this collection. And perhaps nothing could make it worth my while to own what are really ſo, but to avoid the imputation of ſo many dull and immoral things, as partly by malice, and partly by ignorance, have been aſcribed to me. I muſt further acquit myſelf of the preſumption of having lent my name to recommend any Miſcellanies, or Works of other men; a thing I never thought becoming a Perſon who has hardly credit enough to anſwer for his own.

In this office of collecting my pieces, I am altogether uncertain, whether to look upon myſelf as a man building a monument, or burying the dead.

If Time ſhall make it the former, may theſe Poems (as long as they laſt) remain as a teſtimony, that their Author never made his talents ſubſervient to the mean and unworthy ends of Party or Self-intereſt; the gratification of public prejudices, or private paſſions; the flattery of the undeſerving, or the inſult of the unfortunate. If I have written well, let it be conſidered that 'tis what no man can do without good ſenſe, a quality that not only renders one capable of being a good writer, but a good man. And if I have made any acquiſition in the opinion of any one under the notion of the former, let it be continued to me under no other title than that of the latter.

But if this publication be only a more ſolemn funeral of my remains, I deſire it may be known that I die in charity, and in my ſenſes; without any murmurs againſt the juſtice of this age, or any mad appeals to poſterity. I declare I ſhall think the world in the right, and quietly ſubmit to every truth which time ſhall diſcover to the prejudice of theſe writings; not ſo much as wiſhing ſo irrational a thing, as that every body ſhould be deceived merely for my credit. However, I deſire it may then be conſidered, That there are very few things in this collection which were not written under the age of five and twenty: ſo that my youth may be made (as it never fails to be in Executions) a caſe of compaſſion. That I was never ſo concerned about my works as to vindicate them in print, believing, if any thing was good, it would defend itſelf, and what was bad could never be defended. That I uſed no artifice to raiſe or continue a reputation, depreciated no dead author I was obliged to, bribed no living one with unjuſt praiſe, inſulted no adverſary with ill language; or, when I could not attack a Rival's works, encour-

aged

aged reports againſt his Morals. To conclude, if this volume periſh, let it ſerve as a warning to the Critics, not to take too much pains for the future to deſtroy ſuch things as will die of themſelves; and a Memento mori to ſome of my vain contemporaries the Poets, to teach them that, when real merit is wanting, it avails nothing to have been encouraged by the great, commended by the eminent, and favoured by the public in general.

Nov. 10, 1716.

Variations in the Author's Manuſcript Preface.

AFTER p. x. l. 4. it followed thus— For my part, I confeſs, had I ſeen things in this view at firſt, the public had never been troubled either with my writings or with this apology for them. I am ſenſible how difficult it is to ſpeak of one's ſelf with decency: but when a man muſt ſpeak of himſelf, the beſt way is to ſpeak truth of himſelf, or, he may depend upon it, others will do it for him. I'll therefore make this Preface a general confeſſion of all my thoughts of my own Poetry, reſolving with the ſame freedom to expoſe myſelf, as it is in the power of any other to expoſe them. In the firſt place I thank God and nature, that I was born with a love to poetry; for nothing more conduces to fill up all the intervals of our time, or if rightly uſed, to make the whole courſe of life entertaining: Cantantes licet uſque (minus via laedet.) 'Tis a vaſt happineſs to poſſeſs the pleaſures of the head, the only pleaſures in which a man is ſufficient to himſelf, and the only part of him which, to his ſatisfaction, he can employ all day long. The Muſes are amicae omnium horarum; and, like our gay acquaintance, the beſt company in the world as long as one expects no real ſervice from them. I confeſs there was a time when I was in love with myſelf, and my firſt productions were the children of ſelf love upon innocence. I had made an Epic Poem, and Panegyrics on all the Princes in Europe, and thought myſelf the greateſt genius that ever was. I can't but regret thoſe delightful viſions of my childhood, which, like the fine colours we ſee when our eyes are ſhut, are vaniſhed for ever. Many trials and ſad experience have ſo undeceived me by degrees, that I am utterly at a loſs

at

at what rate to value myſelf. As for fame, I ſhall be glad of any I can get, and not repine at any I miſs; as for vanity, I have enough to keep me from hanging myſelf, or even from wiſhing thoſe hanged who would take it away. It was this that made me write. The ſenſe of my faults made me correct: beſides that it was as pleaſant to me to correct as to write.

At p. xi. l. 25.—In the firſt place I own that I have uſed my beſt endeavours to the finiſhing theſe pieces. That I made what advantage I could of the judgment of authors dead and living; and that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors by my friends and my enemies: And that I expect no favour on account of my youth, buſineſs, want of health, or any ſuch idle excuſes. But the true reaſon they are not yet more correct is owing to the conſideration how ſhort a time they, and I, have to live. A man that can expect but ſixty years may be aſhamed to employ thirty in meaſuring ſyllables and bringing ſenſe and rhyme together. We ſpend our youth in purſuit of riches or fame, in hopes to enjoy them when we are old, and when we are old, we find it is too late to enjoy any thing. I therefore hope the Wits will pardon me, if I reſerve ſome of my time to ſave my ſoul; and that ſome wiſe men will be of my opinion, even if I ſhould think a part of it better ſpent in the enjoyments of life than in pleaſing the critics.

On Mr. POPE and his POEMS,

By His GRACE

JOHN SHEFFIELD,

Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

WITH Age decay'd, with Courts and bus'neſs tir'd,
Caring for nothing but what Eaſe requir'd;
Too dully ſerious for the Muſe's ſport,
And from the Critics ſafe arriv'd in Port;
I little thought of launching forth agen,
Amidſt advent'rous Rovers of the Pen:
And after ſo much undeſerv'd ſucceſs,
Thus hazarding at laſt to make it leſs.
Encomiums ſuit not this cenſorious time,
Itſelf a ſubject for ſatyric rhyme;
Ignorance honour'd, Wit and Worth defam'd,
Folly triumphant, and ev'n Homer blam'd!
But to this Genius join'd with ſo much Art,
Such various Learning mix'd in ev'ry part,
Poets are bound a loud applauſe to pay;
Apollo bids it, and they muſt obey.
And yet ſo wonderful, ſublime a thing,
As the great ILIAD, ſcarce could make me ſing;
Except I juſtly could at once commend
A good companion and as firm a Friend.

One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed
Can all deſert in Sciences exceed.
'Tis great delight to laugh at ſome mens ways,
But a much greater to give Merit praiſe.

To Mr. POPE on his PASTORALS.

IN theſe more dull, as more cenſorious days,
When few dare give, and fewer merit praiſe,
A Muſe ſincere, that never Flatt'ry knew,
Pays what to friendſhip and deſert is due.
Young, yet judicious; in your verſe are found
Art ſtrength'ning Nature, Senſe improv'd by Sound.
Unlike thoſe Wits, whoſe numbers glide along
So ſmooth, no thought e'er interrupts the ſong:
Laboriouſly enervate they appear,
And write not to the head but to the ear:
Our minds unmov'd and unconcern'd they lull,
And are at beſt moſt muſically dull:
So purling ſtreams with even murmurs creep,
And huſh the heavy hearers into ſleep.
As ſmootheſt ſpeech is moſt deceitful found,
The ſmootheſt numbers oft are empty ſound.
But Wit and Judgment join at once in you,
Sprightly as Youth, as Age conſummate too:
Your ſtrains are regularly bold, and pleaſe
With unforc'd care, and unaffected eaſe,
With proper thoughts, and lively images:

Such

Such as by Nature to the Antients ſhewn,
Fancy improves, and judgment makes your own:
For great mens faſhions to be follow'd are,
Altho' diſgraceful 'tis their clothes to wear.
Some in a poliſh'd ſtyle write Paſtoral,
Arcadia ſpeaks the language of the Mall;
Like ſome fair Shepherdeſs, the Sylvan Muſe,
Should wear thoſe flow'rs her native fields produce;
And the true meaſure of the Shepherd's wit
Should, like his garb, be for the Country fit:
Yet muſt his pure and unaffected thought
More nicely than the common ſwains be wrought.
So, with becoming art, the Players dreſs
In ſilks the ſhepherd, and the ſhepherdeſs;
Yet ſtill unchang'd the form and mode remain,
Shap'd like the homely ruſſet of the ſwain.
Your rural Muſe appears to juſtify
The long loſt graces of Simplicity:
So rural beauties captivate our ſenſe
With virgin charms, and native excellence.
Yet long her Modeſty thoſe charms conceal'd,
'Till by mens Envy to the world reveal'd;
For Wits induſtrious to their trouble ſeem,
And needs will envy what they muſt eſteem.
Live and enjoy their ſpite! nor mourn that fate,
Which would, if Virgil liv'd, on Virgil wait;
Whoſe Muſe did once, like thine, in plains delight;
Thine ſhall, like his, ſoon take a higher flight;
So Larks, which firſt from lowly fields ariſe,
Mount by degrees, and reach at laſt the ſkies.

W. WYCHERLEY.

To Mr. POPE on his WINDSOR-FOREST.

HAIL, ſacred Bard! a Muſe unknown before
Salutes thee from the bleak Atlantic ſhore.
To our dark world thy ſhining page is ſhown,
And Windſor's gay retreat becomes our own.
The Eaſtern pomp had juſt beſpoke our care,
And India pour'd her gaudy treaſures here:
A various ſpoil adorn'd our naked land,
The pride of Perſia glitter'd on our ſtrand,
And China's Earth was caſt on common ſand:
Toſs'd up and down the gloſſy fragments lay,
And dreſs'd the rocky ſhelves, and pav'd the painted bay.
Thy treaſures next arriv'd: and now we boaſt
A nobler cargo on our barren coaſt:
From thy luxuriant Foreſt we receive
More laſting glories than the Eaſt can give.
Where-e'er we dip in thy delightful page,
What pompous ſcenes our buſy thoughts engage!
The pompous ſcenes in all their pride appear,
Freſh in the page, as in the grove they were.
Nor half ſo true the fair Lodona ſhows
The ſylvan ſtate that on her border grows,
While ſhe the wond'ring ſhepherd entertains
With a new Windſor in her wat'ry plains;
Thy juſter lays the lucid wave ſurpaſs,
The living ſcene is in the Muſe's glaſs.
Nor ſweeter notes the echoing foreſts cheer,
When Philomela ſits and warbles there,

Than

Than when you ſing the greens and op'ning glades,
And give us Harmony as well as Shades:
A *Titian*'s hand might draw the grove, but you
Can paint the grove, and add the Muſic too.
With vaſt variety thy pages ſhine;
A new creation ſtarts in ev'ry line.
How ſudden trees riſe to the reader's ſight,
And make a doubtful ſcene of ſhade and light,
And give at once the day, at once the night!
And here again what ſweet confuſion reigns,
In dreary deſarts mix'd with painted plains!
And ſee! the deſarts caſt a pleaſing gloom,
And ſhrubby heaths rejoice in purple bloom:
Whilſt fruitful crops riſe by their barren ſide,
And bearded groves diſplay their annual pride.
Happy the man, who ſtrings his tuneful lyre,
Where woods, and brooks, and breathing fields inſpire!
Thrice happy you! and worthy beſt to dwell
Amidſt the rural joys you ſing ſo well.
I in a cold, and in a barren clime,
Cold as my thought, and barren as my rhyme,
Here on the Weſtern beach attempt to chime.
O joyleſs flood! O rough tempeſtuous main!
Border'd with weeds, and ſolitude obſcene!
Snatch me, ye Gods! from theſe *Atlantic* ſhores,
And ſhelter me in *Windſor*'s fragrant bow'rs;
Or to my much-lov'd *Iſis*' walks convey,
And on her flow'ry banks for ever lay.
Thence let me view the venerable ſcene,
The awful dome, the groves eternal green:

Where ſacred *Hough* long found his fam'd retreat,
And brought the Muſes to the ſylvan ſeat,
Reform'd the wits, unlock'd the Claſſic ſtore,
And made that Muſic which was noiſe before.
There with illuſtrious Bards I ſpent my days,
Nor free from cenſure, nor unknown to praiſe.
Enjoy'd the bleſſings that his reign beſtow'd,
Nor envy'd *Windſor* in the ſoft abode.
The golden minutes ſmoothly danc'd away,
And tuneful Bards beguil'd the tedious day:
They ſung, nor ſung in vain, with numbers fir'd
That *Maro* taught, or *Addiſon* inſpir'd.
Ev'n I eſſay'd to touch the trembling ſtring:
Who could hear them, and not attempt to ſing?
Rouz'd from theſe dreams by thy commanding ſtrain,
I riſe and wander through the field or plain;
Led by thy Muſe from ſport to ſport I run,
Mark the ſtretch'd line, or hear the thund'ring gun.
Ah! how I melt with pity, when I ſpy
On the cold earth the flutt'ring Pheaſant lie;
His gaudy robes in dazzling lines appear,
And ev'ry feather ſhines and varies there.
Nor can I paſs the generous courſer by,
But while the prancing ſteed allures my eye,
He ſtarts, he's gone! and now I ſee him fly
O'er hills and dales, and now I loſe the courſe,
Nor can the rapid ſight purſue the flying horſe.
O could thy *Virgil* from his orb look down,
He'd view a courſer that might match his own!
Fir'd with the ſport, and eager for the chaſe,
Lodona's murmurs ſtop me in the race.

Who

Who can refuſe *Lodona*'s melting tale?
The ſoft complaint ſhall over time prevail;
The Tale be told, when ſhades forſake her ſhore,
The Nymph be ſung, when ſhe can flow no more.
Nor ſhall thy ſong, old *Thames!* forbear to ſhine,
At once the ſubject and the ſong divine.
Peace, ſung by thee, ſhall pleaſe ev'n *Britons* more
Than all their ſhouts for Victory before.
Oh! could *Britannia* imitate thy ſtream,
The World ſhould tremble at her awful name:
From various ſprings divided waters glide,
In diff'rent colours roll a diff'rent tide,
Murmur along their crooked banks a while,
At once they murmur and enrich the Iſle;
A while diſtinct through many channels run,
But meet at laſt, and ſweetly flow in one;
There joy to loſe their long-diſtinguiſh'd names,
And make one glorious and immortal *Thames*.

FR. KNAPP.

To Mr. POPE.

In Imitation of a Greek Epigram on HOMER.

WHEN *Phoebus*, and the nine harmonious maids,
Of old aſſembled in the *Theſpian* ſhades;
What theme, they cry'd, what high immortal air,
Befit theſe harps to ſound, and thee to hear?
Reply'd the God; " Your loftieſt notes employ,
" To ſing young *Peleus*, and the fall of *Troy*."

The

The wond'rous ſong with rapture they rehearſe;
Then aſk who wrought that miracle of verſe?
He anſwer'd with a frown; " I now reveal
" A truth, that envy bids me not conceal:
" Retiring frequent to this Laureat vale,
" I warbled to the Lyre that fav'rite tale,
" Which, unobſerv'd, a wand'ring *Greek* and blind,
" Heard me repeat, and treaſur'd in his mind;
" And fir'd with thirſt of more than mortal praiſe,
" From me, the God of Wit, uſurp'd the bays.
" But let vain *Greece* indulge her growing fame,
" Proud with celeſtial ſpoils to grace her name;
" Yet when my Arts ſhall triumph in the Weſt,
" And the white Iſle with female pow'r is bleſt;
" Fame, I foreſee, will make repriſals there,
" And the Tranſlator's Palm to me transfer.
" With leſs regret my claim I now decline,
" The World will think his *Engliſh Iliad* mine."

E. FENTON.

To Mr. POPE.

TO praiſe, and ſtill with juſt reſpect to praiſe
A Bard triumphant in immortal bays,
The Learn'd to ſhow, the Senſible commend,
Yet ſtill preſerve the province of the Friend;
What life, what vigour muſt the lines require?
What Muſic tune them, what Affection fire?
O might thy Genius in my boſom ſhine;
Thou ſhould'ſt not fail of numbers worthy thine;

The

The brighteſt Ancients might at once agree
To ſing within my lays, and ſing of thee.
Horace himſelf would own thou doſt excell
In candid arts to play the Critic well.
Ovid himſelf might wiſh to ſing the Dame
Whom Windſor Foreſt ſees a gliding ſtream:
On ſilver feet, with annual Oſier crown'd,
She runs for ever through Poetic ground.
How flame the glories of Belinda's Hair,
Made by thy Muſe the envy of the Fair?
Leſs ſhone the treſſes Egypt's princeſs wore,
Which ſweet Callimachus ſo ſung before.
Here courtly trifles ſet the world at odds;
Belles war with Beaux, and Whims deſcend for Gods.
The new Machines, in names of ridicule,
Mock the grave phrenzy of the Chemic fool.
But know, ye Fair, a point conceal'd with art,
The Sylphs and Gnomes are but a Woman's heart.
The graces ſtand in ſight; a Satire-train
Peeps o'er their head, and laughs behind the ſcene.
In Fame's fair Temple, o'er the boldeſt wits
Inſhrin'd on high the ſacred Virgil ſits;
And ſits in meaſures ſuch as Virgil's Muſe
To place thee near him might be fond to chuſe.
How might he tune th' alternate reed with thee,
Perhaps a Strephon thou, a Daphnis he;
While ſome old Damon, o'er the vulgar wiſe,
Thinks he deſerves, and thou deſerv'ſt the Prize?
Rapt with the thought, my fancy ſeeks the plains,
And turns me ſhepherd while I hear the ſtrains.

Indulgent nurſe of ev'ry tender gale,
Parent of flowrets, old Arcadia, hail!
Here in the cool my limbs at eaſe I ſpread,
Here let thy poplars whiſper o'er my head:
Still ſlide thy waters ſoft among the trees,
Thy aſpins quiver in a breathing breeze!
Smile, all ye valleys, in eternal ſpring,
Be huſh'd, ye winds, while Pope and Virgil ſing.
In Engliſh lays, and all ſublimely great,
Thy Homer warms with all his ancient heat;
He ſhines in Council, thunders in the Fight,
And flames with ev'ry ſenſe of great delight.
Long has that Poet reign'd, and long unknown,
Like Monarchs ſparkling on a diſtant throne;
In all the Majeſty of Greek retir'd,
Himſelf unknown, his mighty name admir'd;
His language failing, wrapt him round with night;
Thine, rais'd by thee, recalls the work to light.
So wealthy Mines, that ages long before
Fed the large realms around with golden Ore,
When choak'd by ſinking banks, no more appear,
And ſhepherds only ſay, *The mines were here:*
Should ſome rich youth (if nature warm his heart,
And all his projects ſtand inform'd with art)
Here clear the caves, there ope the leading vein;
The mines detected flame with gold again.
How vaſt, how copious, are thy new deſigns!
How ev'ry Muſic varies in thy lines!
Still, as I read, I feel my boſom beat,
And riſe in raptures by another's heat.

Thus

Thus in the wood, when ſummer dreſs'd the days,
While Windſor lent us tuneful hours of eaſe,
Our ears the lark, the thruſh, the turtle bleſt,
And Philomela ſweeteſt o'er the reſt:
The ſhades reſound with ſong—O ſoftly tread,
While a whole ſeaſon warbles round my head.
This to my Friend—and when a friend inſpires,
My ſilent harp its maſter's hand requires;
Shakes off the duſt, and makes theſe rocks reſound;
For fortune plac'd me in unfertile ground;
Far from the joys that with my ſoul agree,
From wit, from learning—very far from thee.
Here moſs-grown trees expand the ſmalleſt leaf;
Here half an acre's corn is half a ſheaf;
Here hills with naked heads the tempeſt meet,
Rocks at their ſides, and torrents at their feet;
Or lazy lakes, unconſcious of a flood,
Whoſe dull brown Naiads ever ſleep in mud.
Yet here Content can dwell, and learned Eaſe,
A Friend delight me, and an Author pleaſe;
E'en here I ſing, when POPE ſupplies the theme,
Shew my own love, tho' not increaſe his fame.

T. PARNELL.

To Mr. POPE.

LET vulgar ſouls triumphal arches raiſe,
Or ſpeaking marbles, to record their praiſe;
And picture (to the voice of Fame unknown)
The mimic Feature on the breathing ſtone;
Mere mortals; ſubject to death's total ſway,
Reptiles of earth, and beings of a day!
'Tis thine, on ev'ry heart to grave thy praiſe,
A monument which Worth alone can raiſe:
Sure to ſurvive, when time ſhall whelm in duſt
The arch, the marble, and the mimic buſt:
Nor 'till the volumes of th' expanded ſky
Blaze in one flame, ſhalt thou and Homer die:
Then ſink together in the world's laſt fires,
What heav'n created, and what heav'n inſpires.
If aught on earth, when once this breath is fled,
With human tranſport touch the mighty dead,
Shakeſpear, rejoice! his hand thy page refines;
Now ev'ry ſcene with native brightneſs ſhines;
Juſt to thy fame, he gives thy genuine thought;
So Tully publiſh'd what Lucretius wrote;
Prun'd by his care, thy laurels loftier grow,
And bloom afreſh on thy immortal brow.
Thus when thy draughts, O Raphael! time invades,
And the bold figure from the canvaſs fades,
A rival hand recalls from every part
Some latent grace, and equals art with art;

Tranſported

Tranſported we ſurvey the dubious ſtrife,
While each fair image ſtarts again to life.
How long, untun'd, had Homer's ſacred lyre
Jarr'd grating diſcord, all extinct his fire?
This you beheld; and taught by heav'n to ſing,
Call'd the loud muſic from the ſounding ſtring.
Now wak'd from ſlumbers of three thouſand years,
Once more Achilles in dread pomp appears,
Tow'rs o'er the field of death; as fierce he turns,
Keen flaſh his arms, and all the Hero burns;
With martial ſtalk, and more than mortal might,
He ſtrides along, and meets the Gods in fight:
Then the pale Titans, chain'd on burning floors,
Start at the din that rends th' infernal ſhores,
Tremble the tow'rs of Heav'n, earth rocks her coaſts,
And gloomy Pluto ſhakes with all his ghoſts.
To ev'ry theme reſponds thy various lay;
Here rolls a torrent, there Meanders play;
Sonorous as the ſtorm thy numbers riſe,
Toſs the wild waves, and thunder in the ſkies;
Or ſofter than a yielding virgin's ſigh,
The gentle breezes breathe away and die.
Thus, like the radiant God who ſheds the day,
You paint the vale, or gild the azure way;
And while with ev'ry theme the verſe complies,
Sink without grov'ling, without raſhneſs riſe.
Proceed, great Bard! awake th' harmonious ſtring,
Be ours all Homer! ſtill Ulyſſes ſing.
How long * that Hero, by unſkilful hands,
Stripp'd of his robes, a beggar trod our lands?

Such

* Odyſſey, lib. xvi.

Such as he wander'd o'er his native coaſt,
Shrunk by the wand, and all the warrior loſt:
O'er his ſmooth ſkin a bark of wrinkles ſpread;
Old age diſgrac'd the honours of his head;
Nor longer in his heavy eye-ball ſhin'd
The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind.
But you, like Pallas, ev'ry limb infold
With royal robes, and bid him ſhine in gold;
Touch'd by your hand his manly frame improves
With grace divine, and like a God he moves.
Ev'n I, the meaneſt of the Muſes' train,
Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler ſtrain;
Advent'rous waken the Maeonian lyre,
Tun'd by your hand, and ſing as you inſpire:
So arm'd by great Achilles for the fight,
Patroclus conquer'd in Achilles' right:
Like theirs, our Friendſhip! and I boaſt my name
To thine united—for thy Friendſhip's Fame.
This labour paſt, of heav'nly ſubjects ſing,
While hov'ring angels liſten on the wing,
To hear from earth ſuch heart-felt raptures riſe,
As, when they ſing, ſuſpended hold the Skies:
Or nobly riſing in fair Virtue's cauſe,
From thy own life tranſcribe th' unerring laws:
Teach a bad world beneath her ſway to bend:
To verſe like thine fierce ſavages attend,
And men more fierce: when Orpheus tunes the lay,
Ev'n fiends relenting hear their rage away.

W. BROOME.

To Mr. POPE,

On the publiſhing his WORKS.

HE comes, he comes! bid ev'ry Bard prepare
The ſong of triumph, and attend his Car.
Great Sheffield's Muſe the long proceſſion heads,
And throws a luſtre o'er the pomp ſhe leads,
Firſt gives the Palm ſhe fir'd him to obtain,
Crowns his gay brow, and ſhews him how to reign.
Thus young Alcides, by old Chiron taught,
Was form'd for all the miracles he wrought:
Thus Chiron did the youth he taught applaud,
Pleas'd to behold the earneſt of a God.
But hark, what ſhouts, what gath'ring crouds rejoice!
Unſtain'd their praiſe by any venal Voice,
Such as th' Ambitious vainly think their due,
When Proſtitutes, or needy Flatt'rers ſue.
And ſee the Chief! before him laurels born;
Trophies from undeſerving temples torn;
Here rage enchain'd reluctant raves, and there
Pale Envy dumb, and ſick'ning with deſpair,
Prone to the earth ſhe bends her loathing eye,
Weak to ſupport the blaze of majeſty.
But what are they that turn the ſacred page?
Three lovely Virgins, and of equal age;
Intent they read, and all enamour'd ſeem,
As he that met his likeneſs in the ſtream:
The GRACES theſe; and ſee how they contend,
Who moſt ſhall praiſe, who beſt ſhall recommend.

The Chariot now the painful ſteep aſcends,
The Pæans ceaſe; thy glorious labour ends.
Here fix'd, the bright eternal Temple ſtands,
Its proſpect an unbounded view commands:
Say, wond'rous youth, what Column wilt thou chuſe,
What laurel'd Arch for thy triumphant Muſe?
Tho' each great Ancient court thee to his ſhrine,
Tho' ev'ry Laurel through the dome be thine,
(From the proud Epic, down to thoſe that ſhade
The gentler brow of the ſoft Leſbian maid)
Go to the Good and Juſt, an awful train,
Thy ſoul's delight, and glory of the Fane:
While through the earth thy dear remembrance flies,
" Sweet to the World, and grateful to the ſkies."

SIMON HARCOURT.

To Mr. POPE.

From Rome, 1730.

IMMORTAL Bard! for whom each Muſe has wove
The faireſt garlands of th' Aonian grove;
Preſerv'd, our drooping Genius to reſtore,
When Addiſon and Congreve are no more;
After ſo many ſtars extinct in night,
The darken'd age's laſt remaining light!
To thee from Latian realms this verſe is writ,
Inſpir'd by memory of ancient Wit:
For now no more theſe climes their influence boaſt,
Fall'n is their glory, and their virtue loſt:

From

From Tyrants, and from Prieſts, the Muſes fly,
Daughters of Reaſon and of Liberty.
Nor Baiae now, nor Umbria's plain they love,
Nor on the banks of Nar, or Mincio rove;
To Thames's flow'ry borders they retire,
And kindle in thy breaſt the Roman fire.
So in the ſhades, where chear'd with ſummer rays
Melodious linnets warbled ſprightly lays,
Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain
Of gloomy winter's unauſpicious reign,
No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
But mournful ſilence ſaddens all the grove.
Unhappy Italy! whoſe alter'd ſtate
Has felt the worſt ſeverity of Fate:
Not that Barbarian hands her Faſces broke,
And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke;
Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,
Her Cities deſert, and her fields unſown;
But that her ancient Spirit is decay'd,
That ſacred Wiſdom from her bounds is fled,
That there the ſource of Science flows no more,
Whence its rich ſtreams ſupply'd the world before.
Illuſtrious Names! that once in Latium ſhin'd,
Born to inſtruct, and to command Mankind;
Chiefs, by whoſe Virtue mighty Rome was rais'd,
And Poets, who thoſe chiefs ſublimely prais'd!
Oft I the traces you have left explore,
Your aſhes viſit, and your urns adore;
Oft kiſs, with lips devout, ſome mould'ring ſtone,
With ivy's venerable ſhade o'ergrown;

Thoſe hallow'd ruins better pleas'd to ſee
Than all the pomp of modern Luxury.
As late on Virgil's tomb freſh flow'rs I ſtrow'd,
While with th' inſpiring Muſe my boſom glow'd,
Crown'd with eternal bays my raviſh'd eyes
Beheld the Poet's awful Form ariſe:
Stranger, he ſaid, whoſe pious hand has paid
Theſe grateful rites to my attentive ſhade,
When thou ſhalt breathe thy happy native air,
To Pope this meſſage from his Maſter bear:
" Great Bard, whoſe numbers I myſelf inſpire,
To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,
If high exalted on the Throne of Wit,
Near Me and Homer thou aſpire to ſit,
No more let meaner Satire dim the rays
That flow majeſtic from thy nobler Bays;
In all the flow'ry paths of Pindus ſtray,
But ſhun that thorny, that unpleaſing way;
Nor, when each ſoft engaging Muſe is thine,
Addreſs the leaſt attractive of the Nine.
Of thee more worthy were the taſk to raiſe
A laſting Column to thy Country's Praiſe,
To ſing the Land, which yet alone can boaſt
That Liberty corrupted Rome has loſt;
Where Science in the arms of Peace is laid,
And plants her Palm beneath the Olive's ſhade.
Such was the Theme for which my lyre I ſtrung,
Such was the People whoſe exploits I ſung;
Brave, yet refin'd, for Arms and Arts renown'd,
With diff'rent bays by Mars and Phoebus crown'd,

Dauntleſs

Dauntleſs oppoſers of Tyrannic Sway,
But pleas'd, a mild AUGUSTUS to obey.
If theſe commands ſubmiſſive thou receive,
Immortal and unblam'd thy name ſhall live;
Envy to black Cocytus ſhall retire,
And howl with Furies in tormenting fire;
Approving Time ſhall conſecrate thy Lays,
And join the Patriot's to the Poet's Praiſe."

GEORGE LITTELTON.

PASTORALS,

WITH A

DISCOURSE ON PASTORAL.

Written in the Year MDCCIV.

Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem, ſylvaſque, inglorius! VIRG.

A DISCOURSE ON PASTORAL POETRY *.

THERE are not, I believe, a greater number of any ſort of verſes than of thoſe which are called Paſtorals; nor a ſmaller, than of thoſe which are truly ſo. It therefore ſeems neceſſary to give ſome account of this kind of Poem, and it is my deſign to comprize in this ſhort paper the ſubſtance of thoſe numerous diſſertations the Critics have made on the ſubject, without omitting any of their rules in my own favour. You will alſo find ſome points reconciled, about which they ſeem to differ, and a few remarks, which, I think, have eſcaped their obſervation.

The original of Poetry is aſcribed to that Age which ſucceeded the creation of the world: and as the keeping of flocks ſeems to have been the firſt employment of mankind, the moſt ancient ſort of poetry was probably *paſtoral* †. It is natural to imagine, that the leiſure of thoſe ancient ſhepherds admitting and inviting ſome diverſion, none was ſo proper to that ſolitary and ſedentary life as ſinging; and that in their ſongs they took occaſion to celebrate their own felicity. From hence a Poem was invented, and afterwards improved to a perfect image of that happy time; which by giving us an eſteem for the virtues of a former age, might recommend them to the preſent. And ſince the life of

* Written at ſixteen years of age. P.

† Fontenelle's Diſc. on Paſtorals. P.

ſhepherds

ſhepherds was attended with more tranquillity than any other rural employment, the Poets choſe to introduce their Perſons, from whom it received the name of Paſtoral.

A Paſtoral is an imitation of the action of a ſhepherd, or one conſidered under that Character. The form of this imitation is dramatic, or narrative, or mixed of both *; the fable ſimple, the manners not too polite nor too ruſtic: the thoughts are plain, yet admit a little quickneſs and paſſion, but that ſhort and flowing: the expreſſion humble, yet as pure as the language will afford; neat, but not florid; eaſy, and yet lively. In ſhort, the fable, manners, thoughts, and expreſſions are full of the greateſt ſimplicity in nature.

The complete character of this poem conſiſts in ſimplicity †, brevity, and delicacy; the two firſt of which render an eclogue natural, and the laſt delightful.

If we would copy Nature, it may be uſeful to take this Idea along with us, that Paſtoral is an image of what they call the golden age. So that we are not to deſcribe our ſhepherds as ſhepherds at this day really are, but as they may be conceived then to have been; when the beſt of men followed the employment. To carry this reſemblance yet further, it would not be amiſs to give theſe ſhepherds ſome ſkill in aſtronomy, as far as it may be uſeful to that ſort of life. And an air of piety to the Gods ſhould ſhine through the poem, which ſo viſibly appears in all the works of antiquity: and it ought to preſerve ſome reliſh of the old way of writing; the connection ſhould be looſe, the narrations and deſcriptions ſhort ‡, and the periods conciſe. Yet it is not ſufficient, that the ſentences only be brief, the whole

* Heinſius in Theocr. P.

† Rapin de Carm. Paſt. p. 2. P.

‡ Rapin, Reflex. ſur l' Art Poet. d' Ariſt. p. 2. Refl. xxvii. P.

Eclogue

Eclogue ſhould be ſo too. For we cannot ſuppoſe Poetry in thoſe days to have been the buſineſs of men, but their recreation at vacant hours.

But with a reſpect to the preſent age, nothing more conduces to make theſe compoſures natural, than when ſome Knowledge in rural affairs is diſcovered *. This may be made to appear rather done by chance than on deſign, and ſometimes is beſt ſhewn by inference; leſt by too much ſtudy to ſeem natural, we deſtroy that eaſy ſimplicity from whence ariſes the delight. For what is inviting in this ſort of poetry proceeds not ſo much from the Idea of that buſineſs, as of the tranquillity of a country life.

We muſt therefore uſe ſome illuſion to render a paſtoral delightful; and this conſiſts in expoſing the beſt ſide only of a ſhepherd's life, and in concealing its miſeries †. Nor is it enough to introduce ſhepherds diſcourſing together in a natural way; but a regard muſt be had to the ſubject; that it contain ſome particular beauty in itſelf, and that it be different in every Eclogue. Beſides, in each of them a deſign'd ſcene or proſpect is to be preſented to our view, which ſhould likewiſe have its variety ‡. This variety is obtained in a great degree by frequent compariſons, drawn from the moſt agreeable objects of the country; by interrogations to things inanimate; by beautiful digreſſions, but thoſe ſhort; ſometimes by inſiſting a little on circumſtances; and laſtly, by elegant turns on the words, which render the numbers extremely ſweet and pleaſing. As for the numbers themſelves, though they are properly of the heroic meaſure, they ſhould be the ſmootheſt, the moſt eaſy and flowing imaginable.

* Pref. to Virg. Paſt. in Dryd. Virg. P.

† Fontenelle's Diſc. of Paſtorals. P.

‡ See the forementioned Preface. P.

It is by rules like theſe that we ought to judge of paſtoral. And ſince the inſtructions given for any art are to be delivered as that art is in perfection, they muſt of neceſſity be derived from thoſe in whom it is acknowledged ſo to be. It is therefore from the practice of Theocritus and Virgil (the only undiſputed authors of Paſtoral) that the Critics have drawn the foregoing notions concerning it.

Theocritus excels all others in nature and ſimplicity. The ſubjects of his Idyllia are purely paſtoral; but he is not ſo exact in his perſons, having introduced reapers * and fiſhermen as well as ſhepherds. He is apt to be too long in his deſcriptions, of which that of the Cup in the firſt paſtoral is a remarkable inſtance. In the manners he ſeems a little defective, for his ſwains are ſometimes abuſive and immodeſt, and perhaps too much inclining to ruſticity; for inſtance, in his fourth and fifth Idyllia. But 'tis enough that all others learnt their excellencies from him, and that his Dialect alone has a ſecret charm in it, which no other could ever attain.

Virgil, who copies Theocritus, refines upon his original: and in all points, where judgment is principally concerned, he is much ſuperior to his maſter. Though ſome of his ſubjects are not paſtoral in themſelves, but only ſeem to be ſuch; they have a wonderful variety in them, which the Greek was a ſtranger to †. He exceeds him in regularity and brevity, and falls ſhort of him in nothing but ſimplicity and propriety of ſtyle; the firſt of which perhaps was the fault of his age, and the laſt of his language.

Among the moderns, their ſucceſs has been greateſt who have moſt endeavoured to make theſe ancients their pattern. The moſt

* ΘΕΡΙΣΤΑΙ, Idyl. x. and ΑΛΙΕΙΣ, Idyl. xxi. P.

† Rapin, Reſl. on Ariſt. part ii. reſl. xxvii.—Pref. to the Ecl. in Dryden's Virg. P.

conſiderable

conſiderable Genius appears in the famous Taſſo, and our Spenſer. Taſſo in his Aminta has as far excelled all the Paſtoral writers, as in his Gieruſalemme he has out-done the Epic poets of his country. But as this piece ſeems to have been the original of a new ſort of poem, the Paſtoral Comedy, in Italy, it cannot be ſo well conſidered as a copy of the ancients. Spenſer's Calendar, in Mr. Dryden's opinion, is the moſt complete work of this kind which any nation has produced ever ſince the time of Virgil *. Not but that he may be thought imperfect in ſome few points. His Eclogues are ſomewhat too long, if we compare them with the ancients. He is ſometimes too allegorical, and treats of matters of religion in a paſtoral ſtyle, as the Mantuan had done before him. He has employed the Lyric meaſure, which is contrary to the practice of the old Poets. His ſtanza is not ſtill the ſame, nor always well choſen. This laſt may be the reaſon his expreſſion is ſometimes not conciſe enough: for the Tetraſtic has obliged him to extend his ſenſe to the length of four lines, which would have been more cloſely confined in the Couplet.

In the manners, thoughts, and characters, he comes near to Theocritus himſelf; tho', notwithſtanding all the care he has taken, he is certainly inferior in his Dialect: For the Doric had its beauty and propriety in the time of Theocritus; it was uſed in part of Greece, and frequent in the mouths of many of the greateſt perſons: whereas the old Engliſh and country phraſes of Spenſer were either entirely obſolete, or ſpoken only by people of the loweſt condition. As there is a difference betwixt ſimplicity and ruſticity, ſo the expreſſion of ſimple thoughts ſhould be plain, but not clowniſh. The addition he has made of a Calendar to his Eclogues, is very beautiful; ſince by this, beſides the

* Dedication to Virg. Ecl. P.

general moral of innocence and ſimplicity, which is common to other authors of Paſtoral, he has one peculiar to himſelf; he compares human Life to the ſeveral Seaſons, and at once expoſes to his readers a view of the great and little worlds, in their various changes and aſpects. Yet the ſcrupulous diviſion of his Paſtorals into Months, has obliged him either to repeat the ſame deſcription, in other words, for three months together; or, when it was exhauſted before, entirely to omit it: whence it comes to paſs that ſome of his Eclogues (as the ſixth, eighth, and tenth for example) have nothing but their Titles to diſtinguiſh them. The reaſon is evident, becauſe the year has not that variety in it to furniſh every month with a particular deſcription, as it may every ſeaſon.

Of the following Eclogues I ſhall only ſay, that theſe four comprehend all the ſubjects which the Critics upon Theocritus and Virgil will allow to be fit for paſtoral: That they have as much variety of deſcription, in reſpect of the ſeveral ſeaſons, as Spenſer's: that in order to add to this variety, the ſeveral times of the day are obſerv'd, the rural employments in each ſeaſon or time of day, and the rural ſcenes or places proper to ſuch employments; not without ſome regard to the ſeveral ages of man, and the different paſſions proper to each age.

But after all, if they have any merit, it is to be attributed to ſome good old Authors, whoſe works as I had leiſure to ſtudy, ſo I hope I have not wanted care to imitate.

SPRING:

THE

FIRST PASTORAL,

OR,

DAMON.

To Sir WILLIAM TRUMBAL.

FIRST in theſe fields I try the ſylvan ſtrains,
Nor bluſh to ſport on Windſor's bliſsful plains:
Fair Thames, flow gently from thy ſacred ſpring,
While on thy banks Sicilian Muſes ſing;

Let

REMARKS.

Theſe Paſtorals were written at the age of ſixteen, and then paſt through the hands of Mr. *Walſh*, Mr. *Wycherley*, *G. Granville* afterwards Lord *Lanſdown*, Sir *William Trumbal*, Dr. *Garth*, Lord *Halliſax*, Lord *Somers*, Mr. *Mainwaring*, and others. All theſe gave our Author the greateſt encouragement, and particularly Mr. *Walſh*, whom Mr. *Dryden*, in his Poſtſcript to Virgil, calls the beſt Critic of his age. "The Author (ſays he) ſeems to have a particular "genius for this kind of Poetry, and a judgment that much exceeds his years. He has taken "very freely from the Ancients. But what he has mixed of his own with theirs is no way "inferior to what he has taken from them. It is not flattery at all to ſay that Virgil had written "nothing ſo good at his Age. His Preface is very judicious and learned." *Letter to Mr. Wycherley*, *Ap.* 1705. The Lord Lanſdown about the ſame time, mentioning the youth of our Poet, ſays (in a printed Letter of the Character of Mr. Wycherley) "that if he goes on as he "hath begun in the Paſtoral way, as Virgil firſt tried his ſtrength, we may hope to ſee "Engliſh Poetry vie with the Roman," etc. Notwithſtanding the early time of their production, the Author eſteemed theſe as the moſt correct in the verſification, and muſical in the numbers, of all his works. The reaſon for h's labouring them into ſo much ſoftneſs, was, doubtleſs, that this ſort of poetry derives almoſt its whole beauty from a natural eaſe of thought and

ſmoothneſs

Let vernal airs through trembling oſiers play,
And Albion's cliffs reſound the rural lay.
You, that too wiſe for pride, too good for pow'r,
Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
And carrying with you all the world can boaſt,
To all the world illuſtriouſly are loſt!
O let my Muſe her ſlender reed inſpire,
Till in your native ſhades you tune the lyre:
So when the Nightingale to reſt removes,
The Thruſh may chant to the forſaken groves,
But charm'd to ſilence, liſtens while ſhe ſings,
And all th' aërial audience clap their wings.

REMARKS.

ſmoothneſs of verſe; whereas that of moſt other kinds conſiſts in the ſtrength and fulneſs of both. In a letter of his to Mr. *Walſh* about this time we find an enumeration of ſeveral niceties in Verſification, which perhaps have never been ſtrictly obſerved in any *Engliſh* poem, except in theſe Paſtorals. They were not printed till 1709. P.

Sir *William Trumbal.*] Our Author's friendſhip with this gentleman commenced at very unequal years; he was under ſixteen, but Sir William above ſixty, and had lately reſign'd his employment of Secretary of State to King William. P.

VER. 12. *in your native ſhades.*] Sir W. Trumbal was born in Windſor-foreſt, to which he retreated, after he had reſigned the poſt of Secretary of State to King William III. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 1. " Prima Syracoſio dignata eſt ludere verſu,
" Noſtra nec erubuit ſylvas habitare Thalia.

This is the general exordium and opening of the Paſtorals, in imitation of the ſixth of *Virgil*, which ſome have therefore not improbably thought to have been the firſt originally. In the beginnings of the other three Paſtorals, he imitates expreſly thoſe which now ſtand firſt of the three chief Poets in this kind, *Spencer*, *Virgil*, *Theocritus*.

A Shepherd's Boy (he ſeeks no better name)—
Beneath the ſhade a ſpreading beach diſplays,—
Thyrſis, the Muſic of that murm'ring Spring,—

are manifeſtly imitations of

" —A Shepherd's Boy (no better do him call)—
" —Tityre, tu patulae recubans ſub tegmine fagi.
" —Αδύ τι τὸ ψιθύρισμα καὶ ἁ πίτυς, αἰπόλε, τήνα." P.

Soon

Soon as the flocks ſhook off the nightly dews,
Two Swains, whom Love kept wakeful, and the Muſe,
Pour'd o'er the whit'ning vale their fleecy care,
Freſh as the morn, and as the ſeaſon fair:
The dawn now bluſhing on the mountain's ſide,
Thus Daphnis ſpoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

DAPHNIS.

Hear how the birds, on ev'ry bloomy ſpray,
With joyous muſic wake the dawning day!
Why ſit we mute, when early linnets ſing,
When warbling Philomel ſalutes the ſpring?
Why ſit we ſad, when Phoſphor ſhines ſo clear,
And laviſh Nature paints the purple year?

STREPHON.

Sing then, and Damon ſhall attend the ſtrain,
While yon' ſlow oxen turn the furrow'd plain.
Here the bright crocus and blue vi'let glow,
Here weſtern winds on breathing roſes blow.
I'll ſtake yon' lamb, that near the fountain plays,
And from the brink his dancing ſhade ſurveys.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 34. The firſt reading was,
And his own image from the bank ſurveys.

REMARKS.

VER. 17, *etc.*] The Scene of this Paſtoral a Valley, the Time the Morning. It ſtood originally thus,

Daphnis and Strephon to the ſhades retir'd,
Both warm'd by Love, and by the Muſe inſpir'd;
Freſh as the morn, and as the ſeaſon fair,
In flow'ry vales they fed their fleecy care;
And while Aurora gilds the mountain's ſide,
Thus Daphnis ſpoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

VER. 28. *purple year?*] Purple here uſed in the Latin ſenſe of the brighteſt moſt vivid colouring in general, not of that ſpecific tint ſo called.

DAPHNIS.

DAPHNIS.

And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines,
And ſwelling cluſters bend the curling vines:
Four figures riſing from the work appear,
The various ſeaſons of the rowling year;
And what is that, which binds the radiant ſky,
Where twelve fair ſigns in beauteous order lie?

DAMON.

Then ſing by turns, by turns the Muſes ſing,
Now hawthorns bloſſom, now the daiſies ſpring,
Now leaves the trees, and flow'rs adorn the ground;
Begin, the vales ſhall ev'ry note rebound.

STREPHON.

Inſpire me, Phoebus, in my Delia's praiſe,
With Waller's ſtrains, or Granville's moving lays!

VARIATIONS.

VER. 36. And cluſters lurk beneath the curling vines. P.

REMARKS.

VER. 38. *The various ſeaſons*] The ſubject of theſe Paſtorals engraven on the bowl is not without its propriety.

VER. 46. *Granville*—] George Granville, afterwards Lord Lanſdown, known for his Poems, moſt of which he compos'd very young, and propos'd Waller as his model. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 35, 36.

" Lenta quibus torno facili ſuperaddita vitis,
" Diffuſos edera veſtit pallente corymbos." Virg. P.

The Shepherd's heſitation at the name of the Zodiac, imitates that in Virgil,

" Et quis fuit alter,
" Deſcripſit radio totum qui gentibus orbem?" P.

VER. 41. *Then ſing by turns*,] Literally from Virgil,

" Alternis dicetis, amant alterna Camoenae:
" Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos,
" Nunc frondent ſylvae, nunc formoſiſſimus annus." P.

A milk-

A milk-white Bull ſhall at your altars ſtand,
That threats a fight, and ſpurns the riſing ſand.

DAPHNIS.

O Love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
And make my tongue victorious as her eyes:
No lambs or ſheep for victims I'll impart,
Thy victim, Love, ſhall be the ſhepherd's heart.

STREPHON.

Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then hid in ſhades, eludes her eager ſwain;
But feigns a laugh, to ſee me ſearch around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

DAPHNIS.

The ſprightly Sylvia trips along the green,
She runs, but hopes ſhe does not run unſeen;
While a kind glance at her purſuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!

STREPHON.

O'er golden ſands let rich Pactolus flow,
And trees weep amber on the banks of Po;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 49. Originally thus in the MS.

Pan, let my numbers equal Strephon's lays,
Of Parian ſtone thy ſtatue will I raiſe;
But if I conquer and augment my fold,
Thy Parian ſtatue ſhall be chang'd to gold.

VER. 61. It ſtood thus at firſt,

Let rich Iberia golden fleeces boaſt,
Her purple wool the proud Aſſyrian coaſt,
Bleſt Thames's ſhores, etc. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 47. *A milk-white Bull*] Virg.—" Paſcite taurum,
" Qui cornu petat, et pedibus jam ſpargat arenam." P.

VER. 58. *She runs, but hopes*] Imitation of Virgil,
" Malo me Galatea petit, laſciva puella,
" Et fugit ad ſalices, ſed ſe cupit ante videri." P.

Bleſt Thames's ſhores the brighteſt beauties yield,
Feed here my lambs, I'll ſeek no diſtant field.

DAPHNIS.

Celeſtial Venus haunts Idalia's groves;
Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves;
If Windſor-ſhades delight the matchleſs maid,
Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windſor-ſhade.

STREPHON.

All nature mourns, the ſkies relent in ſhow'rs,
Huſh'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping flow'rs;
If Delia ſmile, the flow'rs begin to ſpring,
The ſkies to brighten, and the birds to ſing.

DAPHNIS.

All nature laughs, the groves are freſh and fair,
The Sun's mild luſtre warms the vital air;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 61. Originally thus in the MS.

Go, flow'ry wreath, and let my Sylvia know,
Compar'd to thine how bright her Beauties ſhow;
Then die; and dying teach the lovely Maid
How ſoon the brighteſt beauties are decay'd.

DAPHNIS.

Go, tuneful bird, that pleas'd the woods ſo long,
Of Amaryllis learn a ſweeter ſong;
To Heav'n ariſing then her notes convey,
For Heav'n alone is worthy ſuch a lay.

VER. 69, etc. Theſe verſes were thus at firſt:

All nature mourns, the birds their ſongs deny,
Nor waſted brooks the thirſty flow'rs ſupply;
If Delia ſmile, the flow'rs begin to ſpring,
The brooks to murmur, and the birds to ſing. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 69. *All nature mourns.*]

" Aret ager, vitio moriens ſitit aëris herba, etc.
" Phyllidis adventu noſtrae nemus omne virebit." Virg. P.

75 If

If Sylvia ſmiles, new glories gild the ſhore,
And vanquiſh'd nature ſeems to charm no more.

STREPHON.

In ſpring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
At morn the plains, at noon the ſhady grove,
But Delia always; abſent from her ſight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

DAPHNIS.

Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet freſh as early day;
Ev'n ſpring diſpleaſes, when ſhe ſhines not here;
But bleſt with her, 'tis ſpring throughout the year.

STREPHON.

Say, Daphnis, ſay, in what glad ſoil appears,
A wondrous Tree that ſacred Monarchs bears;
Tell me but this, and I'll diſclaim the prize,
And give the conqueſt to thy Sylvia's eyes.

DAPHNIS.

Nay tell me firſt, in what more happy fields
The Thiſtle ſprings, to which the Lily yields:
And then a nobler prize I will reſign;
For Sylvia, charming Sylvia ſhall be thine.

REMARKS.

VER. 86. *A wondrous Tree that ſacred Monarchs bears*;] An alluſion to the Royal Oak, in which Charles II. had been hid from the purſuit after the battle at Worceſter. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 90. *The Thiſtle ſprings, to which the Lily yields:*] Alludes to the device of the Scots Monarchs, the Thiſtle, worn by Queen Anne; and to the arms of France, the Fleur de lys. The two riddles are in imitation of thoſe in Virg. Ecl. iii.

" Dic quibus in terris inſcripti nomina *Regum*
" Naſcantur *Flores*, et Phyllida ſolus habeto." P.

DAMON.

Ceaſe to contend, for, Daphnis, I decree,
The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee:
Bleſt Swains, whoſe Nymphs in ev'ry grace excel;
Bleſt Nymphs, whoſe Swains thoſe graces ſing ſo well!
Now riſe, and haſte to yonder woodbine bow'rs,
A ſoft retreat from ſudden vernal ſhow'rs;
The turf with rural dainties ſhall be crown'd,
While op'ning blooms diffuſe their ſweets around.
For ſee! the gath'ring flocks to ſhelter tend,
And from the Pleiads fruitful ſhow'rs deſcend.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 99. was originally,
The turf with country dainties ſhall be ſpread,
And trees with twining branches ſhade your head. P.

SUMMER:

THE

SECOND PASTORAL,

OR,

ALEXIS.

To Dr. GARTH.

A SHEPHERD's Boy (he ſeeks no better name)
Led forth his flocks along the ſilver Thame,
Where dancing ſun-beams on the waters play'd,
And verdant alders form'd a quiv'ring ſhade.
Soft as he mourn'd, the ſtreams forgot to flow,
The flocks around a dumb compaſſion ſhow,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 1, 2, 3, 4. were thus printed in the firſt edition:

A faithful ſwain, whom Love had taught to ſing,
Bewail'd his fate beſide a ſilver ſpring;
Where gentle Thames his winding waters leads
Through verdant foreſts, and through flow'ry meads. P.

VER. 3. Originally thus in the MS.

There to the winds he plain'd his hapleſs love,
And Amaryllis fill'd the vocal grove.

REMARKS.

VER. 3. The Scene of this Paſtoral by the river's ſide; ſuitable to the heat of the ſeaſon; the time Noon. P.

The

The Naïads wept in ev'ry wat'ry bow'r,
And Jove conſented in a ſilent ſhow'r.
Accept, O GARTH, the Muſe's early lays,
That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays;
Hear what from Love unpractis'd hearts endure,
From Love, the ſole diſeaſe thou can'ſt not cure.
Ye ſhady beeches, and ye cooling ſtreams,
Defence from Phoebus', not from Cupid's beams,
To you I mourn, nor to the deaf I ſing,
The woods ſhall anſwer, and their echo ring.
The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?
The bleating ſheep with my complaints agree,
They parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee.
The ſultry Sirius burns the thirſty plains,
While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.
Where ſtray ye, Muſes, in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeleſs love?

REMARKS.

VER. 9. Dr. Samuel Garth, Author of the Diſpenſary, was one of the firſt friends of the Author, whoſe acquaintance with him began at fourteen or fifteen. Their friendſhip continued from the year 1703 to 1718, which was that of his death. P.

VER. 16. *The woods ſhall anſwer, and their echo ring.*] Is a line out of Spenſer's Epithalamion. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 8. *And Jove conſented*]
" Jupiter et laeto deſcendet plurimus imbri." Virg. P.

VER. 15. *nor to the deaf I ſing,*]
" Non canimus ſurdis, reſpondent omnia ſylvae." Virg. P.

VER. 23. *Where ſtray ye, Muſes, etc.*]
" Quae nemora, aut qui vos ſaltus habuere, puellae
" Naïades, indigno cum Gallus amore periret?
" Nam neque Parnaſſi vobis juga, nam neque Pindi
" Ulla moram fecere, neque Aonia Aganippe."
Virg. out of Theocr. P.

25 In

In thoſe fair fields where ſacred Iſis glides,
Or elſe where Cam his winding vales divides?
As in the cryſtal ſpring I view my face,
Freſh riſing bluſhes paint the wat'ry glaſs;
But ſince thoſe graces pleaſe thy eyes no more,
I ſhun the fountains which I fought before.
Once I was ſkill'd in ev'ry herb that grew,
And ev'ry plant that drinks the morning dew;
Ah wretched ſhepherd, what avails thy art,
To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!
Let other ſwains attend the rural care,
Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces ſheer:
But nigh yon' mountain let me tune my lays,
Embrace my Love, and bind my brows with bays.
That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath
Inſpir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death:

VARIATIONS.

VER. 27. Oft in the cryſtal ſpring I caſt a view,
And equal'd Hylas, if the glaſs be true;
But ſince thoſe graces meet my eyes no more,
I ſhun, *etc.* P.

REMARKS.

VER. 39. *Colin*] The name taken by Spenſer in his Eclogues, where his miſtreſs is celebrated under that of Roſalinda. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 27. Virgil again, from the Cyclops of Theocritus,

" nuper me in littore vidi,
" Cum placidum ventis ſtaret mare; non ego Daphnim,
" Judice te, metuam, ſi nunquam fallat imago." P.

VER. 40. *bequeath'd in death, etc.*] Virg. Ecl. ii.

" Eſt mihi diſparibus ſeptem compacta cicutis
" Fiſtula, Damoetas dono mihi quam dedit olim,
" Et dixit moriens, Te nunc habet iſta ſecundum." P.

He

He ſaid; Alexis, take this pipe, the ſame
That taught the groves my Roſalinda's name:
But now the reeds ſhall hang on yonder tree,
For ever ſilent, ſince deſpis'd by thee.
Oh! were I made by ſome transforming pow'r
The captive bird that ſings within thy bow'r!
Then might my voice thy liſt'ning ears employ,
And I thoſe kiſſes he receives enjoy.
And yet my numbers pleaſe the rural throng,
Rough Satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the ſong:
The Nymphs, forſaking ev'ry cave and ſpring,
Their early fruit, and milk-white turtles bring!
Each am'rous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
On you their gifts are all beſtow'd again.
For you the ſwains the faireſt flow'rs deſign,
And in one garland all their beauties join;
Accept the wreath which you deſerve alone,
In whom all beauties are compriz'd in one.
See what delights in ſylvan ſcenes appear!
Deſcending Gods have found Elyſium here.
In woods bright Venus with Adonis ſtray'd,
And chaſte Diana haunts the foreſt-ſhade.
Come, lovely nymph, and bleſs the ſilent hours,
When ſwains from ſheering ſeek their nightly bow'rs;
When weary reapers quit the ſultry field,
And crown'd with corn their thanks to Ceres yield.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 60. *Deſcending Gods have found Elyſium here.*]

" Habitarunt Di quoque ſylvas"— Virg.

" Et formoſus oves ad flumina pavit Adonis." Idem. P.

This

This harmleſs grove no lurking viper hides,
But in my breaſt the ſerpent Love abides.
Here bees from bloſſoms ſip the roſy dew,
But your Alexis knows no ſweets but you.
Oh deign to viſit our forſaken ſeats,
The moſſy fountains, and the green retreats!
Where'er you walk, cool gales ſhall fan the glade,
Trees, where you ſit, ſhall croud into a ſhade:
Where'er you tread, the bluſhing flow'rs ſhall riſe,
And all things flouriſh where you turn your eyes.
Oh! how I long with you to paſs my days,
Invoke the Muſes, and reſound your praiſe!
Your praiſe the birds ſhall chant in ev'ry grove,
And winds ſhall waft it to the pow'rs above.
But would you ſing, and rival Orpheus' ſtrain,
The wond'ring foreſts ſoon ſhould dance again,
The moving mountains hear the pow'rful call,
And headlong ſtreams hang liſt'ning in their fall!
But ſee, the ſhepherds ſhun the noon-day heat,
The lowing herds to murm'ring brooks retreat,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 79, 80. Your praiſe the tuneful birds to heav'n ſhall bear,
And liſt'ning wolves grow milder as they hear.

So the verſes were originally written. But the author, young as he was, ſoon found the abſurdity which *Spenſer* himſelf overlooked, of introducing wolves into England. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 80. *And winds ſhall waft, etc.*]
" Partem aliquam, venti, divûm referatis ad aures!" Virg. P.

To cloſer ſhades the panting flocks remove;
Ye Gods! and is there no relief for Love?
But ſoon the ſun with milder rays deſcends
To the cool ocean, where his journey ends:
On me love's fiercer flames for ever prey,
By night he ſcorches, as he burns by day.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 91. Me love inflames, nor will his fires allay. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 88. *Ye Gods, etc.*]

"Me tamen urit amor, quis enim modus adſit amori?" Idem. P.

AUTUMN:

THE

THIRD PASTORAL,

OR,

HYLAS and AEGON.

To Mr. WYCHERLEY.

BENEATH the ſhade a ſpreading Beech diſplays,
Hylas and Aegon ſung their rural lays;
This mourn'd a faithleſs, that an abſent Love,
And Delia's name and Doris' fill'd the Grove.
Ye Mantuan nymphs, your ſacred ſuccour bring;
Hylas and Aegon's rural lays I ſing.
Thou, whom the Nine, with Plautus' wit inſpire,
The art of Terence, and Menander's fire;

Whoſe

REMARKS.

This Paſtoral conſiſts of two parts, like the viiith of Virgil: The Scene a Hill; the Time at Sun-ſet. P.

VER. 7. *Thou, whom the Nine,*] Mr. Wycherley, a famous author of Comedies; of which the moſt celebrated were the *Plain-Dealer* and *Country-Wife*. He was a writer of infinite ſpirit, ſatire, and wit. The only objection made to him was that he had too much. However, he was followed in the ſame way by Mr. Congreve; though with a little more correctneſs. P.

VER. 8. *The art of Terence, and Menander's fire*;] This line alludes to that famous character given of Terence, by Caeſar:

Whoſe ſenſe inſtructs us, and whoſe humour charms,
Whoſe judgment ſways us, and whoſe ſpirit warms!
Oh, ſkill'd in Nature! ſee the hearts of Swains,
Their artleſs paſſions, and their tender pains.
Now ſetting Phoebus ſhone ſerenely bright,
And fleecy clouds were ſtreak'd with purple light;
When tuneful Hylas with melodious moan,
Taught rocks to weep and made the mountains groan.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs away!
To Delia's ear the tender notes convey.
As ſome ſad Turtle his loſt love deplores,
And with deep murmurs fills the ſounding ſhores;
Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn,
Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs along!
For her, the feather'd quires neglect their ſong:
For her, the limes their pleaſing ſhades deny;
For her, the lilies hang their heads and die.

REMARKS.

" Tu quoque, tu in ſummis, *ô dimidiate Menander*,
" Poneris, et merito, puri ſermonis amator:
" Lenibus atque utinam ſcriptis adjuncta foret *vis*
" *Comica*."

So that the judicious critic ſees he ſhould have ſaid—*with Menander's fire.* For what the Poet meant, was, that his friend had join'd to Terence's art, what Caeſar thought wanting in Terence, namely, the *vis comica* of Menander. Beſides—*and Menander's fire*, is making that the Characteriſtic of Menander which was not. He was diſtinguiſhed for having art and *comic ſpirit* in conjunction, and Terence having only the firſt part, is called the *half of Menander.*

VER. 9. *Whoſe ſenſe inſtructs us,*] He was always very careful in his encomiums not to fall into ridicule, the deſerved fate of weak and proſtitute flatterers, and which they rarely eſcape. For *ſenſe*, he would willingly have ſaid *moral*; propriety required it. But this dramatic poet's moral was remarkably faulty. His plays are all ſhamefully profligate both in the Dialogue and Action.

Ye

Ye flow'rs that droop, forſaken by the ſpring,
Ye birds that, left by ſummer, ceaſe to ſing,
Ye trees that fade when autumn-heats remove,
Say, is not abſence death to thoſe who love?
Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs away!
Curs'd be the fields that cauſe my Delia's ſtay;
Fade ev'ry bloſſom, wither ev'ry tree,
Die ev'ry flow'r, and periſh all, but ſhe.
What have I ſaid? where'er my Delia flies,
Let ſpring attend, and ſudden flow'rs ariſe;
Let op'ning roſes knotted oaks adorn,
And liquid amber drop from ev'ry thorn.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs along!
The birds ſhall ceaſe to tune their ev'ning ſong,
The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
And ſtreams to murmur, ere I ceaſe to love.
Not bubbling fountains to the thirſty ſwain,
Not balmy ſleep to lab'rers faint with pain,
Not ſhow'rs to larks, or ſun-ſhine to the bee,
Are half ſo charming as thy ſight to me.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs away!
Come, Delia, come; ah, why this long delay?

VARIATIONS.

VER. 48. Originally thus in the MS.

With him, through Libya's burning plains I'll go,
On Alpine mountains tread th' eternal ſnow;
Yet feel no heat but what our loves impart,
And dread no coldneſs but in Thyrſis' heart.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 37. " Aurea durae
" Mala ferant quercus; narciſſo floreat alnus,
" Pinguia corticibus ſudent electra myricae." Virg. Ecl. viii. P.

VER. 43, *etc.*]
" Quale ſopor feſſis in gramine, quale per aeſtum
" Dulcis aquae ſaliente ſitim reſtinguere rivo." Ecl. v. P.

Through

Through rocks and caves the name of Delia ſounds,
Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds.
Ye pow'rs, what pleaſing phrenzy ſooths my mind!
Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind?
She comes, my Delia comes!—Now ceaſe my lay,
And ceaſe, ye gales, to bear my ſighs away!
Next Aegon ſung, while Windſor groves admir'd;
Rehearſe, ye Muſes, what yourſelves inſpir'd.
Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful ſtrain!
Of perjur'd Doris, dying I complain:
Here where the mountains, leſs'ning as they riſe,
Loſe the low vales, and ſteal into the ſkies:
While lab'ring oxen, ſpent with toil and heat,
In their looſe traces from the field retreat:
While curling ſmoaks from village-tops are ſeen,
And the fleet ſhades glide o'er the duſky green.
Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful lay!
Beneath yon' poplar oft we paſt the day:
Oft' on the rind I carv'd her am'rous vows,
While ſhe with garlands hung the bending boughs:
The garlands fade, the vows are worn away;
So dies her love, and ſo my hopes decay.
Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful ſtrain!
Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain,
Now golden fruits on loaded branches ſhine,
And grateful cluſters ſwell with floods of wine;
Now bluſhing berries paint the yellow grove;
Juſt Gods! ſhall all things yield returns but love?

REMARKS.

VER. 74. *And grateful cluſters, etc.*] The ſcene in Windſor foreſt; ſo this image not ſo exact.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 52. "An qui amant, ipſi ſibi ſomnia fingunt?" Id. viii. P.

Reſound,

Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful lay!
The ſhepherds cry, " Thy flocks are left a prey"--
Ah! what avails it me, the flocks to keep,
Who loſt my heart while I preſerv'd my ſheep.
Pan came, and aſk'd, what magic caus'd my ſmart,
Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?
What eyes but hers, alas, have pow'r to move!
And is there magic but what dwells in love!
Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful ſtrains!
I'll fly from ſhepherds, flocks, and flow'ry plains,
From ſhepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,
Forſake mankind, and all the world—but love!
I know thee, Love! on foreign mountains bred,
Wolves gave thee ſuck, and ſavage tigers fed.
Thou wert from Etna's burning entrails torn,
Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born!
Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful lay!
Farewell, ye woods, adieu the light of day!
One leap from yonder cliff ſhall end my pains,
No more, ye hills, no more reſound my ſtrains!
Thus ſung the ſhepherds till th' approach of night,
The ſkies yet bluſhing with departing light,
When falling dews with ſpangles deck'd the glade,
And the low ſun had lengthen'd ev'ry ſhade.

REMARKS.

VER. 98, 100.] There's a little inaccuracy here; the firſt line makes the time after ſunſet; the ſecond, before.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 82. *Or what ill eyes*]
" Neſcio quis teneros oculus mihi faſcinat agnos." P.
VER. 89, " Nunc ſcio quid ſit Amor: duris in cotibus illum," etc. P.

WINTER:
THE
FOURTH PASTORAL,
OR,
DAPHNE.

To the Memory of Mrs. TEMPEST.

LYCIDAS.

THYRSIS, the muſic of that murm'ring ſpring
Is not ſo mournful as the ſtrains you ſing.
Nor rivers winding through the vales below,
So ſweetly warble, or ſo ſmoothly flow.
Now ſleeping flocks on their ſoft fleeces lie,
The moon, ſerene in glory, mounts the ſky,
Whilſt ſilent birds forget their tuneful lays,
Oh ſing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praiſe!

REMARKS.

WINTER.] This was the Poet's favourite Paſtoral.

Mrs. Tempeſt.] This Lady was of an ancient family in Yorkſhire, and particularly admired by the Author's friend Mr. Walſh, who, having celebrated her in a Paſtoral Elegy, deſired his friend to do the ſame, as appears from one of his Letters, dated Sept. 9, 1706. "Your laſt "Eclogue being on the ſame ſubject with mine on Mrs. Tempeſt's death, I ſhould take it very "kindly in you to give it a little turn, as if it were to the memory of the ſame lady." Her death having happened on the night of the great ſtorm in 1703, gave a propriety to this eclogue, which in its general turn alludes to it. The ſcene of the Paſtoral lies in a grove, the time at midnight. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 1. *Thyrſis, the muſic, etc.*] Ἆδύ τι, *etc.* Theocr. Id. i.

THYRSIS.

THYRSIS.

Behold the groves that ſhine with ſilver froſt,
Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure loſt.
Here ſhall I try the ſweet Alexis' ſtrain,
That call'd the liſt'ning Dryads to the plain?
Thames heard the numbers as he flow'd along,
And bade his willows learn the moving ſong.

LYCIDAS.

So may kind rains their vital moiſture yield,
And ſwell the future harveſt of the field.
Begin; this charge the dying Daphne gave,
And ſaid, "Ye ſhepherds ſing around my grave!"
Sing, while beſide the ſhaded tomb I mourn,
And with freſh bays her rural ſhrine adorn.

THYRSIS.

Ye gentle Muſes, leave your cryſtal ſpring,
Let Nymphs and Sylvans cypreſs garlands bring;
Ye weeping Loves, the ſtream with myrtles hide,
And break your bows, as when Adonis dy'd;
And with your golden darts, now uſeleſs grown,
Inſcribe a verſe on this relenting ſtone:

REMARKS.

VER. 9. *ſhine with ſilver froſt,*] The image is a fine one, but improperly placed. The idea he would raiſe is the *deformity* of Winter, as appears by the following line: but this imagery contradicts it. It ſhould have been—*glare with hoary froſt*, or ſome ſuch expreſſion: the ſame inaccuracy in ver. 31. where he uſes *pearls*, when he ſhould have ſaid *tears*.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 13. *Thames heard, etc.*]
"Audiit Eurotas, juſſitque ediſcere lauros." Virg. P.
VER. 23, 24, 25. "Inducite fontibus umbras—
"Et tumulum facite, et tumulo ſuperaddite carmen." P.

" Let nature change, let heav'n and earth deplore,
" Fair Daphne's dead, and love is now no more!"
'Tis done, and nature's various charms decay,
See gloomy clouds obſcure the chearful day!
Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,
Their faded honours ſcatter'd on her bier.
See, where on earth the flow'ry glories lie,
With her they flouriſh'd, and with her they die.
Ah what avail the beauties nature wore?
Fair Daphne's dead, and beauty is no more!
For her the flocks refuſe their verdant food,
The thirſty heifers ſhun the gliding flood,
The ſilver ſwans her hapleſs fate bemoan,
In notes more ſad than when they ſing their own;
In hollow caves ſweet Echo ſilent lies,
Silent, or only to her name replies;
Her name with pleaſure once ſhe taught the ſhore,
Now Daphne's dead, and pleaſure is no more!
No grateful dews deſcend from ev'ning ſkies,
Nor morning odours from the flow'rs ariſe;
No rich perfumes refreſh the fruitful field,
Nor fragrant herbs their native incenſe yield.
The balmy Zephyrs, ſilent ſince her death,
Lament the ceaſing of a ſweeter breath;
Th' induſtrious bees neglect their golden ſtore!
Fair Daphne's dead, and ſweetneſs is no more!

VARIATIONS.

VER. 29. Originally thus in the MS.

'Tis done, and nature's chang'd ſince you are gone;
Behold the clouds have *put their Mourning on.*

No

No more the mounting larks, while Daphne ſings,
Shall liſt'ning in mid-air ſuſpend their wings;
No more the birds ſhall imitate her lays,
Or huſh'd with wonder, hearken from the ſprays:
No more the ſtreams their murmurs ſhall forbear,
A ſweeter muſic than their own to hear,
But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal ſhore,
Fair Daphne's dead, and muſic is no more!
Her fate is whiſper'd by the gentle breeze,
And told in ſighs to all the trembling trees;
The trembling trees, in ev'ry plain and wood,
Her fate remurmur to the ſilver flood;
The ſilver flood, ſo lately calm, appears
Swell'd with new paſſion, and o'erflows with tears;
The winds, and trees, and floods her death deplore,
Daphne, our grief! our glory now no more!
But ſee! where Daphne wond'ring mounts on high
Above the clouds, above the ſtarry ſky!
Eternal beauties grace the ſhining ſcene,
Fields ever freſh, and groves for ever green!
There while you reſt in Amaranthine bow'rs,
Or from thoſe meads ſelect unfading flow'rs,
Behold us kindly, who your name implore,
Daphne, our Goddeſs, and our grief no more!

LYCIDAS.

How all things liſten, while thy Muſe complains!
Such ſilence waits on Philomela's ſtrains,

IMITATIONS.

VER. 69, 70. " miratur limen Olympi,
" Sub pedibuſque videt nubes et ſydera Daphnis." Virg. P.

In ſome ſtill ev'ning, when the whiſp'ring breeze
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees.
To thee, bright goddeſs, oft a lamb ſhall bleed,
If teeming ewes encreaſe my fleecy breed.
While plants their ſhade, or flow'rs their odours give,
Thy name, thy honour, and thy praiſe ſhall live!

THYRSIS.

But ſee, Orion ſheds unwholeſome dews;
Ariſe, the pines a noxious ſhade diffuſe;
Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay,
Time conquers all, and we muſt Time obey.
Adieu, ye vales, ye mountains, ſtreams, and groves,
Adieu, ye ſhepherds' rural lays and loves;
Adieu, my flocks; farewell, ye ſylvan crew;
Daphne, farewell; and all the world adieu!

VARIATIONS.

VER. 83. Originally thus in the MS.
While vapours riſe, and driving ſnows deſcend,
Thy honour, name, and praiſe ſhall *never end.*

REMARKS.

VER. 89, *etc.*] Theſe four laſt lines allude to the ſeveral ſubjects of the four Paſtorals, and to the ſeveral ſcenes of them, particularized before in each. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 81. " illius aram
" Saepe tener noſtris ab ovilibus imbuet agnus." Virg. P.

VER. 86. " ſolet eſſe gravis cantantibus umbra,
" Juniperi gravis umbra." Virg. P.

VER. 88. *Time conquers all, etc.*]
" Omnia vincit amor, et nos cedamus amori."
Vid. etiam Sannazarii Ecl. et Spenſer's Calendar.

MESSIAH,

A

SACRED ECLOGUE:

IN IMITATION OF

VIRGIL's POLLIO.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN reading ſeveral paſſages of the Prophet Iſaiah, which foretell the coming of Chriſt and the felicities attending it, I could not but obſerve a remarkable parity between many of the thoughts, and thoſe in the Pollio of Virgil. This will not ſeem ſurpriſing, when we reflect, that the Eclogue was taken from a Sibylline prophecy on the ſame ſubject. One may judge that Virgil did not copy it line by line, but ſelected ſuch ideas as beſt agreed with the nature of paſtoral poetry, and diſpoſed them in that manner which ſerved moſt to beautify his piece. I have endeavoured the ſame in this imitation of him, though without admitting any thing of my own; ſince it was written with this particular view, that the reader, by comparing the ſeveral thoughts, might ſee how far the images and deſcriptions of the Prophet are ſuperior to thoſe of the Poet. But as I fear I have prejudiced them by my management, I ſhall ſubjoin the paſſages of Iſaiah, and thoſe of Virgil, under the ſame diſadvantage of a literal tranſlation. P.

MESSIAH,

A

SACRED ECLOGUE:

In Imitation of VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

YE Nymphs of Solyma! begin the ſong:
To heav'nly themes ſublimer ſtrains belong.
The moſſy fountains, and the ſylvan ſhades,
The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O Thou my voice inſpire
Who touch'd Iſaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the Bard begun:
A Virgin ſhall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
From * Jeſſe's root behold a branch ariſe,
Whoſe ſacred flow'r with fragrance fills the ſkies:

IMITATIONS.

VER. 8. *A Virgin ſhall conceive—All crimes ſhall ceaſe, etc.*] VIRG. Ecl. iv. ver. 6.

" Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna;
" Jam nova progenies coelo demittitur alto.
" Te duce, ſi qua manent ſceleris veſtigia noſtri,
" Irrita perpetua ſolvent formidine terras—
" Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem."

" Now the Virgin returns, now the kingdom of *Saturn* returns, now a new progeny is ſent " down from high heaven. By means of thee, whatever reliques of our crimes remain, ſhall " be wiped away, and free the world from perpetual fears. He ſhall govern the earth in " peace, with the virtues of his father."

ISAIAH, Ch. vii. ver. 14. " Behold a Virgin ſhall conceive and bear a ſon."—Chap. ix. ver. 6, 7. " Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given; the Prince of Peace: of the increaſe " of his government, and of his peace, there ſhall be no end: Upon the throne of *David*, and " upon his kingdom, to order and to ſtabliſh it, with judgment, and with juſtice, for ever " and ever." P.

* Iſai. ch. xi. ver. 1.

Th'

Th' Etherial Spirit o'er its leaves ſhall move,
And on its top deſcends the myſtic Dove.
Ye * heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in ſoft ſilence ſhed the kindly ſhow'r!
The † ſick and weak the healing plant ſhall aid,
From ſtorms a ſhelter, and from heat a ſhade.
All crimes ſhall ceaſe, and ancient fraud ſhall fail;
Returning ‡ Juſtice lift aloft her ſcale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd Innocence from heav'n deſcend.
Swift fly the years, and riſe th' expected morn!
Oh ſpring to light, auſpicious Babe, be born!
See Nature haſtes her earlieſt wreaths to bring,
With all the incenſe of the breathing ſpring:

See

REMARKS.

VER. 13. *Ye heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,*
And in ſoft ſilence ſhed the kindly ſhow'r!]

His Original ſays, "Drop down, ye heavens, from above, and let the ſkies pour down "righteouſneſs: let the earth open, and let them bring forth ſalvation, and let righteouſneſs "ſpring up together." — This is a very noble deſcription of divine grace ſhed abroad in the hearts of the faithful under the Goſpel diſpenſation. And the poet underſtood all its force, as appears from the two lines preceding theſe, — *Th' Etherial Spirit, etc.* The prophet deſcribes this under the image of *rain*, which chiefly fits the *firſt age* of the Goſpel: The poet, under the idea of *dew*, which extends it to *every age*. And it was his purpoſe it ſhould be ſo underſtood, as appears from his expreſſion of *ſoft ſilence*, which agrees with the *common*, not the *extraordinary* effuſions of the Holy Spirit. The figurative term is wonderfully happy. He who would moralize the ancient Mythology in the manner of *Bacon*, would ſay, that by the poetical *nectar*, is meant the *grace* of the Theologiſts.

VER. 17. *Ancient fraud*] i. e. the fraud of the Serpent.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 23. *See Nature haſtes, etc.*] VIRG. Ecl. iv. ver. 18.

"At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuſcula cultu,
"Errantes hederas paſſim cum baccare tellus,

"Mixtaque

* Iſa. ch. xlv. ver. 8. † Ch. xxv. ver. 4. ‡ Ch. ix. ver. 7.

See lofty Lebanon * his head advance,
See nodding foreſts on the mountains dance:
See ſpicy clouds from lowly Saron riſe,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the ſkies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely deſert cheers;
Prepare the † way! a God, a God appears:
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending ſkies!
Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye valleys, riſe;

IMITATIONS.

" Mixtaque ridenti colocaſia fundet acantho——
" Ipſa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores."

" For thee, O Child, ſhall the earth, without being tilled, produce her early offerings; " winding ivy, mixed with *Baccar*, and *Colocaſia* with ſmiling *Acanthus*. Thy cradle ſhall " pour forth pleaſing flowers about thee."

ISAIAH, Ch. xxxv. ver. 1. " The wilderneſs and the ſolitary place ſhall be glad, and the " deſert ſhall rejoice and bloſſom as the roſe." Ch. lx. ver. 13. " The glory of *Lebanon* " ſhall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place " of thy ſanctuary." P.

VER. 29. *Hark! a glad Voice, etc.*] VIRG. Ecl. iv. ver. 46.

" Aggredere ô magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores,
" Cara deûm ſoboles, magnum Jovis incrementum——
" Ipſi laetitia voces ad ſydera jactant
" Intonſi montes, ipſae jam carmina rupes,
" Ipſa ſonant arbuſta, Deus, deus ille Menalca!" Ecl. v. ver. 62.

" Oh come and receive the mighty honours: the time draws nigh, O beloved offspring of " the Gods, O great increaſe of *Jove!* The uncultivated mountains ſend ſhouts of joy to the " ſtars, the very rocks ſing in verſe, the very ſhrubs cry out, A God, a God!"

ISAIAH, Ch. xl. ver. 3, 4. " The voice of him that crieth in the wilderneſs, Prepare ye " the way of the Lord! make ſtraight in the deſert a highway for our God! Every valley ſhall " be exalted, and every mountain and hill ſhall be made low, and the crooked ſhall be made " ſtraight, and the rough places plain." Ch. iv. ver. 23. " Break forth into ſinging, ye moun- " tains! O foreſt, and every tree therein! for the Lord hath redeemed *Iſrael*." P.

* Ch. xxxv. ver. 2. † Ch. xl. ver. 3, 4.

With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be ſmooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold:
Hear * him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films ſhall purge the viſual ray,
And on the ſightleſs eye-ball pour the day:
'Tis he th' obſtructed paths of ſound ſhall clear,
And bid new muſic charm th' unfolding ear:
The dumb ſhall ſing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No ſigh, no murmur the wide world ſhall hear,
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
In † adamantine chains ſhall Death be bound,
And Hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good ſhepherd ‡ tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freſheſt paſture and the pureſt air,
Explores the loſt, the wand'ring ſheep directs,
By day o'erſees them, and by night protects,
The tender lambs he raiſes in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his boſom warms;

REMARKS.

VER. 39. *He from thick films ſhall purge the viſual ray,*] The ſenſe and language ſhew, that by *viſual ray*, the poet meant the *ſight*, or, as Milton calls it, indeed ſomething leſs boldly, tho' more exactly, *the viſual nerve*. However, no critic would quarrel with the figure which calls the *inſtrument* of viſion by the name of the *cauſe*. But tho' the term be noble and ſublime, yet the expreſſion of *thick films* is faulty; and he fell into it by a common neglect of the following rule of good writing, "That when a figurative word is uſed, whatſoever is predicated of it ought not only to agree in terms to the thing to which the figure is applied, but likewiſe to that from which the figure is taken." *Thick films* agree only with the thing to which it is applied, namely, to the *ſight* or eye; and not to that from which it is taken, namely, a *ray of light* coming to the eye. He ſhould have ſaid *thick clouds*, which would have agreed with both. But theſe inaccuracies are not to be found in his later poems.

* Ch. xliii. ver. 18. Ch. xxxv. ver. 5, 6. † Ch. xxv. ver. 8. ‡ Ch. xl. ver. 11.

Thus ſhall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd * father of the future age.
No more ſhall † nation againſt nation riſe,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming ſteel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But uſeleſs lances into ſcythes ſhall bend,
And the broad faulchion in a plow-ſhare end.
Then palaces ſhall riſe; the joyful ‡ Son
Shall finiſh what his ſhort-liv'd Sire begun;
Their vines a ſhadow to their race ſhall yield,
And the ſame hand that ſow'd, ſhall reap the field.
The ſwain in barren § deſerts with ſurprize
See lilies ſpring, and ſudden verdure riſe;
And ſtarts, amidſt the thirſty wiles to hear
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulruſh nods.
Waſte ſandy ‖ valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The ſpiry fir and ſhapely box adorn;

IMITATIONS.

VER. 67. *The ſwain in barren deſerts*] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 28.

" Molli paulatim flaveſcet campus ariſta,
" Incultiſque rubens pendebit ſentibus uva,
" Et durae quercus ſudabunt roſcida mella."

" The fields ſhall grow yellow with ripen'd ears, and the red grape ſhall hang upon the " wild brambles, and the hard oak ſhall diſtil honey like dew."

ISAIAH, Ch. xxxv. ver. 7. " The parched ground ſhall become a pool, and the thirſty " lands ſprings of water: In the habitations where dragons lay, ſhall be graſs, and reeds and " ruſhes." Ch. lv. ver. 13. " Inſtead of the thorn ſhall come up the fir-tree, and inſtead of " the briar ſhall come up the myrtle-tree." P.

* Ch. ix. ver. 6. † Ch. ii. ver. 4. ‡ Ch. lxv. ver. 21, 22. § Ch. xxxv. ver. 1, 7. ‖ Ch. xli. ver. 19. and Ch. lv. ver. 13.

To leafleſs ſhrubs the flow'ring palms ſucceed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noiſom weed.
The * lambs with wolves ſhall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flow'ry banks the tiger lead;
The ſteer and lion at one crib ſhall meet,
And harmleſs † ſerpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The ſmiling infant in his hand ſhall take
The creſted baſiliſk and ſpeckled ſnake,
Pleas'd the green luſtre of the ſcales ſurvey,
And with their forky tongue ſhall innocently play.
Riſe, crown'd with light, imperial ‡ Salem, riſe!
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
See, a long § race thy ſpacious courts adorn;
See future ſons, and daughters yet unborn,

IMITATIONS.

VER. 77. *The lambs with wolves, etc.*] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 21.

" Ipſae lacte domum referent diſtenta capellae
" Ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones—
" Occidet et ſerpens, et fallax herba veneni
" Occidet.——"

" The goats ſhall bear to the fold their udders diſtended with milk: nor ſhall the herds be " afraid of the greateſt lions. The ſerpent ſhall die, and the herb that conceals poiſon ſhall die."

ISAIAH, Ch. xi. ver. 16, etc. " The wolf ſhall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard " ſhall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together: and " a little child ſhall lead them.—And the lion ſhall eat ſtraw like the ox. And the ſucking " child ſhall play on the hole of the aſp, and the weaned child ſhall put his hand on the den " of the cockatrice." P.

VER. 85. *Riſe, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, riſe!*] The thoughts of Iſaiah, which compoſe the latter part of the poem, are wonderfully elevated, and much above thoſe general exclamations of Virgil, which make the loftieſt parts of his Pollio.

" Magnus ab integro ſaeclorum naſcitur ordo!
" —toto ſurget gens aurea mundo!
" —incipient magni procedere menſes!
" Aſpice, venturo laetentur ut omnia ſaeclo!" etc.

The reader needs only to turn to the paſſages of Iſaiah, here cited. P.

* Ch. xi. ver. 6, 7, 8. † Ch. lvi. ver. 25. ‡ Ch. lx. ver. 1. § Ch. lx. ver. 4.

In

In crouding ranks on ev'ry ſide ariſe,
Demanding life, impatient for the ſkies!
See barb'rous * nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with proſtrate kings,
And heap'd with products of † Sabaean ſprings!
For thee Idume's ſpicy foreſts blow,
And ſeeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heav'n its ſparkling portals wide diſplay,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.
No more the riſing ‡ Sun ſhall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her ſilver horn;
But loſt, diſſolv'd in thy ſuperior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himſelf ſhall ſhine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The ‖ ſeas ſhall waſte, the ſkies in ſmoke decay,
Rocks fall to duſt, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his ſaving pow'r remains:
Thy realm for ever laſts, thy own MESSIAH reigns!

* Ch. lx. ver. 3. † Ch. lx. ver. 6. ‡ Ch. lx. ver. 19, 20.
‖ Ch. li. ver. 6. and Ch. liv. ver. 10.

WINDSOR-FOREST.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE LORD LANSDOWN.

Non injuſſa cano: Te noſtrae, *Vare*, myricae,
Te *Nemus* omne canet; nec Phœbo gratior ulla eſt,
Quam ſibi quae *Vari* praeſcripſit pagina nomen. VIRG.

WINDSOR-FOREST.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE LORD LANSDOWN.

THY foreſt, Windſor! and thy green retreats,
At once the Monarch's and the Muſe's ſeats,
Invite my lays. Be preſent, ſylvan maids!
Unlock your ſprings, and open all your ſhades.
GRANVILLE commands; your aid, O Muſes, bring!
What Muſe for GRANVILLE can refuſe to ſing?
The Groves of Eden, vaniſh'd now ſo long,
Live in deſcription, and look green in ſong:
Theſe, were my breaſt inſpir'd with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, ſhould be like in fame.
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water ſeem to ſtrive again;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 3, etc. originally thus,

Chaſte Goddeſs of the woods,
Nymphs of the vales, and Naïads of the floods,
Lead me through arching bow'rs, and glimm'ring glades,
Unlock your ſprings— P.

NOTES.

This Poem was written at two different times: the firſt part of it, which relates to the country, in the year 1704, at the ſame time with the Paſtorals; the latter part was not added till the year 1713, in which it was publiſhed. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 6. "neget quis carmina Gallo?" Virg.

Not Chaos-like together cruſh'd and bruis'd,
But, as the world, harmoniouſly confus'd:
Where order in variety we ſee,
And where, tho' all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a chequer'd ſcene diſplay,
And part admit, and part exclude the day;
As ſome coy nymph her lover's warm addreſs
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repreſs.
There, interſpers'd in lawns and op'ning glades,
Thin trees ariſe that ſhun each other's ſhades.
Here in full light the ruſſet plains extend:
There wrapt in clouds the blueiſh hills aſcend.
Ev'n the wild heath diſplays her purple dyes,
And 'midſt the deſert fruitful fields ariſe,
That crown'd with tufted trees and ſpringing corn,
Like verdant iſles the ſable waſte adorn.
Let India boaſt her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber or the balmy tree,
While by our oaks the precious loads are born,
And realms commanded which thoſe trees adorn.
Not proud Olympus yields a nobler ſight,
Tho' gods aſſembled grace his tow'ring height,

Than

VARIATIONS.

VER. 25. Originally thus;

Why ſhould I ſing our better ſuns or air,
Whoſe vital draughts prevent the leach's care,
While through freſh fields th' enliv'ning odours breathe,
Or ſpread with vernal blooms the purple heath? P.

NOTES.

VER. 33. *Not proud Olympus, etc.*] Sir J. Denham, in his Cooper's Hill, had ſaid,

"Than which a nobler weight no mountain bears,
"But Atlas only, which ſupports the ſpheres."

The

Than what more humble mountains offer here,
Where, in their bleſſings, all thoſe Gods appear.
See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd,
Here bluſhing Flora paints th' enamel'd ground,
Here Ceres' gifts in waving proſpect ſtand,
And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand;
Rich Induſtry ſits ſmiling on the plains,
And peace and plenty tell, a STUART reigns.
Not thus the land appear'd in ages paſt,
A dreary deſert, and a gloomy waſte,
To ſavage beaſts and ſavage laws a prey,
And kings more furious and ſevere than they;
Who claim'd the ſkies, diſpeopled air and floods,
The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods:
Cities laid waſte, they ſtorm'd the dens and caves,
(For wiſer brutes were backward to be ſlaves)
What could be free, when lawleſs beaſts obey'd,
And ev'n the elements a Tyrant ſway'd?
In vain kind ſeaſons ſwell'd the teeming grain,
Soft ſhow'rs diſtill'd, and ſuns grew warm in vain;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 49. Originally thus in the MS.
From towns laid waſte, to dens and caves they ran
(For who firſt ſtoop'd to be a ſlave was man.)

NOTES.

The compariſon is childiſh, as the taking it from fabulous hiſtory deſtroys the compliment. Our Poet has ſhewn more judgment: he has made a manly uſe of as fabulous a circumſtance by the artful application of the mythology,

Where, in their bleſſings, all thoſe Gods appear, etc.

Making the nobility of the hills of Windſor-foreſt to conſiſt in ſupporting the inhabitants in plenty.

VER. 45. *ſavage laws*] The Foreſt Laws.

The ſwain with tears his fruſtrate labour yields,
And famiſh'd dies amidſt his ripen'd fields.
What wonder then, a beaſt or ſubject ſlain
Were equal crimes in a deſpotic reign?
Both doom'd alike, for ſportive Tyrants bled,
But while the ſubject ſtarv'd, the beaſt was fed.
Proud Nimrod firſt the bloody chace began,
A mighty hunter, and his prey was man:
Our haughty Norman boaſts that barb'rous name,
And makes his trembling ſlaves the royal game.
The fields are raviſh'd from th' induſtrious ſwains,
From men their cities, and from Gods their fanes:
The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er;
The hollow winds through naked temples roar;
Round broken columns claſping ivy twin'd;
O'er heaps of ruin ſtalk'd the ſtately hind;
The fox obſcene to gaping tombs retires,
And ſavage howlings fill the ſacred quires.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 57, *etc.*

No wonder ſavages or ſubjects ſlain——
But ſubjects ſtarv'd, while ſavages were fed.

It was originally thus, but the word ſavages is not properly applied to beaſts but to men; which occaſioned the alteration. P.

VER. 72. And wolves with howling fill, *etc.*]

The author thought this an error, wolves not being common in England at the time of the Conqueror. P.

NOTES.

VER. 65. *The fields are raviſh'd, etc.*] Alluding to the deſtruction made in the New-Foreſt, and the Tyrannies exerciſed there by William I. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 65. *The fields are raviſh'd from th' induſtrious ſwains,*
From men their cities, and from Gods their fanes:]

Tranſlated from

" Templa adimit divis, fora civibus, arva colonis,"

an old monkiſh writer, I forget who. P.

Aw'd

Aw'd by his Nobles, by his Commons curſt,
Th' Oppreſſor rul'd tyrannic where he durſt,
Stretch'd o'er the Poor and Church his iron rod,
And ſerv'd alike his Vaſſals and his God.
Whom ev'n the Saxon ſpar'd, and bloody Dane,
The wanton victims of his ſport remain.
But ſee, the man, who ſpacious regions gave
A waſte for beaſts, himſelf deny'd a grave!
Stretch'd on the lawn his ſecond hope ſurvey,
At once the chaſer, and at once the prey:
Lo Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
Bleeds in the foreſt like a wounded hart.
Succeeding monarchs heard the ſubjects cries,
Nor ſaw diſpleas'd the peaceful cottage riſe:
Then gath'ring flocks on unknown mountains fed,
O'er ſandy wilds were yellow harveſts ſpread,
The foreſt wonder'd at th' unuſual grain,
And ſecret tranſports touch'd the conſcious ſwain.
Fair Liberty, Britannia's Goddeſs, rears
Her chearful head, and leads the golden years.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 91. O may no more a foreign maſter's rage,
With wrongs yet legal, curſe a future age!
Still ſpread, fair Liberty! thy heavenly wings,
Breathe plenty on the fields, and fragrance on the ſprings. P.

NOTES.

VER. 80. *himſelf deny'd a grave!*] The place of his interment at Caen in Normandy was claimed by a Gentleman as his inheritance, the moment his ſervants were going to put him in his tomb: ſo that they were obliged to compound with the owner before they could perform the King's obſequies.

VER. 81. *ſecond hope*] Richard, ſecond ſon of William the Conqueror.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 89. "Miraturque novas frondes et non ſua poma." Virg.

Ye

Ye vig'rous ſwains! while youth ferments your blood,
And purer ſpirits ſwell the ſprightly flood,
Now range the hills, the gameful woods beſet,
Wind the ſhrill horn, or ſpread the waving net.
When milder autumn ſummer's heat ſucceeds,
And in the new-ſhorn field the partridge feeds,
Before his lord the ready ſpaniel bounds,
Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds;
But when the tainted gales the game betray,
Couch'd cloſe he lies, and meditates the prey;
Secure they truſt th' unfaithful field beſet,
'Till hov'ring o'er 'em ſweeps the ſwelling net.
Thus (if ſmall things we may with great compare)
When Albion ſends her eager ſons to war,
Some thoughtleſs Town, with eaſe and plenty bleſt,
Near, and more near, the cloſing lines inveſt;
Sudden they ſeize th' amaz'd, defenceleſs prize,
And high in air Britannia's ſtandard flies.
See! from the brake the whirring pheaſant ſprings,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:

VARIATIONS.

VER. 97. When yellow autumn ſummer's heat ſucceeds,
And into wine the purple harveſt bleeds *,
The partridge feeding in the new-ſhorn fields,
Both morning ſports and ev'ning pleaſures yields.

VER. 107. It ſtood thus in the firſt Editions:
Pleas'd in the Gen'ral's ſight, the hoſt lie down
Sudden before ſome unſuſpecting town;
The young, the old, one inſtant makes our prize,
And o'er their captive heads Britannia's ſtandard flies.

* Perhaps the Author thought it not allowable to deſcribe the ſeaſon by a circumſtance not proper to our climate, the vintage. P.

Short

Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Ah! what avail his gloſſy, varying dyes,
His purple creſt, and ſcarlet-circled eyes,
The vivid green his ſhining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breaſt that flames with gold?
Nor yet, when moiſt Arcturus clouds the ſky,
The woods and fields their pleaſing toils deny.
To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
And trace the mazes of the circling hare:
(Beaſts, urg'd by us, their fellow-beaſts purſue,
And learn of man each other to undo.)
With ſlaught'ring guns th' unweary'd fowler roves,
When froſts have whiten'd all the naked groves;
Where doves in flocks the leafleſs trees o'erſhade,
And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade.
He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
Straight a ſhort thunder breaks the frozen ſky:
Oft, as in airy rings they ſkim the heath,
The clam'rous lapwings feel the leaden death:
Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air.
In genial ſpring, beneath the quiv'ring ſhade,
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 126. O'er ruſtling leaves around the naked groves.
VER. 129. The fowler lifts his levell'd tube on high. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 115. " nec te tua plurima, Pantheu,
" Labentem pietas, vel Apollinis infula texit." Virg.
VER. 134. " Praecipites alta vitam ſub nube relinquunt." Virg.

The

The patient fiſher takes his ſilent ſtand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand:
With looks unmov'd, he hopes the ſcaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork, and bending reed.
Our plenteous ſtreams a various race ſupply,
The bright-ey'd perch with fins of Tyrian dye,
The ſilver eel, in ſhining volumes roll'd,
The yellow carp, in ſcales bedrop'd with gold,
Swift trouts, diverſify'd with crimſon ſtains,
And pykes, the tyrants of the watry plains.
Now Cancer glows with Phoebus' fiery car:
The youth ruſh eager to the ſylvan war,
Swarm o'er the lawns, the foreſt walks ſurround,
Rouze the fleet hart, and chear the opening hound.
Th' impatient courſer pants in ev'ry vein,
And pawing, ſeems to beat the diſtant plain:
Hills, vales, and floods appear already croſs'd,
And ere he ſtarts, a thouſand ſteps are loſt.
See the bold youth ſtrain up the threat'ning ſteep,
Ruſh through the thickets, down the valleys ſweep,
Hang o'er their courſers heads with eager ſpeed,
And earth rolls back beneath the flying ſteed.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 151. *Th' impatient courſer, etc.*] Tranſlated from Statius,

" Stare adeo miſerum eſt, pereunt veſtigia mille
" Ante fugam, abſentemque ferit gravis ungula campum."

Theſe lines Mr. Dryden, in his preface to his tranſlation of Freſnoy's Art of painting, calls *wonderfully fine*, and ſays, " they would coſt him an hour, if he had the leiſure, to tranſlate " them, there is ſo much of beauty in the original;" which was the reaſon, I ſuppoſe, why Mr. P. tried his ſtrength with them.

VER. 158. *and earth rolls back*] He has improved his original;

" terraeque urbeſque recedunt." Virg.

Let

Let old Arcadia boaſt her ample plain,
Th' immortal huntreſs, and her virgin-train;
Nor envy, Windſor! ſince thy ſhades have ſeen
As bright a Goddeſs, and as chaſte a Queen;
Whoſe care, like hers, protects the ſylvan reign,
The Earth's fair light, and Empreſs of the Main.
Here too, 'tis ſung, of old Diana ſtray'd,
And Cynthus' top forſook for Windſor ſhade;
Here was ſhe ſeen o'er airy waſtes to rove,
Seek the clear ſpring, or haunt the pathleſs grove;
Here arm'd with ſilver bows, in early dawn,
Her buſkin'd virgins trac'd the dewy lawn.
Above the reſt a rural nymph was fam'd,
Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona nam'd;
(Lodona's fate, in long oblivion caſt,
The Muſe ſhall ſing, and what ſhe ſings ſhall laſt.)
Scarce could the Goddeſs from her nymph be known,
But by the creſcent and the golden zone.
She ſcorn'd the praiſe of beauty, and the care;
A belt her waiſt, a fillet binds her hair;
A painted quiver on her ſhoulder ſounds,
And with her dart the flying deer ſhe wounds.
It chanc'd, as eager of the chace, the maid
Beyond the foreſt's verdant limits ſtray'd,
Pan ſaw and lov'd, and burning with deſire
Purſu'd her flight, her flight increas'd his fire.

NOTES. VER. 162. Queen ANNE.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 175. " Nec poſitu variare comas; ubi fibula veſtem,
" Vitta coërcuerat neglectos alba capillos." Ovid.

Not half ſo ſwift the trembling doves can fly,
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid ſky;
Not half ſo ſwiftly the fierce eagle moves,
When through the clouds he drives the trembling doves;
As from the God ſhe flew with furious pace,
Or as the God, more furious, urg'd the chace.
Now fainting, ſinking, pale, the nymph appears;
Now cloſe behind, his ſounding ſteps ſhe hears;
And now his ſhadow reach'd her as ſhe run,
His ſhadow lengthen'd by the ſetting ſun;
And now his ſhorter breath, with ſultry air,
Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
In vain on father Thames ſhe calls for aid,
Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid.
Faint, breathleſs, thus ſhe pray'd, nor pray'd in vain;
" Ah Cynthia! ah—tho' baniſh'd from thy train,
" Let me, O let me, to the ſhades repair,
" My native ſhades—there weep, and murmur there."
She ſaid, and melting as in tears ſhe lay,
In a ſoft, ſilver ſtream diſſolv'd away.
The ſilver ſtream her virgin coldneſs keeps,
For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;

IMITATIONS.

VER. 183, 186.

" Ut fugere accipitrem penna trepidante columbae,
" Ut ſolet accipiter trepidas agitare columbas." Ovid.

VER. 193, 196.

" Sol erat a tergo: vidi praecedere longam
" Ante pedes umbram: niſi ſi timor illa videbat.
" Sed certe ſonituque pedum terrebar; et ingens
" Crinales vittas afflabat anhelitus oris."

Still

Still bears the name the hapleſs virgin bore,
And bathes the foreſt where ſhe rang'd before.
In her chaſte current oft the Goddeſs laves,
And with celeſtial tears augments the waves.
Oft in her glaſs the muſing ſhepherd ſpies
The headlong mountains and the downward ſkies.
The wat'ry landſkip of the pendant woods,
And abſent trees that tremble in the floods;
In the clear azure gleam the flocks are ſeen,
And floating foreſts paint the waves with green,
Through the fair ſcene roll ſlow the ling'ring ſtreams,
Then foaming pour along, and ruſh into the Thames.
Thou, too, great father of the Britiſh floods!
With joyful pride ſurvey'ſt our lofty woods;
Where tow'ring oaks their growing honours rear,
And future navies on thy ſhores appear.
Not Neptune's ſelf from all her ſtreams receives
A wealthier tribute than to thine he gives.
No ſeas ſo rich, ſo gay no banks appear,
No lake ſo gentle, and no ſpring ſo clear.
Nor Po ſo ſwells the fabling Poet's lays,
While led along the ſkies his current ſtrays,
As thine, which viſits Windſor's fam'd abodes,
To grace the manſion of our earthly Gods:
Nor all his ſtars above a luſtre ſhow,
Like the bright beauties on thy banks below;

NOTES.

VER. 207. *Still bears the name*] The River Loddon.

VER. 211. *Oft in her glaſs, etc.*] Theſe ſix lines were added after the firſt writing of this poem. P.

Where Jove, ſubdu'd by mortal paſſion ſtill,
Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.
Happy the man whom this bright Court approves,
His Sov'reign favours, and his country loves:
Happy next him, who to theſe ſhades retires,
Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muſe inſpires:
Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet pleaſe,
Succeſſive ſtudy, exerciſe, and eaſe.
He gathers health from herbs the foreſt yields,
And of their fragrant phyſic ſpoils the fields:
With chemic art exalts the min'ral pow'rs,
And draws the aromatic ſouls of flow'rs:
Now marks the courſe of rolling orbs on high;
O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye;
Of ancient writ unlocks the learned ſtore,
Conſults the dead, and lives paſt ages o'er:
Or wan'dring thoughtful in the ſilent wood,
Attends the duties of the wiſe and good,
T' obſerve a mean, be to himſelf a friend,
To follow nature, and regard his end;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 233. It ſtood thus in the MS.
And force great Jove, if Jove's a lover ſtill,
To change Olympus, etc.

VER. 235. Happy the man, who to the ſhades retires,
But doubly happy, if the Muſe inſpires!
Bleſt whom the ſweets of home-felt quiet pleaſe;
But far more bleſt, who ſtudy joins with eaſe. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 251, 52. " Servare modum finemque tenere,
" Naturamque ſequi." Lucr.

Or

Or looks on heav'n with more than mortal eyes,
Bids his free ſoul expatiate in the ſkies,
Amid her kindred ſtars familiar roam,
Survey the region, and confeſs her home!
Such was the life great Scipio once admir'd,
Thus Atticus, and TRUMBAL thus retir'd.
Ye ſacred Nine! that all my ſoul poſſeſs,
Whoſe raptures fire me, and whoſe viſions bleſs,
Bear me, oh bear me to ſequeſter'd ſcenes,
The bow'ry mazes, and ſurrounding greens:
To Thames's banks which fragrant breezes fill,
Or where ye Muſes ſport on COOPER'S HILL.
(On COOPER'S HILL eternal wreaths ſhall grow,
While laſts the mountain, or while Thames ſhall flow)
I ſeem through conſecrated walks to rove,
I hear ſoft muſic die along the grove:
Led by the ſound, I roam from ſhade to ſhade,
By god-like Poets venerable made:
Here his firſt lays majeſtic DENHAM ſung;
There the laſt numbers flow'd from COWLEY'S tongue.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 267. It ſtood thus in the MS.

Methinks around your holy ſcenes I rove,
And hear your muſic echoing through the grove:
With tranſport viſit each inſpiring ſhade
By God-like Poets venerable made.

NOTES.

VER. 272. *There the laſt numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue.*] Mr. Cowley died at Chertſey on the borders of the Foreſt, and was from thence convey'd to Weſtminſter. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 261. "O qui me gelidis," etc. Virg.

O early

O early loſt! what tears the river ſhed,
When the ſad pomp along his banks was led?
His drooping ſwans on ev'ry note expire,
And on his willows hung each Muſe's lyre.
Since fate relentleſs ſtop'd their heav'nly voice,
No more the foreſts ring, or groves rejoice;
Who now ſhall charm the ſhades, where COWLEY ſtrung
His living harp, and lofty DENHAM ſung?
But hark! the groves rejoice, the foreſt rings!
Are theſe reviv'd? or is it GRANVILLE ſings!
'Tis yours, my Lord, to bleſs our ſoft retreats,
And call the Muſes to their ancient ſeats;
To paint anew the flow'ry ſylvan ſcenes,
To crown the foreſts with immortal greens,
Make Windſor-hills in lofty numbers riſe,
And lift her turrets nearer to the ſkies;
To ſing thoſe honours you deſerve to wear,
And add new luſtre to her ſilver ſtar.
Here noble SURREY felt the ſacred rage,
SURREY, the GRANVILLE of a former age:

VARIATIONS.

VER. 275. What ſighs, what murmurs, fill'd the vocal ſhore!
His tuneful ſwans were heard to ſing no more. P.

VER. 290. *her ſilver ſtar.*] All the lines that follow were not added to the poem till the year 1710. What immediately followed this, and made the concluſion, were theſe,

My humble Muſe in unambitious ſtrains
Paints the green foreſts and the flow'ry plains;
Where I obſcurely paſs my careleſs days,
Pleas'd in the ſilent ſhade with empty praiſe;
Enough for me that to the liſt'ning ſwains
Firſt in theſe fields I ſung the ſylvan ſtrains. P.

NOTES.

VER. 291. *Here noble Surrey*] Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, one of the firſt refiners of the Engliſh poetry; who flouriſhed in the time of Henry VIII. P.

Matchleſs

Matchleſs his pen, victorious was his lance,
Bold in the liſts, and graceful in the dance:
In the ſame ſhades the Cupids tun'd his lyre,
To the ſame notes, of love, and ſoft deſire:
Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
Then fill'd the groves, as heav'nly Mira now.
Oh would'ſt thou ſing what heroes Windſor bore,
What kings firſt breath'd upon her winding ſhore,
Or raiſe old warriors, whoſe ador'd remains
In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains!
With Edward's acts adorn the ſhining page,
Stretch his long triumphs down through ev'ry age,
Draw monarchs chain'd, and Creſſi's glorious field,
The lilies blazing on the regal ſhield:
Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,
And leave inanimate the naked wall,
Still in thy ſong ſhould vanquiſh'd France appear,
And bleed for ever under Britain's ſpear.
Let ſofter ſtrains ill-fated Henry mourn,
And palms eternal flouriſh round his urn.
Here o'er the Martyr-King the marble weeps,
And, faſt beſide him, once-fear'd Edward ſleeps:
Whom not th' extended Albion could contain,
From old Belerium to the northern main,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 307. Originally thus in the MS.
When Braſs decays, when Trophies lie o'er-thrown,
And mould'ring into duſt *drops the proud ſtone*.

NOTES.

VER. 303. *Edward's acts*] Edward III. born here. P.
VER. 311. *Henry mourn*] Henry VI. P.
VER. 314. *once-fear'd Edward ſleeps:*] Edward IV. P.

The

The grave unites; where ev'n the Great find reſt,
And blended lie th' oppreſſor and th' oppreſt!
Make ſacred Charles's tomb for ever known,
(Obſcure the place, and un-inſcrib'd the ſtone)
Oh fact accurſt! what tears has Albion ſhed,
Heav'ns, what new wounds! and how her old have bled!
She ſaw her ſons with purple death expire,
Her ſacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,
A dreadful ſeries of inteſtine wars,
Inglorious triumphs and diſhoneſt ſcars.
At length great ANNA ſaid—" Let diſcord ceaſe!"
She ſaid, the world obey'd, and all was Peace!
In that bleſt moment from his oozy bed
Old father Thames advanc'd his rev'rend head;
His treſſes drop'd with dews, and o'er the ſtream
His ſhining horns diffus'd a golden gleam;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 321. Originally thus in the MS.
Oh fact accurſt! oh ſacrilegious brood,
Sworn to Rebellion, principled in blood!
Since that dire morn what tears has Albion ſhed,
Gods! what new wounds, etc.

VER. 327. Thus in the MS.
Till Anna roſe and bade the Furies ceaſe;
Let there be peace—ſhe ſaid, and all was *Peace.*

Between Verſe 330 and 331, originally ſtood theſe lines,
From ſhore to ſhore exulting ſhouts he heard,
O'er all his banks a lambent light appear'd,
With ſparkling flames heav'ns glowing concave ſhone,
Fictitious ſtars, and glories not her own.
He ſaw, and gently roſe above the ſtream;
His ſhining horns diffuſe a golden gleam:
With pearl and gold his tow'ry front was dreſt,
The tributes of the diſtant Eaſt and Weſt. P.

Grav'd

Grav'd on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides
His ſwelling waters, and alternate tides;
The figur'd ſtreams in waves of ſilver roll'd,
And on her banks Auguſta roſe in gold.
Around his throne the ſea-born brothers ſtood,
Who ſwell with tributary urns his flood:
Firſt the fam'd authors of his ancient name,
The winding Iſis and the fruitful Tame:
The Kennet ſwift, for ſilver eels renown'd;
The Lodden ſlow, with verdant alders crown'd;
Cole, whoſe dark ſtreams his flow'ry iſlands lave;
And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave:
The blue, tranſparent Vandalis appears;
The gulphy Lee his ſedgy treſſes rears;
And ſullen Mole, that hides his diving flood;
And ſilent Darent, ſtain'd with Daniſh blood.

High in the midſt, upon his urn reclin'd,
(His ſea-green mantle waving with the wind)
The God appear'd: he turn'd his azure eyes
Where Windſor-domes and pompous turrets riſe;
Then bow'd and ſpoke; the winds forget to roar,
And the huſh'd waves glide ſoftly to the ſhore.

Hail, ſacred Peace! hail long-expected days,
That Thames's glory to the ſtars ſhall raiſe!
Tho' Tyber's ſtreams immortal Rome behold,
Tho' foaming Hermus ſwells with tides of gold,
From Heav'n itſelf tho' ſev'n-fold Nilus flows,
And harveſts on a hundred realms beſtows;

Theſe now no more ſhall be the Muſe's themes,
Loſt in my fame, as in the ſea their ſtreams.
Let Volga's banks with iron ſquadrons ſhine,
And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine,
Let barb'rous Ganges arm a ſervile train;
Be mine the bleſſings of a peaceful reign.
No more my ſons ſhall die with Britiſh blood
Red Iber's ſands, or Iſter's foaming flood:
Safe on my ſhore each unmoleſted ſwain
Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain;
The ſhady empire ſhall retain no trace
Of war or blood, but in the ſylvan chace;
The trumpet ſleep, while chearful horns are blown,
And arms employ'd on birds and beaſts alone.
Behold! th' aſcending Villa's on my ſide,
Project long ſhadows o'er the cryſtal tide;
Behold! Auguſta's glitt'ring ſpires increaſe,
And Temples riſe, the beauteous works of Peace.
I ſee, I ſee, where two fair cities bend
Their ample bow, a new Whitehall aſcend!
There mighty Nations ſhall enquire their doom,
The World's great Oracle in times to come;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 363. Originally thus in the MS.
Let Venice boaſt her Tow'rs amidſt the Main,
Where the rough Adrian ſwells and roars in vain;
Here not a Town, but ſpacious Realm ſhall have
A ſure foundation on the rolling wave.

NOTES.

VER. 378. *And Temples riſe,*] The fifty new Churches. P.

There

There Kings ſhall ſue, and ſuppliant ſtates be ſeen
Once more to bend before a BRITISH QUEEN.
Thy trees, fair Windſor! now ſhall leave their woods,
And half thy foreſts ruſh into thy floods,
Bear Britain's thunder, and her Croſs diſplay,
To the bright regions of the riſing day;
Tempt icy ſeas, where ſcarce the waters roll,
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen Pole;
Or under ſouthern ſkies exalt their ſails,
Led by new ſtars, and borne by ſpicy gales!
For me the balm ſhall bleed, and amber flow,
The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
The pearly ſhell its lucid globe infold,
And Phoebus warm the rip'ning ore to gold.
The time ſhall come, when free as ſeas or wind
Unbounded Thames ſhall flow for all mankind,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 385, etc. were originally thus,

Now ſhall our fleets the bloody Croſs diſplay
To the rich regions of the riſing day,
Or thoſe green iſles, where headlong Titan ſteeps
His hiſſing axle in th' Atlantic deeps:
Tempt icy ſeas, etc. P.

NOTES.

VER. 390. *Where clearer flames glow round the frozen Pole.*] The Poet is here recommending the *advantages of commerce*, and therefore the extremities of heat and cold are not repreſented in a forbidding manner: as again,

" Or under ſouthern ſkies exalt their ſails,
" Led by new ſtars, and borne by ſpicy gales."

But in the Dunciad, where the *miſchief of Dulneſs* is deſcribed, they are painted in all their inclemencies,

" See round the Poles, where *keener* ſpangles ſhine,
" Where ſpices ſmoke beneath the *burning* line."

VER. 398. *Unbounded Thames, etc.*] A wiſh that London may be made a FREE PORT. P.

Whole nations enter with each ſwelling tide,
And ſeas but join the regions they divide;
Earth's diſtant ends our glory ſhall behold,
And the new world launch forth to ſeek the old.
Then ſhips of uncouth form ſhall ſtem the tide,
And feather'd people croud my wealthy ſide,
And naked youths and painted chiefs admire
Our ſpeech, our colour, and our ſtrange attire!
Oh ſtretch thy reign, fair Peace! from ſhore to ſhore,
'Till Conqueſt ceaſe, and Slav'ry be no more;
'Till the freed Indians in their native groves
Reap their own fruits, and woo their ſable loves,
Peru once more a race of Kings behold,
And other Mexico's be roof'd with gold.
Exil'd by thee from earth to deepeſt hell,
In brazen bonds, ſhall barb'rous Diſcord dwell:
Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care,
And mad Ambition ſhall attend her there:
There purple Vengeance bath'd in gore retires,
Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires:
There hated Envy her own ſnakes ſhall feel,
And Perſecution mourn her broken wheel:
There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
And gaſping Furies thirſt for blood in vain.
Here ceaſe thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days:

IMITATIONS.

VER. 423. "Quo, Muſa, tendis? deſine pervicax
"Referre ſermones Deorum et
"Magna modis tenuare parvis." Hor.

The

The thoughts of Gods let GRANVILLE's verſe recite,
And bring the ſcenes of op'ning fate to light.
My humble Muſe, in unambitious ſtrains,
Paints the green foreſts and the flow'ry plains,
Where Peace deſcending bids her olive ſpring,
And ſcatters bleſſings from her dove-like wing.
Ev'n I more ſweetly paſs my careleſs days,
Pleas'd in the ſilent ſhade with empty praiſe;
Enough for me, that to the liſt'ning ſwains
Firſt in theſe fields I ſung the ſylvan ſtrains.

O D E

ON

S T. C E C I L I A'S D A Y,

MDCC VIII.

AND OTHER

PIECES FOR MUSIC.

ODE FOR MUSIC

ON

ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

I.

DESCEND, ye Nine! deſcend and ſing;
The breathing inſtruments inſpire,
Wake into voice each ſilent ſtring,
And ſweep the ſounding lyre!
In a ſadly-pleaſing ſtrain
Let the warbling lute complain:
Let the loud trumpet ſound,
'Till the roofs all around
The ſhrill echos rebound:

NOTES.

Ode for Muſic.] This is one of the moſt artful as well as ſublime of our Poet's ſmaller compoſitions. The *firſt* ſtanza expreſſes the various tones and meaſures in muſic. The *ſecond* deſcribes their power over the ſeveral paſſions in general. The *third* explains their uſe in inſpiring the Heroic paſſions in particular. The *fourth*, *fifth*, and *ſixth*, their power over all nature in the fable of Orpheus's expedition to hell; which ſubject of illuſtration aroſe naturally out of the preceding mention of the Argonautic expedition, where Orpheus gives the example of the uſe of Muſic to inſpire the heroic paſſions. The *ſeventh* and laſt conclude in praiſe of Muſic, and the advantages of the ſacred above the prophane.

VER. 7. *Let the loud trumpet ſound, etc.*] Our Author, in his rules for good writing, had ſaid, that *the ſound ſhall be an echo to the ſenſe.* The graces it adds to the harmony are obvious. But we ſhould never have ſeen all the advantages ariſing from this rule, had this Ode not been written. In which, one may venture to ſay, is found all the harmony that poetic ſound, when it comes in aid of ſenſe, is capable of producing.

While in more lengthen'd notes and ſlow,
The deep, majeſtic, ſolemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers ſoft and clear
Gently ſteal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder riſe,
And fill with ſpreading ſounds the ſkies;
Exulting in triumph now ſwell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild muſic floats;
'Till, by degrees, remote and ſmall,
The ſtrains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.

II.

By Muſic, minds an equal temper know,
Nor ſwell too high, nor ſink too low.
If in the breaſt tumultuous joys ariſe,
Muſic her ſoft, aſſuaſive voice applies;
Or, when the ſoul is preſs'd with cares,
Exalts her in enliv'ning airs.
Warriors ſhe fires with animated ſounds;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds:
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouzes from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Liſt'ning Envy drops her ſnakes;
Inteſtine war no more our Paſſions wage,
And giddy Factions hear away their rage.

III.

But when our Country's cauſe provokes to Arms,
How martial muſic ev'ry boſom warms!

So

So when the firſt bold veſſel dar'd the ſeas,
High on the ſtern the Thracian rais'd his ſtrain,
While Argo ſaw her kindred trees
Deſcend from Pelion to the main.
Tranſported demi-gods ſtood round,
And men grew heroes at the ſound,
Enflam'd with glory's charms:
Each chief his ſev'nfold ſhield diſplay'd,
And half unſheath'd the ſhining blade:
And ſeas, and rocks, and ſkies rebound
To arms, to arms, to arms!

IV.

But when through all th' infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegeton ſurrounds,
Love, ſtrong as Death, the Poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What ſounds were heard,
What ſcenes appear'd,
O'er all the dreary coaſts!
Dreadful gleams,
Diſmal ſcreams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortur'd ghoſts!
But hark! he ſtrikes the golden lyre;
And ſee! the tortur'd ghoſts reſpire,

See, ſhady forms advance!
Thy ſtone, O Siſyphus, ſtands ſtill,
Ixion reſts upon his wheel,
And the pale ſpectres dance!
The Furies ſink upon their iron beds,
And ſnakes uncurl'd hang liſt'ning round their heads.

V.

By the ſtreams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er the Elyſian flow'rs;
By thoſe happy ſouls who dwell
In yellow meads of Aſphodel,
Or Amaranthine bow'rs;
By the heroes armed ſhades,
Glitt'ring through the gloomy glades;
By the youths that dy'd for love,
Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,
Reſtore, reſtore Eurydice to life:
Oh take the huſband, or return the wife!

He ſung, and hell conſented
To hear the Poet's prayer:
Stern Proſerpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus ſong could prevail
O'er death, and o'er hell,
A conqueſt how hard and how glorious!
Tho' fate had faſt bound her
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet muſic and love were victorious.

VI.

VI.

But ſoon, too ſoon, the lover turns his eyes:
Again ſhe falls, again ſhe dies, ſhe dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal ſiſters move?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
Now under hanging mountains,
Beſide the falls of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in Maeanders,
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan;
And calls her ghoſt,
For ever, ever, ever loſt!
Now with Furies ſurrounded,
Deſpairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidſt Rhodope's ſnows:
See, wild as the winds, o'er the deſert he flies;
Hark! Haemus reſounds with the Bacchanals cries—
Ah ſee, he dies!
Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he ſung,
Eurydice ſtill trembled on his tongue,
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.

VII.

Muſic the fierceſt grief can charm,
And fate's ſevereſt rage diſarm:

Muſic

Muſic can ſoften pain to eaſe,
And make deſpair and madneſs pleaſe:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliſs above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praiſe confin'd the ſound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear;
Borne on the ſwelling notes our ſouls aſpire,
While ſolemn airs improve the ſacred fire;
And Angels lean from heav'n to hear.
Of Orpheus now no more let Poets tell,
To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is giv'n;
His numbers rais'd a ſhade from hell,
Her's lift the ſoul to heav'n.

TWO

CHORUS'S

TO THE

TRAGEDY OF BRUTUS *.

CHORUS OF ATHENIANS.

STROPHE I.

YE ſhades, where ſacred truth is ſought;
Groves, where immortal Sages taught:
Where heav'nly viſions Plato fir'd,
And Epicurus lay inſpir'd!
In vain your guiltleſs laurels ſtood
Unſpotted long with human blood.
War, horrid war, your thoughtful Walks invades,
And ſteel now glitters in the Muſes ſhades.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Oh heav'n-born ſiſters! ſource of art!
Who charm the ſenſe, or mend the heart;

NOTES.

THESE two Chorus's were compoſed to enrich a very poor Play; but they had the uſual effect of ill-adjuſted Ornaments, only to make the meanneſs of the ſubject the more conſpicuous.

* Altered from Shakeſpear by the Duke of Buckingham, at whoſe deſire theſe two Chorus's were compoſed to ſupply as many, wanting in his play. They were ſet many years afterwards by the famous Bononcini, and performed at Buckingham-houſe. P.

VER. 3. *Where heav'nly viſions Plato fir'd, And Epicurus lay inſpir'd!*] The propriety of theſe lines ariſes from hence, that *Brutus*, one of the Heroes of this play, was of the Old Academy; and *Caſſius*, the other, was an Epicurean: but this had not been enough to juſtify the Poet's choice, had not Plato's ſyſtem of *Divinity*, and Epicurus's ſyſtem of *Morals*, been each the moſt rational amongſt the various ſects of Greek Philoſophy.

Who

Who lead fair Virtue's train along,
Moral Truth, and myſtic Song!
To what new clime, what diſtant ſky,
Forſaken, friendleſs, ſhall ye fly?
Say, will ye bleſs the bleak Atlantic ſhore?
Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more?

STROPHE II.

When Athens ſinks by fates unjuſt,
When wild Barbarians ſpurn her duſt;
Perhaps ev'n Britain's utmoſt ſhore
Shall ceaſe to bluſh with ſtranger's gore,
See Arts her ſavage ſons controul,
And Athens riſing near the pole!
Till ſome new Tyrant lifts his purple hand,
And civil madneſs tears them from the land.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Ye Gods! what juſtice rules the ball!
Freedom and Arts together fall;
Fools grant whate'er Ambition craves,
And men, once ignorant, are ſlaves.
Oh curs'd effects of civil hate,
In ev'ry age, in ev'ry ſtate!
Still when the luſt of tyrant pow'r ſucceeds,
Some Athens periſhes, ſome Tully bleeds.

NOTES.

VER. 12. *Moral Truth* AND *myſtic Song!*] He had expreſſed himſelf better had he ſaid,

"Moral truth IN myſtic ſong!"

In the Antiſtrophe he turns from *Philoſophy* to *Mythology*; and Mythology is nothing but *moral truth in myſtic ſong*.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

SEMICHORUS.

OH Tyrant Love! haſt thou poſſeſt
The prudent, learn'd, and virtuous breaſt?
Wiſdom and wit in vain reclaim,
And Arts but ſoften us to feel thy flame.
Love, ſoft intruder, enters here,
But entring learns to be ſincere.
Marcus with bluſhes owns he loves,
And Brutus tenderly reproves.
Why, Virtue, doſt thou blame deſire,
Which Nature has impreſt?
Why, Nature, doſt thou ſooneſt fire
The mild and gen'rous breaſt?

CHORUS.

Love's purer flames the Gods approve;
The Gods and Brutus bend to love:
Brutus for abſent Portia ſighs,
And ſterner Caſſius melts at Junia's eyes.
What is looſe love? a tranſient guſt,
Spent in a ſudden ſtorm of luſt,
A vapour fed from wild deſire,
A wand'ring, ſelf-conſuming fire.
But Hymen's kinder flames unite;
And burn for ever one;
Chaſte as cold Cynthia's virgin light,
Productive as the Sun.

NOTES.

VER. 9. *Why, Virtue, etc.*] In alluſion to that famous conceit of Guarini, "Se il peccare è sì dolce," etc.

SEMICHORUS.

Oh ſource of ev'ry ſocial tye,
United wiſh, and mutual joy!
What various joys on one attend,
As ſon, as father, brother, huſband, friend?
Whether his hoary ſire he ſpies,
While thouſand grateful thoughts ariſe;
Or meets his ſpouſe's fonder eye;
Or views his ſmiling progeny;
What tender paſſions take their turns,
What home-felt raptures move?
His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
With rev'rence, hope, and love.

CHORUS.

Hence guilty joys, diſtaſtes, ſurmiſes,
Hence falſe tears, deceits, diſguiſes,
Dangers, doubts, delays, ſurprizes;
Fires that ſcorch, yet dare not ſhine:
Pureſt love's unwaſting treaſure,
Conſtant faith, fair hope, long leiſure,
Days of eaſe, and nights of pleaſure;
Sacred Hymen! theſe are thine *.

NOTES.

* Theſe two Chorus's are enough to ſhew us his great talents for this ſpecies of Poetry, and to make us lament he did not proſecute his purpoſe in executing ſome plans he had chalked out; but the Character of the Managers of Playhouſes at that time, was what (he ſaid) ſoon determined him to lay aſide all thoughts of that nature.

ODE ON SOLITUDE*.

HAPPY the man, whoſe wiſh and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.

Whoſe herds with milk, whoſe fields with bread,
Whoſe flocks ſupply him with attire,
Whoſe trees in ſummer yield him ſhade,
In winter fire.

Bleſt, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years ſlide ſoft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound ſleep by night; ſtudy and eaſe,
Together mixt; ſweet recreation:
And innocence, which moſt does pleaſe
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unſeen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a ſtone
Tell where I lie.

* This was a very early production of our Author, written at about twelve years old. P.

AN

ESSAY

ON

CRITICISM.

Written in the Year M DCC IX.

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AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

'TIS hard to ſay, if greater want of ſkill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But, of the two, leſs dang'rous is th' offence
To tire our patience, than miſlead our ſenſe.

5 Some

COMMENTARY.

An Eſſay.] The poem is in one book, but divided into three principal parts or members. The firſt [to ver. 201.] gives rules for the *Study of the Art of Criticiſm:* the ſecond [from thence to ver. 560.] expoſes the *Cauſes of wrong Judgment*; and the third [from thence to the end] marks out the *Morals of the Critic.*

In order to a right conception of this poem, it will be neceſſary to obſerve, that though it be intitled ſimply *An Eſſay on Criticiſm*, yet ſeveral of the precepts relate equally to the good *writing* as well as to the true *judging* of a poem. This is ſo far from violating the *Unity* of the ſubject, that it preſerves and completes it: or from diſordering the regularity of the *Form*, that it adds beauty to it, as will appear by the following conſiderations: 1. It was impoſſible to give a full and exact idea of the Art of *Poetical Criticiſm*, without conſidering at the ſame time the *Art of Poetry*; ſo far as Poetry is an *Art*. Theſe therefore being cloſely connected in nature, the author has, with much judgment, interwoven the precepts of each reciprocally through his whole poem. 2. As the rules of the ancient Critics were taken from Poets who copied nature, this is another reaſon why every Poet ſhould be a Critic: Therefore, as the ſubject is *poetical Criticiſm*, it is frequently addreſſed to the *critical Poet.* And 3dly, the Art of Criticiſm is as properly, and much more uſefully exerciſed in *writing* than in *judging.*

Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
Ten cenſure wrong for one who writes amiſs;
A fool might once himſelf alone expoſe,
Now one in verſe makes many more in proſe.
'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go juſt alike, yet each believes his own.

In

COMMENTARY.

But readers have been miſled by the modeſty of the *Title*, which only promiſes an Art of *Criticiſm*, to expect little, where they will find a great deal; a treatiſe, and that no incomplete one, of the Art both of *Criticiſm* and *Poetry*. This, and the not attending to the conſiderations offered above, was what, perhaps, miſled a very candid writer, after having given the ESSAY ON CRITICISM all the praiſes on the ſide of genius and poetry which his true taſte could not refuſe it, to ſay, that *the obſervations follow one another like thoſe in* Horace's Art of Poetry, *without that methodical regularity which would have been requiſite in a proſe writer*. Spect. N° 235. I do not ſee how *method* can hurt any one grace of Poetry; or what prerogative there is in Verſe to diſpenſe with *regularity*. The remark is falſe in every part of it. Mr. Pope's *Eſſay on Criticiſm*, the Reader will ſoon ſee, is a regular piece: And a very learned Critic has lately ſhewn, that *Horace* had the ſame attention to method in his *Art of Poetry*. See *Mr.* Hurd's *Comment on the Epiſtle to the Piſos*.

VER. 1. *'Tis hard to ſay, etc.*] The Poem opens [from ver. 1 to 9.] with ſhewing the uſe and ſeaſonableneſs of the ſubject. Its *uſe*, from the greater miſchief in wrong Criticiſm than in ill Poetry; this only tiring, that miſleading the reader: Its *ſeaſonableneſs*, from the growing number of bad Critics, which now vaſtly exceeds that of bad Poets.

VER. 9. *'Tis with our judgments, etc.*] The author having ſhewn us the expediency of his ſubject, the Art of *Criticiſm*, inquires next [from ver. 8 to 15.] into the proper *Qualities* of a *true Critic*: and obſerves firſt, that JUDGMENT alone, is not ſufficient to conſtitute this character, becauſe *Judgment*, like the *artificial meaſures of Time*, goes different, and yet each man relies upon his own. The reaſoning is concluſive; and the ſimilitude extremely juſt. For *Judgment*, when it is alone, is generally regulated, or at leaſt much influenced, by cuſtom, faſhion, and habit; and never certain and conſtant but when founded upon and accompanied by TASTE: which is in the *Critic*, what, in the *Poet*, we call GENIUS: both are derived from Heaven, and like the Sun, the *natural meaſure of Time*, always conſtant and equable.

Judgment alone, it is allowed, will not make a Poet; where is the wonder then, that it will not make a Critic in poetry? for on examination we ſhall find, that *Genius* and *Taſte* are but one and the ſame faculty, differently exerting itſelf under different names, in the two profeſſions of *Poetry* and *Criticiſm*. The Art of Poetry conſiſts in *ſelecting*, out of all thoſe images which preſent themſelves to the fancy, ſuch of them as are truly beautiful. And the

Art

In Poets as true genius is but rare,
True Taſte as ſeldom is the Critic's ſhare;
Both muſt alike from Heav'n derive their light,
Theſe born to judge, as well as thoſe to write.
Let ſuch teach others who themſelves excel,
And cenſure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
But are not Critics to their judgment too?

COMMENTARY.

Art of Criticiſm in diſcerning, and fully reliſhing what it finds ſo ſelected. The main difference is, that in the POET, this faculty is eminently joined to a *bright imagination*, and *extenſive comprehenſion*, which provide ſtores for the ſelection, and can form that ſelection, by proportioned parts, into a regular whole: In the CRITIC, it is joined to a *ſolid judgment* and *accurate diſcernment*, which can penetrate into the cauſes of an excellence, and diſplay that excellence in all its variety of lights. Longinus had *taſte* in an *eminent* degree; therefore, this quality, which all true Critics have in common, our Author makes his diſtinguiſhing character;

" Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inſpire,
" And bleſs their Critic with a Poet's fire."

i. e. with *taſte* or *genius*.

VER. 15. *Let ſuch teach others, etc.*] But it is not enough that the Critic hath theſe natural endowments of judgment and taſte, to entitle him to exerciſe his Art; he ſhould, as our author ſhews us [from ver. 14 to 19.] in order to give a further teſt of his qualification, have put them ſucceſsfully into uſe. And this, on two accounts: 1. Becauſe the office of a Critic is an exerciſe of Authority. 2. Becauſe he being naturally as partial to his *Judgment* as the Poet is to his *Wit*, his partiality would have nothing to correct it, as that of the perſon judged hath, by the very terms. Therefore ſome *teſt* is neceſſary; and the beſt, and moſt unexceptionable, is his having written well himſelf; an approved remedy againſt *Critical partiality*; and the ſureſt means of ſo maturing the Judgment, as to reap with glory what *Longinus* calls " the laſt and moſt perfect fruits of much ſtudy and experience." Η ΓΑΡ ΤΩΝ ΛΟΓΩΝ ΚΡΙΣΙΣ ΠΟΛΛΗΣ ΕΣΤΙ ΠΕΙΡΑΣ ΤΕΛΕΥΤΑΙΟΝ ΕΠΙΓΕΝΝΗΜΑ.

NOTES.

VER. 15. *Let ſuch teach others*] " Qui ſcribit artificioſe, ab aliis commode ſcripta facile " intelligere poterit." *Cic. ad Herenn. lib.* iv. " De pictore, ſculptore, fictore, niſi artifex, " judicare non poteſt." *Pliny.* P.

Yet if we look more cloſely, we ſhall find
Moſt have the ſeeds of judgment in their mind:
Nature affords at leaſt a glimm'ring light;
The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.
But as the ſlighteſt ſketch, if juſtly trac'd,
Is by ill-colouring but the more diſgrac'd,
So by falſe learning is good ſenſe defac'd:
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of ſchools,
And ſome made coxcombs Nature meant but fools.

VARIATIONS.

Between ver. 25 and 26 were theſe lines, ſince omitted by the author:

Many are ſpoil'd by that pedantic throng,
Who with great pains teach youth to reaſon wrong.
Tutors, like Virtuoſo's, oft inclin'd
By ſtrange transfuſion to improve the mind,
Draw off the ſenſe we have, to pour in new;
Which yet, with all their ſkill, they ne'er could do. P.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 19. *Yet if we look, etc.*] But the Author having been thus free with the fundamental quality of Criticiſm, *Judgment*, ſo as to charge it with *inconſtancy* and *partiality*, and to be often warped by *cuſtom* and *affection*; that he may not be miſunderſtood, he next explains [from ver. 18 to 36.] the nature of *Judgment*, and the accidents occaſioning thoſe miſcarriages before objected to it. He owns, that the *ſeeds* of *Judgment* are indeed ſown in the minds of moſt men, but by ill culture, as it ſprings up, it generally runs wild: either, on the one hand, by FALSE LEARNING, which pedants call *Philology*; and by FALSE REASONING, which Philoſophers call *School learning:* Or, on the other, by FALSE WIT, which is not regulated by *ſenſe*; and by FALSE POLITENESS, which is ſolely regulated by the *faſhion*. Both theſe ſorts, who have their Judgment thus doubly depraved, the poet obſerves, are naturally turned to cenſure and abuſe; only with this difference, that the learned *Dunce* always affects to be on the *reaſoning*, and the unlearned *Fool* on the *laughing* ſide.—And thus, at the ſame time, our author proves the truth of his introductory obſervation, *that the number of bad Critics is vaſtly ſuperior to that of bad Poets.*

NOTES.

VER. 20. *Moſt have the ſeeds*] "Omnes tacito quodam ſenſu, ſine ulla arte, aut ratione, "quae ſint in artibus ac rationibus recta et prava dijudicant." *Cic. de Orat. lib.* iii. P.

VER. 25. *So by falſe learning*] "Plus ſine doctrina prudentia, quam ſine prudentia valet "doctrina." *Quint.* P.

In

In ſearch of wit theſe loſe their common ſenſe,
And then turn Critics in their own defence:
Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write,
Or with a Rival's, or an Eunuch's ſpite,
All fools have ſtill an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing ſide.
If Maevius ſcribble in Apollo's ſpight,
There are, who judge ſtill worſe than he can write.
Some have at firſt for Wits, then Poets paſt,
Turn'd Critics next, and prov'd plain fools at laſt.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 36. *Some have at firſt for Wits, etc.*] The poet having enumerated, in this account of the nature of *Judgment* and its various depravations, the ſeveral ſorts of *bad critics*, and ranked them into two general Claſſes; as the firſt ſort, namely the men ſpoiled by *falſe learning*, are but few in compariſon of the other, and likewiſe come leſs within his main view (which is *poetical Criticiſm)* but keep groveling at the bottom amongſt *words* and *ſyllables*, he thought it enough for his purpoſe here, juſt to have mentioned them, propoſing to do them right hereafter. But the men ſpoiled by *falſe taſte* are innumerable; and Theſe are his proper concern: He therefore [from ver. 35 to 46.] ſub-divides them again into the two claſſes of the *volatile* and *heavy:* He deſcribes, in few words, the quick progreſſion of the One through Criticiſm, from falſe wit, to plain folly, where they end; and the fixed ſtation of the Other between the confines of both; who under the name of *Witlings*, have neither end nor meaſure. A kind of half-formed creature from the equivocal generation of *vivacity* and *dulneſs*, like thoſe on the banks of the *Nile*, from *heat* and *mud*.

NOTES.

VER. 28. *In ſearch of wit theſe loſe their common ſenſe,*] This obſervation is extremely juſt. *Search of Wit* is not only the *occaſion*, but the *efficient cauſe* of the *loſs of common ſenſe*. For *Wit* conſiſting in chuſing out, and ſetting together ſuch Ideas from whoſe aſſemblage pleaſant pictures may be drawn on the Fancy; the *Judgment*, through an habitual ſearch of Wit, loſes, by degrees, its faculty of ſeeing the true relation of things; in which conſiſts the exerciſe of *common ſenſe*.

VER. 32. *All fools have ſtill an itching to deride,*
And fain would be upon the laughing ſide.]

The *ſentiment* is juſt. And if Hobbes's account of Laughter be true, that it ariſes from a ſilly pride, we ſee the reaſon of it. The *expreſſion* too is fine; it alludes to the condition of Idiots and natural fools, we are obſerved to be ever on the grin.

Some

Some neither can for Wits nor Critics paſs,
As heavy mules are neither horſe nor aſs.
Thoſe half-learn'd witlings, num'rous in our iſle,
As half-form'd inſects on the banks of Nile;
Unfiniſh'd things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation's ſo equivocal:
To tell 'em, would a hundred tongues require,
Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire.
But you who ſeek to give and merit fame,
And juſtly bear a Critic's noble name,

COMMENTARY.

VER. 46. *But you who ſeek, etc.*] Our Author having thus far, by way of INTRODUCTION, explained the nature, uſe, and abuſe of *Criticiſm*, in a figurative deſcription of the qualities and characters of *Critics*, proceeds now to deliver the precepts of the art. The firſt of which [from ver. 45 to 68.] is, that he who ſets up for a Critic ſhould previouſly examine his own ſtrength, and ſee how far he is qualified for the exerciſe of his profeſſion. He puts him in a way to make this diſcovery, in that admirable direction given ver. 51.

AND MARK THAT POINT WHERE SENSE AND DULNESS MEET.

He had ſhewn above, that *Judgment*, without *Taſte* or *Genius*, is equally incapable of making a Critic or a Poet: In whatſoever ſubject then the Critic's *Taſte* no longer accompanies his *Judgment*, there he may be aſſured he is going out of his depth. This our Author finely calls,

that point where ſenſe and dulneſs meet.

And immediately adds the REASON of his precept; the Author of Nature having ſo conſtituted the mental faculties, that one of them can never greatly excel, but at the expence of another. From this ſtate of co-ordination in the mental faculties, and the influence and effects they have upon one another, the Poet draws this CONSEQUENCE, that no one Genius can EXCEL in more than one Art or Science. The *conſequence* ſhews the *neceſſity* of the precept, juſt as the *premiſſes*, from which the conſequence is drawn, ſhew the *reaſonableneſs* of it.

NOTES.

VER. 43 *Their generation's ſo* equivocal:] It is ſufficient that a principle of philoſophy has been generally received, whether it be true or falſe, to juſtify a poet's uſe of it to ſet off his *wit*. But, to recommend his *argument* he ſhould be cautious how he uſes any but the true. For falſehood, when it is ſet too near the truth, will tarniſh what it ſhould brighten up. Beſides, the *analogy* between natural and moral truth makes the principles of true Philoſophy the fitteſt for this uſe. Our Poet has been pretty careful in obſerving this rule.

Be

Be ſure yourſelf and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taſte, and learning go;
Launch not beyond your depth, but be diſcreet,
And mark that point where ſenſe and dulneſs meet.
Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
And wiſely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.
As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide ſandy plains;
Thus in the ſoul while memory prevails,
The ſolid pow'r of underſtanding fails;
Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's ſoft figures melt away.
One ſcience only will one genius fit;
So vaſt is art, ſo narrow human wit:

NOTES.

VER. 51. *And mark that point where ſenſe and dulneſs meet.*] Beſides the *peculiar* ſenſe explained above in the comment, the words have ſtill a more *general* meaning, and caution us againſt going on, when our Ideas begin to grow obſcure: as we are then moſt apt to do; tho' that obſcurity be an admonition that we ſhould leave off; for it ariſes either from our ſmall acquaintance with the ſubject, or the incomprehenſibility of its nature. In which circumſtances, a Genius will always write as ſadly as a Dunce. An obſervation well worth the attention of all profound writers.

VER. 56. *Thus in the ſoul while memory prevails,*
The ſolid pow'r of underſtanding fails;
Where beams of warm *imagination play,*
The memory's ſoft figures melt away.]

Theſe obſervations are collected from an intimate knowledge of human nature. The cauſe of that languor and heavineſs in the *underſtanding*, which is almoſt inſeparable from a very ſtrong and tenacious *memory*, ſeems to be a want of the proper exerciſe of that faculty; the underſtanding being, in a great meaſure, unactive, while the memory is cultivating. As to the other appearance, the decay of memory by the vigorous exerciſe of Fancy, the Poet himſelf ſeems to have intimated the cauſe of it in the epithet he has given to the *Imagination*. For, if, according to the Atomic Philoſophy, the memory of things be preſerved in a chain of ideas, produced by the animal ſpirits moving in continued trains; the force and rapidity of the Imagination, perpetually breaking and diſſipating the links of this chain by forming new aſſociations, muſt neceſſarily weaken and diſorder the recollective faculty.

Not

Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But oft in thoſe confin'd to ſingle parts.
Like Kings we loſe the conqueſts gain'd before,
By vain ambition ſtill to make them more:
Each might his ſev'ral province well command,
Would all but ſtoop to what they underſtand.
First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
By her juſt ſtandard, which is ſtill the ſame:

COMMENTARY.

VER. 68. *Firſt follow Nature, etc.*] The Critic obſerving the directions before given, and now finding himſelf qualified for his office, is ſhewn next, *how* to exerciſe it. And as he was to attend to Nature for a *Call*, ſo he is firſt and principally to follow Nature when *called*. And here again in this, as in the foregoing precept, our Poet [from ver. 67 to 88.] ſhews both the *fitneſs* and *neceſſity* of it. I. Its *fitneſs*, 1. Becauſe Nature is the *ſource* of Poetic art; this art being only a repreſentation of Nature, who is its great exemplar and original. 2. Becauſe Nature is the *end* of Art; the deſign of poetry being to convey the knowledge of Nature in the moſt agreeable manner. 3. Becauſe Nature is the *teſt* of Art, as ſhe is unerring, conſtant, and ſtill the ſame. Hence the poet obſerves, that as Nature is the *ſource*, ſhe conveys *life* to art: As ſhe is the *end*, ſhe conveys *force* to it, for the *force* of any thing ariſes from its being directed to its *end*: And as ſhe is the *teſt*, ſhe conveys *beauty* to it, for every thing acquires *beauty* by its being reduced to its true *ſtandard*. Such is the ſenſe of theſe two important lines,

Life, *force*, and *beauty* muſt to all impart,
At once the *ſource*, and *end*, and *teſt* of Art.

II. The *neceſſity* of the precept is ſeen from hence. The two conſtituent qualities of a *Compoſition*, as ſuch, are *Art* and *Wit*: But neither of theſe attains perfection, 'till the firſt be *hid*, and the other judiciouſly *reſtrained*; this only happens when *Nature* is exactly followed; for then Art never makes a parade; nor can Wit commit an extravagance. Art, while it *adheres* to Nature, and has ſo large a *fund* in the reſources which Nature ſupplies, diſpoſes every thing with ſo much *eaſe* and *ſimplicity*, that we ſee nothing but thoſe natural images it works with, while Itſelf ſtands unobſerv'd, behind: But when Art *leaves* Nature, miſled either by the bold ſallies of Fancy, or the quaint oddneſſes of Faſhion, ſhe is then obliged at every ſtep to come forward,

NOTES.

VER. 67. *Would all but ſtoop to what they underſtand.*] The expreſſion is delicate, and implies what is very true, that moſt men think it a degradation of their genius to uſe it in cultivating what lies level to their comprehenſion, and ſo rather employ their talents in the ambitious attempt of ſubduing what is placed above it.

Unerring

Unerring NATURE, ſtill divinely bright,
One clear, unchang'd, and univerſal light,
Life, force, and beauty, muſt to all impart,
At once the ſource, and end, and teſt of Art.
Art from that fund each juſt ſupply provides;
Works without ſhow, and without pomp preſides:
In ſome fair body thus th' informing ſoul
With ſpirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve ſuſtains;
Itſelf unſeen, but in th' effects remains.
Some, to whom Heav'n in wit has been profuſe,
Want as much more, to turn it to its uſe;

For

COMMENTARY.

forward, in a painful or pompous oſtentation, in order to cover, to ſoften, or to regulate the ſhocking diſproportion of *unnatural* images. In the firſt caſe, our Poet compares Art to the Soul within, informing a beauteous body; but in the laſt, we are bid to conſider it but as a mere outward garb, fitted only to hide the defects of a mis-ſhapen one.— As to *Wit*, it might perhaps be imagined that this needed only *Judgment* to govern it: But, as he well obſerves,

" *Wit* and *Judgment* often are at ſtrife,
" Tho' meant each other's aid, like Man and Wife.

They want therefore ſome friendly Mediator; and this Mediator is *Nature:* And in attending to Nature, *Judgment* will learn where he ſhould comply with the charms of Wit; and *Wit* how ſhe ought to obey the ſage directions of Judgment.

NOTES.

VER. 80. *Some, to whom Heav'n, etc.*] Here the Poet (in a ſenſe he was not, at firſt, aware of) has given an Example of the truth of his obſervation, in the obſervation itſelf. The two lines ſtood originally thus,

" There are whom Heav'n has bleſt with ſtore of *Wit*,
" Yet want as much again *to manage it.*"

In the firſt line, *wit* is uſed, in the modern ſenſe, for the effort of Fancy; in the ſecond line it is uſed, in the ancient ſenſe, for the reſult of Judgment. This trick, play'd the Reader, he endeavoured to keep out of ſight, by altering the lines as they now ſtand,

" Some, to whom Heav'n in wit has been *profuſe*,
" Want as much more to *turn it to its uſe.*"

For the words, *to manage it*, as the lines were at firſt, too plainly diſcovered the change put upon the Reader, in the uſe of the word, *wit*. This is now a little covered by the later expreſſion of — *turn it to its uſe*. But then the alteration, in the preceeding line, from —

For wit and judgment often are at ſtrife,
Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
'Tis more to guide, than ſpur the Muſe's ſteed;
Reſtrain his fury, than provoke his ſpeed;
The winged courſer, like a gen'rous horſe,
Shows moſt true mettle when you check his courſe.
Thoſe RULES of old diſcover'd, not devis'd,
Are Nature ſtill, but Nature methodiz'd;

COMMENTARY.

VER. 88. *Thoſe Rules of old, etc.*] Having thus, in his firſt precept, *to follow Nature*, ſettled Criticiſm on its true foundation; he proceeds to ſhew, what aſſiſtance may be had from *Art*. But, leſt this ſhould be thought to draw the Critic from the ground where our Poet had before fixed him, he previouſly obſerves [from ver. 87 to 92.] that theſe *Rules of Art*, which he is now about to recommend to the Critic's obſervance, were not *invented* by abſtract ſpeculation, but *diſcovered* in the book of Nature; and that therefore, tho' they may ſeem to reſtrain *Nature* by *Laws*, yet as they are Laws of her own making, the Critic is ſtill properly in the very liberty of Nature. Theſe Rules the ancient Critics borrowed from the Poets, who received them immediately from *Nature*.

" Juſt Precepts thus from great Examples giv'n,
" Theſe drew from them what they deriv'd from Heav'n:"

ſo that both are to be well ſtudied.

NOTES.

ſtore of wit, to *profuſe*, was an unlucky change. For tho' he who has *ſtore of wit* may want more, yet he to whom it was given in *profuſion* could hardly be ſaid to want more. The truth is, the poet had ſaid a lively thing, and would, at all hazards, preſerve the reputation of it, tho' the very topic he is upon obliged him to detect the impoſition, in the very next lines, which ſhew he meant two very different things, by the ſame term, in the two preceeding,

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VER. 88. *Thoſe Rules of old, etc.*] Cicero has, beſt of any one I know, explained what that thing is which reduces the wild and ſcattered parts of human knowledge into *arts*.— " Nihil eſt quod ad artem redigi poſſit, niſi ille prius, qui illa tenet, quorum artem inſtituere " vult, habeat illam ſcientiam, ut ex iis rebus, quarum ars nondum ſit, artem efficere poſſit.— " Omnia fere, quae ſunt concluſa nunc artibus, diſperſa et diſſipata quondam fuerunt, ut in " Muſicis, etc. Adhibita eſt igitur ars quaedam extrinſecus ex alio genere quodam, quod ſibi " totum PHILOSOPHI aſſumunt, quae rem diſſolutam divulſamque conglutinaret, et ratione " quadam conſtringeret." *De Orat. l.* i. *c.* 41, 2.

90 Nature,

Nature, like Liberty, is but reſtrain'd
By the ſame Laws which firſt herſelf ordain'd.
Hear how learn'd Greece her uſeful rules indites,
When to repreſs, and when indulge our flights:
High on Parnaſſus' top her ſons ſhe ſhow'd,
And pointed out thoſe arduous paths they trod;
Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
And urg'd the reſt by equal ſteps to riſe.
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The gen'rous Critic fann'd the Poet's fire,
And taught the world with Reaſon to admire.
Then Criticiſm the Muſe's handmaid prov'd,
To dreſs her charms, and make her more belov'd:
But following wits from that intention ſtray'd,
Who could not win the miſtreſs, woo'd the maid;
Againſt the Poets their own arms they turn'd,
Sure to hate moſt the men from whom they learn'd.
So modern 'Pothecaries, taught the art
By Doctors' bills to play the Doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of miſtaken rules,
Preſcribe, apply, and call their maſters fools.
Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
Nor time nor moths e'er ſpoil'd ſo much as they.

COMMENTARY.

with *Vanity* (as it always is in bad Critics) it gives birth to every iniquity of impudent abuſe and ſlander. See an example (for want of a better) in a late ridiculous and now forgotten thing, called the *Life of Socrates:* where the Head of the author (as a man of wit obſerved) has juſt made a ſhift to do the office of a *Camera obſcura*, and repreſent things in an inverted order; himſelf *above*, and Sprat, Rollin, Voltaire, and every other writer of reputation, *below*.

NOTES.

VER. 112. *Some on the leaves—Some drily plain,*] The *firſt* are the Apes of thoſe learned *Italian* Critics who at the reſtoration of letters having found the claſſic writers miſerably deformed by the hands of monkiſh Librarians, very commendably employed their pains and talents in reſtoring them to their native purity. The *ſecond*, the plagiaries from thoſe *French* Critics, who had made ſome admirable commentaries on the ancient critics. But that *acumen* and *taſte*, which ſeparately conſtitute the diſtinct value of thoſe two ſpecies of Italian and French Criticiſm, make no part of the character of theſe paltry mimics at home, deſcribed by our Poet in the following lines,

"*Theſe* leave the ſenſe, their learning to diſplay,
"And *thoſe* explain the meaning quite away."

Which ſpecies is the leaſt hurtful, the Poet has enabled us to determine in the lines with which he opens his poem,

"But of the two, leſs dang'rous is th' offence
"To tire our patience, than miſlead our ſenſe."

Some

Some drily plain, without invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poems may be made.
Theſe leave the ſenſe, their learning to diſplay,
And thoſe explain the meaning quite away.
You then whoſe judgment the right courſe would ſteer,
Know well each ANCIENT's proper character;
His Fable, Subject, ſcope in ev'ry page;
Religion, Country, genius of his Age:
Without all theſe at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticize.

Be

VARIATIONS.

VER. 123. *Cavil you may, but never criticize.*] The author after this verſe originally inſerted the following, which he has however omitted in all the editions:

Zoilus, had theſe been known, without a Name
Had dy'd, and *Perault* ne'er been damn'd to fame;
The ſenſe of ſound Antiquity had reign'd,
And ſacred Homer yet been unprophan'd.
None e'er had thought his comprehenſive mind
To modern cuſtoms, modern rules confin'd;
Who for all ages writ, and all mankind. P.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 118. *You then whoſe judgment, etc.*] He comes next to the *ancient Poets*, the other and more intimate commentators of Nature. And ſhews [from ver. 117 to 141.] that the ſtudy of Theſe muſt indiſpenſibly follow that of the *ancient Critics*, as they furniſh us with what the Critics, who only give us *general rules*, cannot ſupply: while the ſtudy of a great original Poet, in

" His Fable, Subject, ſcope in ev'ry page;
" Religion, Country, genius of his Age;"

will help us to thoſe *particular rules* which only can conduct us ſafely through every conſiderable work we undertake to examine; and, without which, we may cavil indeed, as the Poet truly obſerves, but can never *criticize*. We might as well ſuppoſe that Vitruvius's book alone would make a perfect Judge of Architecture, without the knowledge of ſome great maſter-piece of ſcience, ſuch as the Rotonda at Rome, or the Temple of Minerva at Athens; as that Ariſtotle's ſhould make a *perfect Judge of Wit*, without the ſtudy of Homer and Virgil. Theſe therefore he principally recommends to complete the Critic in his Art. But as the latter of theſe Poets has, by ſuperficial judges, been conſidered rather as a copier of Homer, than an original

Be Homer's works your ſtudy and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night;
Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
And trace the Muſes upward to their ſpring.
Still with itſelf compar'd, his text peruſe;
And let your comment be the Mantuan Muſe.
When firſt young Maro in his boundleſs mind
A work t' outlaſt immortal Rome deſign'd,
Perhaps he ſeem'd above the Critic's law,
And but from Nature's fountain ſcorn'd to draw:
But when t' examine ev'ry part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the ſame.
Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold deſign:
And rules as ſtrict his labour'd work confine,
As if the Stagirite o'erlook'd each line.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 130. When firſt young Maro ſung of Kings and Wars,
Ere warning Phoebus touch'd his trembling ears.

COMMENTARY.

ginal from Nature, our Author obviates that common error, and ſhews it to have ariſen (as often error does) from a truth, *viz.* that *Homer and Nature were the ſame*; that the ambitious young Poet, though he ſcorned to ſtoop at any thing ſhort of Nature, when he came to underſtand this great truth, had the prudence to contemplate Nature in the place where ſhe was ſeen to moſt advantage, collected in all her charms in the clear mirror of Homer. Hence it would follow, that though Virgil ſtudied Nature, yet the *vulgar* reader would believe him to be a copier of Homer; and though he copied Homer, yet the *judicious* reader would ſee him to be an imitator of Nature: the fineſt praiſe which any one, who came after Homer, could receive.

NOTES.

VER. 130. *When firſt young Maro, etc.*] Virg. Eclog. vi.

" Cum canerem reges et proelia, Cynthius aurum
" Vellit."

It is a tradition preſerved by Servius, that Virgil began with writing a poem of the Alban and Roman affairs; which he found above his years, and deſcended firſt to imitate Theocritus on rural ſubjects, and afterwards to copy Homer in Heroic poetry. P.

Learn

Learn hence for ancient rules a juſt eſteem;
To copy nature is to copy them.
Some beauties yet no Precepts can declare,
For there's a happineſs as well as care.
Muſic reſembles Poetry, in each
Are nameleſs graces which no methods teach,
And which a maſter-hand alone can reach.
If, where the rules not far enough extend,
(Since rules were made but to promote their end)
Some lucky licence anſwer to the full
Th' intent propos'd, that Licence is a rule.
Thus Pegaſus, a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track.

Great

COMMENTARY.

VER. 141. *Some beauties yet no Precepts can declare, etc.*] Our author, in theſe two general directions for ſtudying *Nature* and her *Commentators*, having conſidered Poetry as it is, or may be reduced to *Rule*; leſt this ſhould be miſtaken as ſufficient to attain PERFECTION either in *writing* or *judging*, he proceeds [from ver. 140 to 201.] to point up to thoſe *ſublimer* beauties which *Rules* will never reach, nor enable us either to *execute* or *taſte:* beauties, which riſe ſo high above all precept as not even to be *deſcribed* by it; but being entirely the gift of Heaven, Art and Reaſon have no further ſhare in them than juſt to regulate their operations. Theſe *Sublimities* of Poetry (like the *Myſteries* of Religion, ſome of which are above Reaſon, and ſome contrary to it) may be divided into two ſorts, ſuch as are *above* Rules, and ſuch as are *contrary* to them.

VER. 146. *If, where the rules, etc.*] The *firſt* ſort our author deſcribes [from ver. 145 to 151.] and ſhews, that where a great *beauty* is in the Poet's view, which no ſtated *Rules* will authorize him how to reach, there, as the purpoſe of rules is only to attain an end like this, a lucky *Licence* will ſupply the place of them: nor can the Critic fairly object, ſince this *Licence*, for the reaſon given above, has the proper force and authority of a *Rule*.

NOTES.

VER. 146. *If, where the rules, etc.*] "Neque enim rogationibus plebiſve ſcitis ſancta ſunt "iſta praecepta, ſed hoc, quicquid eſt, Utilitas excogitavit. Non negabo autem ſic utile eſſe "plerumque; verum ſi eadem illa nobis aliud ſuadebit Utilitas, hanc, relictis magiſtrorum "autoritatibus, ſequemur." *Quintil. lib.* ii. *cap.* 13. P.

VER. 150. *Thus Pegaſus, etc.*] We have obſerved how the precepts for *writing* and *judging* are interwoven throughout the whole Poem. Our Author firſt deſcribes the ſublime flight of a

Poet

Great Wits ſometimes may glorioufly offend,
And riſe to faults true Critics dare not mend;
From vulgar bounds with brave diſorder part,
And ſnatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
Which without paſſing through the judgment, gains
The heart, and all its end at once attains.
In proſpects thus, ſome objects pleaſe our eyes,
Which out of nature's common order riſe,
The ſhapeleſs rock, or hanging precipice.
But tho' the Ancients thus their rules invade,
(As Kings diſpenſe with laws themſelves have made)
Moderns, beware! or if you muſt offend
Againſt the precept, ne'er tranſgreſs its End;

COMMENTARY.

VER. 152. *Great Wits ſometimes may glorioufly offend, etc.*] He deſcribes next the *ſecond ſort*, the beauties *againſt rule*. And even here, as he obſerves [from ver. 151 to 161.] the offence is ſo glorious, and the fault ſo ſublime, that the *true Critic* will not dare either to cenſure or reform them. Yet ſtill the *Poet* is never to abandon himſelf to his imagination: The rules laid down for his conduct in this reſpect, are theſe; 1. That though he tranſgreſs the *letter* of ſome *one particular Precept*, yet that he be ſtill careful to adhere to the end or *ſpirit* of them *all*; which end is the creation of *one uniform perfect Whole*. And 2. That he have, in each inſtance, the authority of the *diſpenſing* power of the Ancients to plead for him. Theſe rules obſerved, this licence will be *ſeldom* uſed, and only when he is *compelled by need:* which will diſarm the Critic, and ſcreen the *offender* from his laws.

NOTES.

Poet ſoaring above all vulgar bounds, to ſnatch a *Grace* directly, which lies beyond the reach of a common adventurer: And afterwards, the *effect* of that *Grace* upon the *true Critic:* whom it penetrates with equal rapidity; going the neareſt way to his *heart*, without paſſing through his *Judgment*. By which is not meant that it could not ſtand the teſt of Judgment; but that, as it was a beauty uncommon, and *above rule*, and the Judgment habituated to determine only *by rule*, it makes its direct appeal to the heart; which, when once gained, ſoon brings over the Judgment, whoſe concurrence (it being now enlarged and ſet above forms) is eaſily procured. That this is the Poet's ſublime conception appears from the concluding words:

" and all its end at once attains;"

for Poetry doth not attain *all its end*, till it hath gained the *Judgment* as well as *Heart*.

165 Let

Let it be ſeldom, and compell'd by need;
And have, at leaſt, their precedent to plead.
The Critic elſe proceeds without remorſe,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.
I know there are, to whoſe preſumptuous thoughts
Thoſe freer beauties, ev'n in them, ſeem faults.
Some figures monſtrous and mis-ſhap'd appear,
Conſider'd ſingly, or beheld too near,
Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place,
Due diſtance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always muſt diſplay
His pow'rs, in equal ranks, and fair array,
But with th' occaſion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay ſeem ſometimes to fly.
Thoſe oft are ſtratagems which errors ſeem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.

Still

COMMENTARY.

VER. 169. *I know there are, etc.*] But as ſome *modern Critics* have pretended to ſay, that this laſt reaſon is only juſtifying one fault by another, our author goes on [from ver. 168 to 181.] to vindicate the *Ancients*; and to ſhew that this preſumptuous thought, as he calls it, proceeds from mere Ignorance: As where their *partiality* will not let them ſee that this licence is ſometimes neceſſary for the ſymmetry and proportion of a perfect Whole, in the light, and from the point, wherein it muſt be view'd: or where their *haſte* will not give them time to obſerve, that a deviation from rule is for the ſake of attaining ſome great and admirable purpoſe. — Theſe obſervations are further uſeful, as they tend to give modern Critics an humbler opinion of their own abilities, and an higher of the Authors they undertake to criticize. On which account he concludes with a fine reproof of their uſe of that common *proverb* perpetually in the mouths of the Critics, *quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus*; miſunderſtanding the ſenſe of Horace, and taking *quandoque* for *aliquando*:

" Thoſe oft are ſtratagems which errors ſeem,
" Nor is it *Homer nods*, but we that dream."

NOTES.

VER. 175. *A prudent chief, etc.*] Οἷόν τι ποιοῦσιν οἱ φρόνιμοι στρατηλάται καλὰ τὰς τάξεις τῶν στρατευμάτων — Dion. Hal. De ſtruct. orat. P.

VER. 180. *Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.*] " Modeſte, et circumſpecto judicio " de tantis viris pronunciandum eſt, ne (quod pleriſque accidit) damnent quod non intelligunt.

Still green with bays each ancient Altar ſtands,
Above the reach of ſacrilegious hands;
Secure from Flames, from Envy's fiercer rage,
Deſtructive War, and all involving Age.
See from each clime the learn'd their incenſe bring!
Hear, in all tongues conſenting Paeans ring!
In praiſe ſo juſt let ev'ry voice be join'd,
And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind.
Hail, Bards triumphant! born in happier days;
Immortal heirs of univerſal praiſe!
Whoſe honours with increaſe of ages grow,
As ſtreams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty names ſhall ſound,
And worlds applaud that muſt not yet be found!
O may ſome ſpark of your celeſtial fire,
The laſt, the meaneſt of your ſons inſpire,

COMMENTARY.

VER. 181. *Still green with bays, etc.*] But now fired with the name of *Homer*, and tranſported with the contemplation of thoſe beauties which a cold Critic can neither ſee nor conceive, the Poet [from ver. 180 to 201.] breaks out into a rapturous ſalutation of the rare felicity of thoſe few Ancients who have riſen ſuperior over time and accidents: And diſdaining, as it were, any longer to reaſon with his Critics, offers this as the ſureſt confutation of their cenſures. Then with the *humility* of a Suppliant at the ſhrine of Immortals, and the *ſublimity* of a Poet participating of their fire, he turns again to theſe ancient worthies, and apoſtrophiſes their Manes;

"Hail, Bards triumphant!" etc.

NOTES.

"Ac ſi neceſſe eſt in alteram errare partem, omnia eorum legentibus placere, quam multa "diſplicere maluerim." *Quint.* P.

VER. 183. *Secure from Flames, from Envy's fiercer rage,*
Deſtructive War, and all involving Age.]

The Poet here alludes to the four principal cauſes of the ravage amongſt ancient writings: The deſtruction of the Alexandrine and Palatine libraries by *fire*; the fiercer rage of *Zoilus*, *Maevius*, and their followers, againſt Wit; the irruption of the *Barbarians* into the Empire; and the long reign of ignorance and ſuperſtition in the *Cloiſters*.

(That

(That on weak wings, from far, purſues your flights;
Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
To teach vain Wits a ſcience little known,
T' admire ſuperior ſenſe, and doubt their own!

II.

Of all the cauſes which conſpire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and miſguide the mind,

What

COMMENTARY.

VER. 200. *T' admire* ſuperior ſenſe, *and doubt* their own!] This line concludes the firſt diviſion of the Poem; in which we ſee the *ſubject* of the firſt and ſecond part, and likewiſe the connexion they have with one another. It ſerves likewiſe to introduce the ſecond. The effect of ſtudying the *Ancients*, as here recommended, would be the *admiration of their ſuperior ſenſe*; which, if it will not of itſelf diſpoſe *Moderns* to a *diffidence of their own* (one of the great uſes, as well as natural fruits of that ſtudy) our author, to help forward their modeſty, in his ſecond part ſhews them (in a regular deduction of the *cauſes and effects of wrong Judgment*) their own bright image and amiable turn of mind.

VER. 201. *Of all the cauſes, etc.*] Having, in the firſt part, delivered *Rules* for *perfecting the Art of Criticiſm*, the ſecond is employed in explaining the *Impediments* to it. The order of the two parts was well adjuſted. For the cauſes of wrong Judgment being *Pride*, *ſuperficial Learning*, *a bounded Capacity*, and *Partiality*; They to whom this part is principally addreſſed, would not readily be brought either to ſee the malignity of the *cauſes*, or to own themſelves concerned in the *effects*, had not the author previouſly both enlightened and convinced them, by the foregoing obſervations, on the *vaſtneſs of Art, and narrowneſs of Wit*; the extenſive *ſtudy of human Nature and Antiquity*; and the *Characters of ancient Poetry* and *Criticiſm*; the natural remedies to the four epidemic diſorders he is now endeavouring to redreſs.

Ibid. *Of all the cauſes, etc.*] The firſt cauſe of wrong Judgment is PRIDE. He judiciouſly begins with this, [from ver. 200 to 215.] as on other accounts, ſo on this, that it is the very thing which gives modern Criticiſm its character; whoſe complexion is *abuſe* and *cenſure*. He calls it the vice of *Fools*, by which term is not meant, thoſe to whom Nature has given no Judgment (for he is here ſpeaking of what miſleads the Judgment) but thoſe to whom learning and ſtudy have given more erudition than taſte; as appears from the happy ſimilitude of an *ill-nouriſhed body*; where the ſame words which expreſs the *cauſe*, expreſs likewiſe the *nature* of PRIDE:

"For as in bodies, thus in ſouls, we find
"What wants in blood and ſpirits, ſwell'd with wind."

'Tis the buſineſs of Reaſon, he tells us, to diſpell the *cloud* in which pride involves the mind:

What the weak head with ſtrongeſt bias rules,
Is *Pride*, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever Nature has in worth deny'd,
She gives in large recruits of needful Pride;
For as in bodies, thus in ſouls, we find
What wants in blood and ſpirits, ſwell'd with wind:
Pride, where Wit fails, ſteps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty Void of ſenſe.
If once right reaſon drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with reſiſtleſs day.
Truſt not yourſelf; but your defects to know,
Make uſe of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe.

COMMENTARY.

But the miſchief is that the rays of reaſon, diverted by ſelf-love, ſometimes *gild this cloud*, inſtead of *diſpelling* it. So that the Judgment, by falſe lights reflected back upon itſelf, is ſtill apt to be a little dazzled, and to miſtake its object. He therefore adviſes to call in ſtill more helps:

"*Truſt not yourſelf*; but your defects to know,
"Make uſe of ev'ry Friend—*and ev'ry Foe.*"

Both the *beginning* and *concluſion* of this precept, are remarkable. The queſtion is, of the means to ſubdue Pride: He directs the Critic to begin with a *diſtruſt of himſelf*; and this is *Modeſty*, the *firſt* mortification of Pride: And then to ſeek the aſſiſtance of others, and *make uſe even of an Enemy*; and this is *Humility*, the *laſt* mortification of Pride: For when a man can once bring himſelf to ſubmit to profit by an enemy, he has either already ſubdued his Vanity, or is in a fair way of ſo doing.

NOTES.

VER. 209. *Pride, where Wit fails, ſteps in to our defence,*
And fills up all the mighty Void of ſenſe.]

A very ſenſible French writer makes the following remark on this ſpecies of *pride*. "Un "homme qui ſçait pluſieurs Langues, qui entend les Auteurs Grecs et Latins, qui s'eleve "même juſqu' à la dignité de SCHOLIASTE; ſi cet homme venoit à peſer ſon véritable mérite, "il trouveroit ſouvent qu' il ſe réduit, avoir eu des yeux et de la mémoire, il ſe garderoit "bien de donner le nom reſpectable de ſcience à *une erudition ſans lumiere*. Il y a une grande "difference entre s'enrichir des mots ou des choſes, entre alleguer des autoritez ou des rai- "ſons. Si un homme pouvoit ſe ſurprendre à n'avoir que cette ſorte de mérite, il en rougiroit "plûtôt que d'en être vain."

A *little learning* is a dang'rous thing;
Drink deep, or taſte not the Pierian ſpring:
There ſhallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely ſobers us again.
Fir'd at firſt ſight with what the Muſe imparts,
In fearleſs youth we tempt the heights of Arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor ſee the lengths behind;
But more advanc'd, behold with ſtrange ſurprize
New diſtant ſcenes of endleſs ſcience riſe!
So pleas'd at firſt the tow'ring Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and ſeem to tread the ſky,
Th' eternal ſnows appear already paſt,
And the firſt clouds and mountains ſeem the laſt:

VARIATIONS.

VER. 225. So pleas'd at firſt the tow'ring Alps to try,
Fill'd with ideas of fair Italy,
The Traveller beholds with chearful eyes
The leſs'ning vales, and ſeems to tread the ſkies.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 215. *A little learning, etc.*] We muſt here remark the Poet's ſkill in his diſpoſition of the *cauſes* obſtructing true Judgment. Each *general cauſe* which is laid down firſt, has its own *particular cauſe* in that which follows. Thus, the *ſecond cauſe* of wrong Judgment, SUPERFICIAL LEARNING, is what occaſions that critical *Pride*, which he places firſt.

VER. 216. *Drink deep, etc.*] *Nature* and *Learning* are the pole ſtars of all true Criticiſm: But *Pride* obſtructs the view of Nature; and a *ſmattering of letters* makes us inſenſible of our ignorance. To avoid this ridiculous ſituation, the Poet [from ver. 214 to 233.] adviſes, either to drink deep, or not to drink at all; for the leaſt ſip at this fountain is enough to make a bad Critic, while even a moderate draught can never make a good one. And yet the labours and difficulties of *drinking deep* are ſo great that a young author, "Fir'd with ideas of fair "Italy," and ambitious to ſnatch a palm from Rome, here engages in an undertaking like that of Hannibal: Finely illuſtrated by the ſimilitude of an unexperienced traveller penetrating through the Alps.

But,

But, thoſe attain'd, we tremble to ſurvey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way,
Th' increaſing proſpect tires our wand'ring eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps ariſe!
A perfect Judge will read each work of Wit
With the ſame ſpirit that its author writ:
Survey the WHOLE, nor ſeek ſlight faults to find
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;

Nor

COMMENTARY.

VER. 233. *A perfect Judge, etc.*] The third cauſe of wrong Judgment is a NARROW CAPACITY; the natural *cauſe* of the foregoing defect, *acquieſcence in ſuperficial learning*. This *bounded Capacity* our Author ſhews [from 232 to 384.] betrays itſelf, two ways; in its judgment both of the *matter*, and the *manner* of the work criticiſed: Of the matter, in judging *by parts*, or in having one *favourite part* to a neglect of all the reſt: Of the *manner*, in confining men's regard only to *conceit*, or *language*, or *numbers*. This is our Poet's order: and we ſhall follow him as it leads us; only juſt obſerving one general beauty which runs through this part of the poem; it is that under each of theſe heads of *wrong* Judgment, he has intermixed excellent precepts for the *right*. We ſhall take notice of them as they occur.

He expoſes the folly of judging by parts very artfully, not by a direct deſcription of that ſort of Critic, but of his oppoſite, *a perfect Judge, etc.* It is obſervable that our Author makes it almoſt the neceſſary conſequence of judging *by parts*, TO FIND FAULT: And this not without much diſcernment: For the ſeveral *parts* of a compleat *Whole*, when *ſeen only ſingly*, and *known only independently*, muſt always have the appearance of irregularity; often of deformity: becauſe the Poet's deſign being to *create* a reſultive beauty from the artful aſſemblage of ſeveral various *parts* into one natural *whole*; thoſe parts muſt be faſhioned with regard to their mutual relations in the ſtations they occupy in that *whole*, from whence, the beauty required is to ariſe: But that *regard* will occaſion ſo unreducible a form in each part, when *conſidered ſingly*, as to preſent a very miſ-ſhapen Form.

NOTES.

VER. 233. *A perfect Judge, etc.*] "Diligenter legendum eſt ac paene ad ſcribendi ſollicitu-
"dinem: Nec per partes modo ſcrutanda ſunt omnia, ſed perlectus liber utique ex integro
"reſumendus." *Quint.* P.

VER. 235. *Survey the Whole, nor ſeek ſlight faults to find*
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;]

The *ſecond* line, in apologizing for thoſe *faults* which the *firſt* ſays ſhould be overlooked, gives the reaſon of the precept. For when a great writer's attention is fixed on a general view of

Nature,

Nor loſe for that malignant dull delight,
The gen'rous pleaſure to be charm'd with wit.
But in ſuch lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low,
That ſhunning faults, one quiet tenour keep;
We cannot blame indeed—but we may ſleep.
In Wit, as Nature, what affects our hearts
Is not th' exactneſs of peculiar parts;
'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full reſult of all.
Thus when we view ſome well-proportion'd dome,
(The world's juſt wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!)

NOTES.

Nature, and his imagination become warm'd with the contemplation of great ideas, it can hardly be, but that there muſt be ſmall irregularities in the diſpoſition both of matter and ſtyle, becauſe the avoiding theſe requires a coolneſs of recollection, which a writer ſo qualified and ſo buſied is not maſter of.

VER. 248. *The world's juſt wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!*] The *Pantheon*, I would ſuppoſe; perhaps St. *Peter*'s; no matter which; the obſervation is true of both. There is ſomething very Gothic in the taſte and judgment of a learned man, who deſpiſes this maſter-piece of Art, the *Pantheon*, for thoſe very qualities which deſerve our admiration.——"Nous eſ- "merveillons comme l'on fait ſi grand cas de ce Pantheon, veu que ſon edifice n'eſt de ſi "grande induſtrie comme l'on crie: car chaque petit Maſſon peut bien concevoir la maniere "de ſe façon tout en un inſtant: car eſtant la baſe ſi maſſive, et les murailles ſi eſpaiſſes, ne "nous a ſemblé difficile d'y adjouſter la voute à claire voye." *Pierre Belon's Obſervations, etc.* The nature of the Gothic ſtructures apparently led him into this miſtake of the Architectonic art in general; that the excellency of it conſiſts in raiſing the greateſt weight on the leaſt aſſignable ſupport, ſo that the edifice ſhould have ſtrength without the appearance of it, in order to excite admiration. But to a judicious eye ſuch a building would have a contrary effect, *the Appearance* (as our poet expreſſes it) *of a monſtrous height, or breadth, or length.* Indeed did the juſt proportions in regular Architecture take off from the grandeur of a building, by *all the ſingle parts coming united to the eye*, as this learned traveller ſeems to inſinuate, it would be a reaſonable objection to thoſe rules on which this Maſter-piece of Art was conſtructed. But it is not ſo. The Poet tells us truly,

"The Whole at once is BOLD and regular."

No

No ſingle parts unequally ſurprize,
All comes united to th' admiring eyes;
No monſtrous height, or breadth, or length appear;
The Whole at once is bold, and regular.
Whoever thinks a faultleſs piece to ſee,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er ſhall be.
In ev'ry work regard the writer's End,
Since none can compaſs more than they intend;
And if the means be juſt, the conduct true,
Applauſe, in ſpight of trivial faults, is due.
As men of breeding, ſometimes men of wit,
T' avoid great errors, muſt the leſs commit:
Neglect the rules each verbal Critic lays,
For not to know ſome trifles, is a praiſe.
Moſt Critics, fond of ſome ſubſervient art,
Still make the Whole depend upon a Part:

They

COMMENTARY.

VER. 253. *Whoever thinks a faultleſs piece to ſee,*] He ſhews next [from ver. 252 to 263.] that to fix our cenſure on *ſingle parts*, though they happen to *want* an exactneſs conſiſtent enough with their relation to the reſt, is even then very unjuſt: And for theſe reaſons, 1. Becauſe it implies an expectation of a *faultleſs piece*, which is a vain fancy. 2. Becauſe no more is to be expected of any work than that it fairly *attains its end:* But the end may be attained, and yet theſe trivial faults committed: Therefore, in ſpight of ſuch faults, the work will merit that praiſe that is due to every thing which attains its end. 3. Becauſe ſometimes a great beauty is not to be procured, nor a notorious blemiſh to be avoided, but by ſuffering one of theſe minute and trivial errors. 4. And laſtly, becauſe the general *neglect* of them is a *praiſe*; as it is the indication of a *Genius*, attentive to greater matters.

VER. 263. *Moſt Critics, fond of ſome ſubſervient art, etc.*] II. The *ſecond* way in which a *narrow capacity*, as it relates to the *matter*, ſhews itſelf, is judging by a *favourite Part.* The author has placed this [from ver. 262 to 285.] after the other of judging *by parts*, with great propriety, it being indeed a natural conſequence of it. For when men have once left the *whole* to turn their attention to the *ſeparate parts*, that regard and reverence due only to a *whole* is fondly transferred to one or other of its *parts.* And thus we ſee, that Heroes themſelves as well

They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one lov'd Folly ſacrifice.
Once on a time, La Mancha's Knight, they ſay,
A certain Bard encount'ring on the way,
Diſcours'd in terms as juſt, with looks as ſage,
As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian ſtage;
Concluding all were deſp'rate ſots and fools,
Who durſt depart from Ariſtotle's rules.
Our Author, happy in a judge ſo nice,
Produc'd his Play, and begg'd the Knight's advice;
Made him obſerve the ſubject, and the plot,
The manners, paſſions, unities; what not?

COMMENTARY.

well as Hero-makers, even Kings as well as Poets and Critics, when they chance never to have had, or long to have loſt the idea of that which is the only legitimate object of their office, the care and conſervation of the *whole*, are wont to devote themſelves to the ſervice of ſome favourite part, whether it be love of money, military glory, deſpotic power, etc. *And all*, as our Author ſays on this occaſion,

" to one lov'd Folly ſacrifice."

This general miſconduct much recommends that maxim in good Poetry and Politics, *to give a principal attention to the whole*; a maxim which our author has elſewhere ſhewn to be equally true likewiſe in *Morals* and *Religion*; as being founded in the order of things: For if we examine, we ſhall find the miſconduct here complained of, to ariſe from this imbecility of our nature, that the mind muſt always have ſomething *to reſt upon*, to which the paſſions and affections may be intereſtingly directed. Nature prompts us to ſeek it in the moſt worthy object; and Reaſon points out to a *Whole* or *Syſtem*: But the falſe lights which the Paſſions hold out, confound and dazzle us; we ſtop ſhort; and, before we get to a *Whole*, take up with ſome *Part*; which thenceforth becomes our Favourite.

NOTES.

VER. 267. *Once on a time, etc.*] This tale is ſo very appoſite, that one would naturally take it to be of the Poet's own invention; and yet ſo much in the ſpirit of *Cervantes*, that we might eaſily miſtake it for one of the chief beauties of that incomparable Satire. Yet, in truth, it is neither; but a ſtory taken by our Author from the *ſpurious Don Quixote*; which ſhews how proper an uſe a Genius may make of general reading, when if there be but one good thing in a book (as in that wretched performance there ſcarce is more) it may be picked out, and employed to an excellent purpoſe.

All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
Were but a Combat in the lists left out.
" What leave the Combat out?" exclaims the Knight;
Yes, or we must renounce the Stagirite.
" Not so, by Heav'n!" (he answers in a rage)
" Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the stage."
So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain.
" Then build a new, or act it in a plain."
Thus Critics of less judgment than caprice,
Curious not knowing, not exact but nice,

COMMENTARY.

VER. 285. *Thus Critics of less judgment than caprice,*
Curious *not* knowing, *not* exact *but* nice,
Form short Ideas, etc.]

2. He concludes his observations on those *two sorts* of Judges *by parts*, with this general reflection — The *curious not knowing* are the *first* sort, who judge *by parts*, and with a *microscopic* sight (as he says elsewhere) *examine bit by bit*: The *not exact but nice*, are the *second*, who judge by *a favourite part*, and talk of a *whole* to cover their fondness for a *part*; as Philosophers do of *principles*, in order to obtrude notions and opinions in their stead. But the fate common to both is, to be governed by *caprice* and not by *Judgment*; and consequently *to form short ideas*, or to have ideas short of truth: Tho' the latter sort, through a fondness to their *favourite part*, imagine that it comprehends the *whole* in epitome: As the famous Hero of *La Mancha*, mentioned just before, used to maintain, that *Knight Errantry* comprised within itself the quintessence of all Science, civil, military, and religious.

NOTES.

VER. 285. *Thus Critics of less judgment than caprice,*
Curious *not* knowing, *not* exact *but* nice,]

In these two lines the poet finely describes the way in which bad writers are wont to imitate the qualities of good ones. As true *Judgment* generally draws men out of popular opinions; so he who cannot get from the croud by the assistance of this Guide, willingly follows *Caprice*, which will be sure to lead him into singularities. Again, true *Knowledge* is the art of treasuring up only that which, from its use in life, is worthy of being lodged in the memory: and this makes the PHILOSOPHER. But *Curiosity* consists in a vain attention to every thing out of the way, and which, for its inutility, the world least regards: and this makes the ANTIQUARIAN. Lastly, *Exactness* is the just proportion of parts to one another, and their harmony in a whole: But he who has not extent of capacity for the exercise of this quality, contents himself with *Nicety*, which is a busying one's self about points and syllables: and this makes the GRAMMARIAN.

Form

Form ſhort Ideas; and offend in arts
(As moſt in manners) by a love to parts.
Some to *Conceit* alone their taſte confine,
And glitt'ring thoughts ſtruck out at ev'ry line;
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's juſt or fit;
One glaring Chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets, like painters, thus, unſkill'd to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True Wit is Nature to advantage dreſs'd;
What oft was thought, but ne'er ſo well expreſs'd;

COMMENTARY.

VER. 289. *Some to Conceit alone, etc.*] We come now to that ſecond ſort of *bounded capacity*, which betrays itſelf in its judgment on the *manner* of the work criticiſed. And this our Author proſecutes from ver. 288 to 384. Theſe are again ſubdivided into divers claſſes.

Ibid. *Some to Conceit alone, etc.*] The *firſt* [from ver. 288 to 305.] are thoſe who confine their attention ſolely to *Conceit* or *Wit*. And here again the Critic *by parts*, offends *doubly* in the

NOTES.

VER. 297. *True Wit is Nature to advantage dreſs'd, etc.*] This definition is very exact. Mr. *Locke* had defined *Wit* to conſiſt "in the aſſemblage of ideas, and putting thoſe together, "with quickneſs and variety, wherein can be found any reſemblance or congruity, whereby to "make up pleaſant pictures and agreeable viſions in the fancy." But that great Philoſopher, in ſeparating *Wit* from *Judgment*, as he does in this place, has given us (and he could therefore give us no other) only an account of Wit in general: In which falſe Wit, tho' not every ſpecies of it, is included. A *ſtriking Image* therefore of Nature is, as Mr. *Locke* obſerves, certainly *Wit:* But this *image* may *ſtrike* on ſeveral other accounts, as well as for its *truth* and *beauty*; and the Philoſopher has explained the manner how. But it never becomes that *Wit* which is the ornament of true Poeſy, whoſe end is to repreſent Nature, but when it *dreſſes that Nature to advantage*, and preſents her to us in the brighteſt and moſt amiable light. And to know when the *Fancy* has done its office truly, the Poet ſubjoins this admirable Teſt, *viz.* When we perceive that it *gives us back the image of our mind.* When it does that, we may be ſure it plays no tricks with us: For this *image* is the creature of the *Judgment*; and whenever *Wit* correſponds with *Judgment*, we may ſafely pronounce it to be *true.* "Naturam intueamur, "hanc ſequamur: id facillime accipiunt animi quod agnoſcunt." *Quint. lib.* viii. *c.* 3.

Something, whoſe truth convinc'd at ſight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As ſhades more ſweetly recommend the light,
So modeſt plainneſs ſets off ſprightly wit.
For works may have more wit than does 'em good,
As bodies periſh through exceſs of blood.
Others for *Language* all their care expreſs,
And value books, as women men, for dreſs:

Their

COMMENTARY.

the *manner*, juſt as he did in the *matter*: For he not only confines his attention to a *part*, when it ſhould be extended to the *whole*; but he likewiſe judges *falſely* of that *part*. And this, as the other, is unavoidable; the *parts* in the *manner* bearing the ſame cloſe relation to the *whole*, that the *parts* in the *matter* do; to which *whole*, the ideas of this Critic have never yet extended. Hence it is, that our Author, ſpeaking here of thoſe who confine their attention ſolely to *Conceit* or *Wit*, deſcribes the diſtinct ſpecies of *true* and *falſe* Wit: becauſe they not only miſtake *a wrong diſpoſition of true Wit for a right*, but likewiſe *falſe Wit for true*: He deſcribes falſe Wit firſt, [from ver. 288 to 297.]

"Some to Conceit alone," etc.

Where the reader may obſerve our Author's addreſs in repreſenting, in a deſcription of *falſe* Wit, the falſe diſpoſition of the *true*; as the Critic *by parts* is apt to fall into both theſe errors.

He next deſcribes *true Wit*, [from ver. 296 to 305.]

"True Wit is Nature to advantage dreſs'd," etc.

And here again the reader may obſerve the ſame beauty; not only an explanation of *true Wit*, but likewiſe of the *right diſpoſition* of it, which the poet illuſtrates, as he did the *wrong*, by ideas taken from the art of Painting; in the theory of which he was exquiſitely ſkilled.

VER. 305. *Others for Language, etc.*] He proceeds ſecondly to thoſe contracted Critics, whoſe whole concern turns upon *Language*, and ſhews [from ver. 304 to 337.] that this quality, where it holds the principal place in a work, *deſerves no commendation*; 1. Becauſe it excludes qualities more eſſential. And when the abounding Verbiage has choked and ſuffocated the ſenſe, the writer will be obliged to varniſh over the miſchief with all the falſe colouring of eloquence. 2. Secondly, becauſe the Critic who buſies himſelf with this quality alone, is *unable to make a right Judgment* of it; becauſe *true Expreſſion* is only the dreſs of Thought; and ſo muſt be perpetually varied according to the ſubject, and manner of treating it. But thoſe who never concern themſelves with the *Senſe*, can form no judgment of the correſpondence between *that* and the *Language*.

"Expreſſion is the dreſs of thought, and ſtill
"Appears more decent, as more ſuitable," etc.

Now

Their praiſe is ſtill, — The Style is excellent;
The Senſe, they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves; and where they moſt abound,
Much fruit of ſenſe beneath is rarely found:
Falſe eloquence, like the priſmatic glaſs,
Its gaudy colours ſpreads on ev'ry place;
The face of Nature we no more ſurvey,
All glares alike, without diſtinction gay:
But true Expreſſion, like th' unchanging Sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it ſhines upon,
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expreſſion is the dreſs of thought, and ſtill
Appears more decent, as more ſuitable;
A vile conceit in pompous words expreſs'd
Is like a clown in regal purple dreſs'd:
For diff'rent ſtyles with diff'rent ſubjects ſort,
As ſev'ral garbs with country, town, and court.

Commentary.

Now as theſe Critics are ignorant of this correſpondence, their whole judgment in Language is reduced to verbal criticiſm or the examination of *ſingle words*; and generally thoſe which are moſt to his taſte, are (for an obvious reaſon) ſuch as ſmack moſt of Antiquity: On which account our author has beſtowed a little raillery upon it; concluding with a ſhort and proper direction concerning the *uſe of words*, ſo far as regards their *novelty* and *ancientry*.

Notes.

Ver. 311. *Falſe eloquence, like the priſmatic glaſs, etc.*] This ſimile is beautiful. For the *falſe colouring* given to objects by the priſmatic glaſs, is owing to its untwiſting, by its *obliquities*, thoſe threads of light, which Nature had put together in order to ſpread over its works an ingenious and ſimple *candor*, that ſhould not hide, but only heighten the native complexion of the objects. And *falſe Eloquence* is nothing elſe but the ſtraining and *divaricating* the parts of *true Expreſſion*; and then daubing them over with what the Rhetoricians very properly term Colours; in lieu of that candid light, now loſt, which was reflected from them in their natural ſtate, while ſincere and entire.

Some

Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
Ancients in phraſe, meer moderns in their ſenſe;
Such labour'd nothings, in ſo ſtrange a ſtyle,
Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned ſmile.
Unlucky, as Fungoſo in the Play,
Theſe ſparks with aukward vanity diſplay
What the fine gentleman wore yeſterday;
And but ſo mimic ancient wits at beſt,
As apes our grandſires, in their doublets dreſt.
In words, as faſhions, the ſame rule will hold;
Alike fantaſtic, if too new, or old:
Be not the firſt by whom the new are try'd,
Nor yet the laſt to lay the old aſide.
But moſt by Numbers judge a Poet's ſong,
And ſmooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong:

COMMENTARY.

VER. 337. *But moſt by* Numbers *judge, etc.*] The laſt ſort are thoſe [from ver. 336 to 384.] whoſe ears are attached only to the *Harmony* of a poem. Of which they judge as ignorantly and as perverſely as the other ſort did of the Eloquence, and for the ſame reaſon. Our Author *firſt* deſcribes that *falſe Harmony* with which they are ſo much captivated; and ſhews that it is wretchedly *flat* and *unvaried:* for

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NOTES.

VER. 324. *Some by old words, etc.*] "Abolita et abrogata retinere, inſolentiae cujuſdam eſt, "et frivolae in parvis jactantiae." *Quint. lib.* i. *c.* 6. P.

"Opus eſt, ut verba à vetuſtate repetita neque crebra ſint, neque manifeſta, quia nil eſt "odioſius affectatione, nec utique ab ultimis repetita temporibus. Oratio cujus ſumma virtus eſt "perſpicuitas, quam ſit vitioſa, ſi egeat interprete? Ergo ut novorum optima erunt maxime "vetera, ita veterum maxime nova." *Idem.* P.

VER. 328. *Unlucky, as* Fungoſo, *etc.*] See Ben Johnſon's *Every Man out of his Humour.* P.

VER. 337. *But moſt by Numbers, etc.*]

"Quis populi ſermo eſt? quis enim? niſi carmine molli
"Nunc demum numero fluere, ut per laeve ſeveros
"Effundat junctura ungues: ſcit tendere verſum
"Non ſecus ac ſi oculo rubricam dirigat uno." *Perſ. Sat.* i. P.

In

In the bright Muſe, tho' thouſand charms conſpire,
Her voice is all theſe tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnaſſus but to pleaſe their ear,
Not mend their minds; as ſome to Church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the muſic there.
Theſe equal ſyllables alone require,
Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join;
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:
While they ring round the ſame unvary'd chimes,
With ſure returns of ſtill expected rhymes;
Where-e'er you find "the cooling weſtern breeze,"
In the next line, it "whiſpers through the trees:"

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He then deſcribes the *true*. 1. As it is in *itſelf*, *conſtant*; with a happy mixture of *ſtrength* and *ſweetneſs*, in contradiction to the *roughneſs* and *flatneſs* of falſe Harmony: And 2. as it is *varied* in compliance to the *ſubject*, where the *ſound becomes an echo to the ſenſe*, ſo far as is conſiſtent with the preſervation of numbers; in contradiction to the *monotony* of falſe Harmony: Of this he gives us, in the delivery of his precepts, four beautiful examples of *ſmoothneſs*, *roughneſs*, *ſlowneſs*, and *rapidity*. The *firſt* uſe of this correſpondence of the *ſound* to the *ſenſe*, is to aid the fancy in acquiring a perfecter and more lively image of the thing repreſented. A *ſecond* and nobler, is to calm and ſubdue the turbulent and ſelfiſh paſſions, and to raiſe and warm the beneficent: Which he illuſtrates in the famous adventure of *Timotheus* and *Alexander*: where, in referring to Mr. *Dryden*'s Ode on that ſubject, he turns it to a high compliment on his favourite Poet.

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VER. 345. *Tho' oft the ear, etc.*] "Fugiemus crebras vocalium concurſiones, quae vaſtam "atque hiantem orationem reddunt." *Cic. ad Heren. lib.* iv. *Vide etiam Quintil. lib.* ix. *c.* 4. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 346. *While expletives their feeble aid do join;*
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:] From Dryden. "He *creeps* along "with *ten* little *words* in every *line*, and helps out his numbers with [for] [to] and [unto] and "all the pretty *expletives* he can find, while the ſenſe is left half tired behind it." *Eſſay on Dram. Poetry.*

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If

If cryſtal ſtreams " with pleaſing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with " ſleep:"
Then, at the laſt and only couplet fraught
With ſome unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needleſs Alexandrine ends the ſong,
That, like a wounded ſnake, drags its ſlow length along.
Leave ſuch to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly ſmooth, or languiſhingly ſlow;
And praiſe the eaſy vigour of a line,
Where Denham's ſtrength, and Waller's ſweetneſs join.
True eaſe in writing comes from art, not chance,
As thoſe move eaſieſt who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough no harſhneſs gives offence,
The ſound muſt ſeem an Echo to the ſenſe:
Soft is the ſtrain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the ſmooth ſtream in ſmoother numbers flows;
But when loud ſurges laſh the ſounding ſhoar,
The hoarſe, rough verſe ſhould like the torrent roar:

NOTES.

VER. 364. *'Tis not enough no harſhneſs gives offence,*
The ſound muſt ſeem an Echo to the ſenſe:] The judicious introduction of this precept is remarkable. The Poets, and even ſome of the beſt of them, have been ſo fond of the beauty ariſing from this trivial obſervance, that their practice has violated the very *End* of the precept, which is the encreaſe of *harmony*; and ſo they could but raiſe an *Echo*, did not care whoſe ears they offended by its diſſonance. To remedy this abuſe therefore, our Poet, by the introductory line, would inſinuate, that *Harmony* is always to be preſuppoſed as obſerved; tho' it may and ought to be perpetually varied, ſo as to produce the effect here recommended.

VER. 365. *The ſound muſt ſeem an Echo to the ſenſe.*] Lord Roſcommon ſays,

" The ſound is ſtill a *Comment* to the ſenſe."

They are both well expreſſed, altho' ſo differently; for L. R. is ſhewing how the ſenſe is aſſiſted by the ſound; Mr. P. how the ſound is aſſiſted by the ſenſe.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 366. *Soft is the ſtrain, etc.*]

" Tum ſi laeta canunt," etc. *Vida, Poet. l.* iii. ver. 403.

VER. 368. *But when loud ſurges, etc.*]

" Tum longe ſale ſaxa ſonant," etc. *Vida, ib.* 388.

When

When Ajax ſtrives ſome rock's vaſt weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move ſlow:
Not ſo, when ſwift Camilla ſcours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and ſkims along the main.
Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays ſurprize,
And bid alternate paſſions fall and riſe!
While at each change, the ſon of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;
Now his fierce eyes with ſparkling fury glow,
Now ſighs ſteal out, and tears begin to flow:
Perſians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the World's victor ſtood ſubdu'd by Sound!
The pow'r of Muſic all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is DRYDEN now.
Avoid Extremes; and ſhun the fault of ſuch,
Who ſtill are pleas'd too little or too much.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 384. *Avoid* Extremes, *etc.*] Our Author is now come to the *laſt cauſe of wrong Judgment*, PARTIALITY; the parent of the immediately preceding cauſe, a *bounded capacity:* nothing ſo much narrowing and contracting the mind as *prejudices* entertained for or againſt things or perſons. This therefore, as the main root of all the foregoing, he proſecutes at large [from ver. 383 to 474.] Firſt, to ver. 394. he *previouſly* expoſes that capricious turn of Mind, which, by running into *Extremes*, either of praiſe or diſpraiſe, lays the *foundation* of an *habitual partiality*. He cautions therefore both againſt one and the other; and with reaſon; for exceſs of *Praiſe* is the mark of a bad taſte; and exceſs of *Cenſure*, of a bad digeſtion.

NOTES.

VER. 374. *Hear how* Timotheus, *etc.*] *See* Alexander's Feaſt, or the Power of Muſic; *an Ode by Mr.* Dryden. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 370. *When Ajax ſtrives, etc.*]
" Atque ideo ſi quid geritur molimine magno," etc. *Vid. ib.* 417.
VER. 372. *Not ſo, when ſwift Camilla, etc.*]
" At mora ſi fuerit damno, properare jubebo," etc. *Vid. ib.* 420.

At ev'ry trifle ſcorn to take offence,
That always ſhews great pride, or little ſenſe:
Thoſe heads, as ſtomachs, are not ſure the beſt,
Which nauſeate all, and nothing can digeſt.
Yet let not each gay Turn thy rapture move;
For fools admire, but men of ſenſe approve:
As things ſeem large which we through miſts deſcry,
Dulneſs is ever apt to magnify.
Some foreign writers, ſome our own deſpiſe;
The Ancients only, or the Moderns prize.
Thus Wit, like Faith, by each man is apply'd
To one ſmall ſect, and all are damn'd beſide.
Meanly they ſeek the bleſſing to confine,
And force that ſun but on a part to ſhine,
Which not alone the ſouthern wit ſublimes,
But ripens ſpirits in cold northern climes;
Which from the firſt has ſhone on ages paſt,
Enlights the preſent, and ſhall warm the laſt;

COMMENTARY.

VER. 394. *Some foreign writers, etc.*] Having explained the diſpoſition of mind which produces an *habitual partiality*, he proceeds to expoſe this *partiality* in all the ſhapes in which it appears both amongſt the *unlearned* and the *learned*.

I. In the *unlearned*, it is ſeen, *firſt*, In an unreaſonable fondneſs for, or averſion to, our *own* or *foreign*, to *ancient* or *modern* writers. And as it is the *mob* of unlearned readers he is here ſpeaking of, he expoſes their folly in a very appoſite ſimilitude:

" Thus Wit, like Faith, by each man is apply'd
" To one ſmall ſect, and all are damn'd beſide."

But he ſhews [from ver. 396 to 408.] that theſe Critics have as wrong notions of *Reaſon* as thoſe Bigots have of *God:* for that Genius is not confined to times or climates; but, as the common gift

NOTES.

VER. 402. *Which from the firſt, etc.*] *Genius* is the ſame in all ages; but its fruits are various; and more or leſs excellent as they are checked or matured by the influence of Government or Religion upon them. Hence in ſome parts of Literature the Ancients excell; in others, the Moderns; juſt as thoſe accidental circumſtances occurred.

Tho'

Tho' each may feel encreaſes and decays,
And ſee now clearer and now darker days.
Regard not then if Wit be old or new,
But blame the falſe, and value ſtill the true.
Some ne'er advance a Judgment of their own,
But catch the ſpreading notion of the Town;
They reaſon and conclude by precedent,
And own ſtale nonſenſe which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of authors names, not works, and then
Nor praiſe nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this ſervile herd, the worſt is he
That in proud dulneſs joins with Quality.
A conſtant Critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonſenſe for my Lord.
What woful ſtuff this madrigal would be,
In ſome ſtarv'd hackney ſonneteer, or me?
But let a Lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the ſtile refines!
Before his ſacred name flies ev'ry fault,
And each exalted ſtanza teems with thought!

COMMENTARY.

gift of Nature, is extended throughout all ages and countries: that indeed this intellectual light, like the material light of the Sun, may not ſhine at all times, and in every place, with equal ſplendor; but be ſometimes *clouded* with popular ignorance; and ſometimes again *eclipſed* by the diſcountenance of the Great; yet it ſhall ſtill recover itſelf; and, by breaking through the ſtrongeſt of theſe impediments, manifeſt the eternity of its nature.

VER. 408. *Some ne'er advance a Judgment of their own,*] A *ſecond* inſtance of *unlearned partiality*, is, (as he ſhews from ver. 407 to 424.) men's going always along with the *cry*, as having no fixed nor well grounded principles whereon to raiſe any judgment of their own. A *third* is reverence for *names*; of which ſort, as he well obſerves, the worſt and vileſt are the idolizers of *names of quality*; whom therefore he ſtigmatizes as they deſerve. Our Author's temper as well as judgment is here ſeen, in throwing this ſpecies of partiality amongſt the *unlearned* Critics: His affection for letters would not ſuffer him to conceive, that any *learned* Critic could ever fall into ſo low a proſtitution.

The Vulgar thus through Imitation err;
As oft the Learn'd by being ſingular;
So much they ſcorn the croud, that if the throng
By chance go right, they purpoſely go wrong:
So Schiſmatics the plain believers quit,
And are but damn'd for having too much wit.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 424. *The Vulgar thus—As oft the Learn'd—*] II. He comes in the *ſecond place* [from ver. 423 to 452.] to conſider the Inſtances of *partiality* in the *learned*. 1. The *firſt* is *Singularity*. For, as want of principles, in the *unlearned*, neceſſitates them to reſt on the common judgment, as always right: ſo adherence to falſe principles (that is, to *notions of their own*) miſlead the *learned* into the other extreme of ſuppoſing the common judgment always wrong. And as, before, our Author compared thoſe to *Bigots*, who made true faith to conſiſt in believing after others; ſo he compares theſe to *Schiſmatics*, who make it to conſiſt in believing as no one ever believed before. Which folly he marks with a lively ſtroke of humour in the turn of the thought:

"So Schiſmatics the plain believers quit,
"And are but damn'd *for having too much wit.*"

2. The *ſecond* is *Novelty*. And as this proceeds ſometimes from *fondneſs*, ſometimes from *vanity*; he compares the one to the *paſſion for a miſtreſs*; and the other, to the *pride of being in faſhion:* But the excuſe common to both is, the daily improvement of their Judgment:

"Aſk them the cauſe, they're wiſer ſtill, they ſay;
"And ſtill *to-morrow's wiſer than to-day.*"

Now as this is a plauſible pretence for their inconſtancy; and our Author has himſelf afterwards approved of it, as a remedy againſt obſtinacy and pride, where he ſays, ver. 573.

"But you with pleaſure own your errors paſt,
"And *make each day a Critique on the laſt*,

he has been careful, by the turn of the expreſſion in this place, to ſhew the difference between the pretence and the remedy. For *Time*, conſidered only as *duration*, vitiates as frequently as it improves: Therefore to expect wiſdom as the neceſſary attendant of length of days, unrelated to *long experience*, is vain and deluſive. This he illuſtrates by a remarkable example; where we ſee *Time*, inſtead of becoming wiſer, deſtroying good letters, to ſubſtitute ſchool divinity in their place — The genius of which kind of learning; the character of its profeſſors; and the fate, which, ſooner or later, always attends whatſoever is wrong or falſe, the poet ſums up in thoſe four lines;

"Faith, Goſpel, all, ſeem'd made to be diſputed," etc.

And in concluſion, he obſerves, that perhaps this miſchief from love of *novelty*, might not be ſo great, did it not, along with the *Critic*, infect the *Writer* likewiſe; who, when he finds his readers diſpoſed to take ready Wit on the ſtandard of current Folly, never troubles himſelf to think of better payment.

Some

Some praiſe at morning what they blame at night;
But always think the laſt opinion right.
A Muſe by theſe is like a miſtreſs us'd,
This hour ſhe's idoliz'd, the next abus'd;
While their weak heads like towns unfortify'd,
'Twixt ſenſe and nonſenſe daily change their ſide.
Aſk them the cauſe; they're wiſer ſtill, they ſay;
And ſtill to-morrow's wiſer than to-day.
We think our fathers fools, ſo wiſe we grow;
Our wiſer ſons, no doubt, will think us ſo.
Once School-divines this zealous iſle o'erſpread;
Who knew moſt Sentences, was deepeſt read;
Faith, Goſpel, all, ſeem'd made to be diſputed,
And none had ſenſe enough to be confuted:
Scotiſts and Thomiſts, now, in peace remain,
Amidſt their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane.

If

NOTES.

VER. 444. *Scotiſts*] So denominated from *Johannes Duns Scotus*. Eraſmus tells us, an eminent *Scotiſt* aſſured him, that it was impoſſible to underſtand one ſingle propoſition of this famous Duns, unleſs you had his whole metaphyſics by heart. This Hero of incomprehenſible fame ſuffered a miſerable reverſe at Oxford in the time of Henry VIII. That grave Antiquary, Mr. Antony Wood (in the *Vindication of himſelf and his writings from the reproaches of the Biſhop of Saliſbury*) ſadly laments the *deformation*, as he calls it, of that Univerſity by the King's Commiſſioners; and even records the blaſphemous ſpeeches of one of them, in his own words — "We have ſet DUNCE in Boccardo, with all his blind Gloſſers, faſt nailed up upon poſts in "all common houſes of eaſement." Upon which our venerable antiquary thus exclaims: "If "ſo be, the Commiſſioners had ſuch diſreſpect for that moſt famous Author J. Duns, who was "ſo much admired by our predeceſſors, and ſo DIFFICULT TO BE UNDERSTOOD, that the "Doctors of thoſe times, namely Dr. William Roper, Dr. John Kynton, Dr. William Mowſe, "etc. profeſſed, that, in twenty-eight years ſtudy, they could not underſtand him rightly, "What then had they for others of inferior note?" — What indeed! But then, *If ſo be, that moſt famous J. Duns* was ſo difficult to be underſtood (for that this is a moſt theologic proof of his great worth, is paſt all doubt) I ſhould conceive, our good old Antiquary to be a little miſtaken. And that the nailing up this Proteus of the Schools was done by the Commiſſioners in honour of *the moſt famous Duns:* There being no other way of catching the ſenſe of ſo ſlippery

and

If Faith itſelf has diff'rent dreſſes worn,
What wonder modes in Wit ſhould take their turn?

VARIATIONS.

VER. 447. Between this and ver. 452.

The rhyming Clowns that gladded Shakeſpear's age,
No more with crambo entertain the ſtage.

Who

NOTES.

and dodging an Author, who had eluded the purſuit of three of their moſt renowned Doctors in full cry after him, for eight and twenty years together. And this *Boccardo* in which he was confined, ſeemed very fit for the purpoſe; it being obſerved, that men are never more ſerious and thoughtful than in that place of retirement. SCRIBL.

This *moſt famous Duns*, honoured with the title of *Doctor ſubtilis*, was ſtill more honoured by the claim of three Kingdoms (which was much more than ſeven Cities) contending for his birth. But his character would incline one to think that thoſe are neareſt the mark who give it to Ireland, and ſay that he was born at Downe in Ulſter. A nation, at that time ſo celebrated for the *ſubtilty* of its Wit, that it was diſtinguiſhed from the reſt of Europe by this very attribute — "Gens ratione furens et mentem paſta Chimaeris." But what will not Time bring to paſs! The Aborigines are now ſaid to be as famous for their blunders. Nor let this ſeem incredible: for if we conſider that a *blunder* is nothing but the ſediment of a *ſubtilty*, or a refinement drawn to the lees, we ſhall eaſily account for this odd revolution in the intellectual habit of minds, under an old ſurfeit contracted by the indigeſtable diet of *chimaeras*.

VER. 444. *Thomiſts*,] From *Thomas Aquinas*, a truly great Genius, who, in thoſe blind ages, was the ſame in Theology that our Friar Bacon was in natural Philoſophy: leſs happy than our countryman in this, that he ſoon became ſurrounded with a number of dark Gloſſers, who never left him till they had extinguiſhed the radiance of that light, which had pierced through the thickeſt night of Monkery, the thirteenth century, when the *Waldenſes* were ſuppreſſed, and *Wickliffe* not yet riſen.

VER. 445. *Amidſt their kindred cobwebs*] Were common ſenſe diſpoſed to credit any of the monkiſh Miracles of the dark and blind ages of the Church, it would certainly be one of the VIIth century recorded by honeſt *Bale*. "In the ſixth general council (ſays he) holden at "Conſtantinople, Anno Dom. 680, contra Monothelitas, where the Latin Maſs was firſt "approved, and the Latin Miniſters deprived of their lawful Wives, SPIDERS WEBBS, in "wonderful Copye were ſeen falling down from above, UPON THE HEADS OF THE PEOPLE, "to the marvelous aſtoniſhment of many."—The juſteſt emblem and prototype of SCHOOL METAPHYSICS, the Divinity of *Scotiſts* and *Thomiſts*, which afterwards fell, *in wonderful Copye on the heads of the people*, in ſupport of TRANSUBSTANTIATION, *to the marvelous aſtoniſhment of many*, as it continues to do to this day.

Ibid. *Duck-lane.*] A place where old and ſecond-hand books were ſold formerly, near Smithfield. P.

Oft,

Oft, leaving what is natural and fit,
The current folly proves the ready wit;
And authors think their reputation ſafe,
Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.
Some valuing thoſe of their own ſide or mind,
Still make themſelves the meaſure of mankind:
Fondly we think we honour merit then,
When we but praiſe ourſelves in other men.
Parties in Wit attend on thoſe of State,
And public faction doubles private hate.
Pride, Malice, Folly, againſt Dryden roſe,
In various ſhapes of Parſons, Critics, Beaus;

VARIATIONS.

Who now in Anagrams their Patron praiſe,
Or ſing their Miſtreſs in Acroſtic lays?
Ev'n pulpits pleas'd with merry puns of yore;
Now all are baniſh'd to th' Hibernian ſhore!
Thus leaving what was natural and fit,
The current folly prov'd their ready wit;
And authors thought their reputation ſafe,
Which liv'd as long as fools were pleas'd to laugh.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 452. *Some valuing thoſe of their own ſide or mind, etc.*] 3. The *third* and laſt inſtance of *partiality* in the *learned*, is *Party* and *Faction*. Which is conſidered from ver. 451 to 474. where he ſhews how men of this turn deceive themſelves, when they load a writer of their own ſide with commendation. They fancy they are paying tribute to *merit*, when they are only ſacrificing to *ſelf-love*. But this is not the worſt. He further ſhews, that this *party-ſpirit* has often very ill effects on Science itſelf; while, in ſupport of *Faction*, it labours to depreſs ſome riſing Genius, that was, perhaps, raiſed by Nature, to enlighten his age and country. By which he would inſinuate, that all the baſer and viler paſſions ſeek refuge, and find ſupport, in *party-madneſs*.

NOTES.

VER. 450. *And authors think their reputation ſafe,*
Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.]
This is an admirable ſatire on thoſe called *Authors in foſhion*; the men who get the laugh on their ſide. He ſhews, on how pitiful a baſis their reputation ſtands, the changling diſpoſition of fools to laugh, who are always carried away with the laſt joke.

460 But

But ſenſe ſurviv'd when merry jeſts were paſt;
For riſing merit will buoy up at laſt.
Might he return, and bleſs once more our eyes,
New Blackmores and new Milbourns muſt ariſe:
Nay ſhould great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would ſtart up from the dead.
Envy will merit, as its ſhade, purſue;
But, like a ſhadow, proves the Subſtance true:
For envy'd Wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
Th' oppoſing body's groſſneſs, not its own.
When firſt that ſun too pow'rful beams diſplays,
It draws up vapours which obſcure its rays;
But ev'n thoſe clouds at laſt adorn its way,
Reflect new glories, and augment the day.

NOTES.

VER. 463. *Milbourn*—] The Rev. Mr. Luke Milbourn. Dennis ſerved Mr. Pope in the ſame office. But theſe Men are of all times, and riſe up on all occaſions. Sir Walter Raleigh had Alexander Roſs; Chillingworth had Cheynel; Milton a firſt *Edwards*; and Locke a ſecond; neither of them related to the third EDWARDS of Lincoln's-Inn. They were Divines of parts and learning; This a Critic without one or the other. Yet (as Mr. Pope ſays of Luke Milbourn) *the faireſt of all critics*; for having written againſt the Editor's remarks on Shakeſpear, *he did him juſtice in printing, at the ſame time, ſome of his own.*

VER. 468. *For envy'd Wit, like Sol eclips'd, etc.*] This ſimilitude implies a fact too often verified; and of which we need not ſeek abroad for examples. It is this, that frequently thoſe very Authors, who have at firſt done all they could to obſcure and depreſs a riſing Genius, have at length been reduced to borrow from him, imitate his manner, and reflect what they could of his ſplendor; merely to keep themſelves in ſome little credit. Nor hath the Poet been leſs artful, to inſinuate alſo what is ſometimes the *cauſe*. A youthful Genius, like the Sun riſing towards the Meridian, diſplays *too ſtrong and powerful beams* for the dirty temper of inferior writers, which occaſions their *gathering*, *condenſing*, and *blackening*. But as he deſcends from the Meridian (the time when the Sun gives its *gilding* to the ſurrounding clouds) his rays grow milder, his heat more benign, and then

" ———ev'n thoſe clouds at laſt adorn its way,
" Reflect new glories, and augment the day."

Be

Be thou the firſt true merit to befriend;
His praiſe is loſt, who ſtays 'till all commend.
Short is the date, alas, of modern rhymes,
And 'tis but juſt to let them live betimes.
No longer now that golden age appears,
When Patriarch-wits ſurviv'd a thouſand years:
Now length of Fame (our ſecond life) is loſt,
And bare threeſcore is all ev'n that can boaſt;
Our ſons their fathers' failing language ſee,
And ſuch as Chaucer is, ſhall Dryden be.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 474. *Be thou the firſt, etc.*] The poet having now gone through the laſt cauſe of *wrong Judgment*, and root of all the reſt, PARTIALITY; and ended his remarks upon it with a detection of the two rankeſt kinds, thoſe which ariſe out of PARTY-RAGE and ENVY; takes the occaſion, which this affords him, of cloſing his *ſecond diviſion* in the moſt graceful manner, [from ver. 473 to 560.] by concluding from the premiſes, and calling upon the TRUE CRITIC to be careful of his *charge*, which is the *protection* and *ſupport of Wit*. For, the defence of it from malevolent cenſure is its true protection; and the illuſtration of its beauties, is its true ſupport.

He firſt ſhews, the Critic ought to do this ſervice without loſs of time: And on theſe motives. 1. *Out of regard to himſelf:* For there is ſome merit in giving the world notice of an excellence; but little or none, in pointing, like an *Index*, to the beaten road of admiration. 2. *Out of regard to the Poem:* For the ſhort duration of modern works requires, that they ſhould begin to live betimes. He compares the life of *modern Wit*, (which, in a changeable dialect, muſt ſoon paſs away) and that of the *ancient*, (which ſurvives in an univerſal language) to the difference between the Patriarchal age and our own: And obſerves, that while the ancient writings live for ever as it were, in *braſs* and *marble*, the modern are but like *Paintings*, which, of how maſterly a hand ſoever, have no ſooner gained their requiſite perfection by the ſoftening, and ripening of their tints, which they do in a very few years, but they begin to fade and die away. 3. Laſtly, our Author ſhews, that the Critic ought, in juſtice, to do this ſervice *out of regard to the Poet*, when he conſiders the ſlender dowry the Muſe brings along with her: In youth 'tis only a vain and ſhort-liv'd pleaſure; and in maturer years, an acceſſion of care and labour, in proportion to the weight of Reputation to be ſuſtained, and of the increaſe of Envy to be oppoſed: And therefore concludes his reaſoning on this head, with that pathetic and inſinuating addreſs to the Critic, from ver. 508 to 526.

"Ah! let not learning," etc.

So when the faithful pencil has deſign'd
Some bright Idea of the maſter's mind,
Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready Nature waits upon his hand:
When the ripe colours ſoften and unite,
And ſweetly melt into juſt ſhade and light;
When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And each bold figure juſt begins to live,
The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away!
Unhappy Wit, like moſt miſtaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings.
In youth alone its empty praiſe we boaſt,
But ſoon the ſhort-liv'd vanity is loſt:
Like ſome fair flow'r the early ſpring ſupplies,
That gayly blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
What is this Wit, which muſt our cares employ?
The owner's wife, that other men enjoy;
Then moſt our trouble ſtill when moſt admir'd,
And ſtill the more we give, the more requir'd;

NOTES.

VER. 484. *So when the faithful pencil, etc.*] This ſimilitude from painting, in which our Author diſcovers (as he always does on that ſubject) real Science, has ſtill a more peculiar beauty, as at the ſame time that it confeſſes the juſt ſuperiority of *ancient* writings, it inſinuates one advantage the *modern* have above them; which is this, that in theſe latter, our more intimate acquaintance with the *occaſion of writing*, and with the *manners deſcribed*, lets us into thoſe living and ſtriking graces which may be well compared to that perfection of imitation given only by the pencil. While the ravages of Time, amongſt the monuments of former ages, have left us but the groſs ſubſtance of ancient wit; ſo much only of the form and faſhion of bodies as may be expreſſed in braſs or marble.

Whoſe

Whoſe fame with pains we guard, but loſe with eaſe,
Sure ſome to vex, but never all to pleaſe;
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous ſhun,
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!
If Wit ſo much from Ign'rance undergo,
Ah let not learning too commence its foe!
Of old, thoſe met rewards who could excell,
And ſuch were prais'd who but endeavour'd well:
Though triumphs were to gen'rals only due,
Crowns were reſerv'd to grace the ſoldiers too.
Now, they who reach Parnaſſus' lofty crown,
Employ their pains to ſpurn ſome others down;
And while ſelf-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the ſport of fools:
But ſtill the worſt with moſt regret commend,
For each ill Author is as bad a Friend.
To what baſe ends, and by what abject ways,
Are mortals urg'd through ſacred luſt of praiſe!
Ah ne'er ſo dire a thirſt of glory boaſt,
Nor in the Critic let the Man be loſt.
Good-nature and good ſenſe muſt ever join;
To err is human, to forgive, divine.
But if in noble minds ſome dregs remain
Not yet purg'd off, of ſpleen and ſour diſdain;

COMMENTARY.

VER. 526. *But if in noble minds ſome dregs remain, etc.*] So far as to what ought to be the *true Critic*'s principal ſtudy and employment. But if the ſour critical humour abounds and muſt

NOTES.

VER. 507.—*by knaves undone!*] By which the Poet would inſinuate, a common but ſhameful truth, That Men in power, if they got into it by illiberal arts, generally left Wit and Science to ſtarve.

Diſcharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in theſe flagitious times.
No pardon vile Obſcenity ſhould find,
Tho' wit and art conſpire to move your mind;
But Dulneſs with Obſcenity muſt prove
As ſhameful ſure as Impotence in love.
In the fat age of pleaſure, wealth, and eaſe,
Sprung the rank weed, and thriv'd with large increaſe:

COMMENTARY.

muſt therefore needs have vent, he directs to its proper object; and ſhews [from ver. 525 to 556.] how it may be innocently and uſefully pointed. This is very obſervable; our author had made *ſpleen* and *diſdain* the characteriſtic of the falſe Critic, and yet here ſuppoſes them inherent in the *true*. But it is done with judgment, and a knowledge of Nature. For as bitterneſs and aſtringency in unripe fruits of the beſt kind are the foundation and capacity of that high ſpirit, race, and flavour which we find in them when perfectly concocted by the warmth and influence of the ſun, and which, without thoſe qualities, would gain no more by that influence than only a mellow inſipidity: ſo ſpleen and diſdain in the true Critic, when improved by long ſtudy and experience, ripen into an exactneſs of Judgment and an elegance of Taſte: altho', in the falſe Critic, lying remote from the influence of good letters, they remain in all their firſt offenſive harſhneſs and acerbity. The Poet therefore ſhews how, after the exaltation of theſe qualities into their ſtate of perfection, the very *Dregs* (which, tho' precipitated, may poſſibly, on ſome occaſions, riſe and ferment even in a *noble mind)* may be uſefully employed, that is to ſay, in branding OBSCENITY and IMPIETY. Of theſe, he explains the riſe and progreſs, in a beautiful picture of the different genius's of the two reigns of *Charles* II. and *William* III. The former of which gave courſe to the moſt *profligate luxury*; the latter to a *licentious impiety*. Theſe are the crimes our Author aſſigns over to the cauſtic hand of the Critic; but concludes however, [from ver. 555 to 560.] with this neceſſary admonition, to take care not to be miſled into unjuſt cenſure; either on the one hand, by a phariſaical *niceneſs*, or on the other by a *ſelf-conſciouſneſs* of guilt. And thus the *ſecond diviſion* of his Eſſay ends: The judicious conduct of which is worthy our obſervation. The ſubject of it are the *cauſes of wrong judgment:* Theſe he derives upwards from *cauſe* to *cauſe*, till he brings them to their ſource, an *immoral partiality:* For as he had, in the firſt part,

" trac'd the MUSES upward to their ſpring,"

and ſhewn them to be derived from Heav'n, and the Offspring of Virtue; ſo hath he *here* purſued this enemy of the *Muſes*, the BAD CRITIC, to his low original, in the arms of his nurſing mother *Immorality*. This order naturally *introduces*, and at the ſame time ſhews the *neceſſity* of, the ſubject of the third and laſt diviſion, which is, on the *Morals of the Critic*.

When

When love was all an eaſy Monarch's care;
Seldom at council, never in a war:
Jilts rul'd the ſtate, and ſtateſmen farces writ:
Nay wits had penſions, and young Lords had wit:
The Fair ſate panting at a Courtier's play,
And not a Maſk went unimprov'd away:
The modeſt fan was lifted up no more,
And Virgins ſmil'd at what they bluſh'd before.
The following licence of a Foreign reign
Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain;
Then unbelieving Prieſts reform'd the nation,
And taught more pleaſant methods of ſalvation;
Where Heav'n's free ſubjects might their rights diſpute,
Leſt God himſelf ſhould ſeem too abſolute:
Pulpits their ſacred ſatire learn'd to ſpare,
And Vice admir'd to find a flatt'rer there!
Encourag'd thus, Wit's Titans brav'd the ſkies,
And the preſs groan'd with licens'd blaſphemies.
Theſe monſters, Critics! with your darts engage,
Here point your thunder, and exhauſt your rage!
Yet ſhun their fault, who, ſcandalouſly nice,
Will needs miſtake an author into vice;

NOTES.

VER. 545. *Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain*;] The ſeeds of this religious evil, as well as of the political good from whence it ſprung (for good and evil are inceſſantly ſpringing out of one another) were ſown in the preceding *fat age of pleaſure*. The miſchiefs done during Cromwell's uſurpation, by fanaticiſm, inflamed by erroneous and abſurd notions of the doctrine of *grace* and *ſatisfaction*, made the loyal *Latitudinarian* divines (as they were called) at the Reſtoration, go ſo far into the other extreme of reſolving all Chriſtianity into *Morality*, as to afford an eaſy introduction to *Socinianiſm*: Which in that reign (founded on the principles of Liberty) men had full opportunity of propagating.

VER. 547. The author has omitted two lines which ſtood here, as containing a *National Reflection*, which in his ſtricter judgment he could not but diſapprove on any People whatever. P.

All

All ſeems infected that th' infected ſpy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

III.

LEARN then what MORALS Critics ought to ſhow,
For 'tis but half a Judge's taſk, to know.
'Tis not enough, taſte, judgment, learning, join;
In all you ſpeak, let truth and candour ſhine:
That not alone what to your ſenſe is due
All may allow; but ſeek your friendſhip too.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 560. *Learn then, etc.*] We enter now on the *third part*, the MORALS of the *Critic*; included in CANDOUR, MODESTY, and GOOD-BREEDING. This third and laſt part is in two diviſions. In the *firſt* of which [from ver. 559 to 631.] our author inculcates theſe *morals* by *precept:* In the *ſecond* [from ver. 630 to the end] by *example*. His *firſt* precept [from ver. 561 to 566.] recommends CANDOUR, for its *uſe to the Critic*, and to the *writer criticiſed*.

2. The *ſecond* [from ver. 565 to 572.] recommends MODESTY, which manifeſts itſelf in theſe four *ſigns*; 1. Silence where it doubts,

Be ſilent always, when you doubt your ſenſe;

2. A ſeeming diffidence where it knows,

And ſpeak, tho' ſure, with ſeeming diffidence;

3. A free confeſſion of error where wrong,

But you with pleaſure own your errors paſt;

4. And a conſtant review and ſcrutiny even of thoſe opinions which it ſtill thinks right,

And make each day a Critique on the laſt.

3. The *third* [from ver. 571 to 584.] recommends GOOD-BREEDING, which will not force truth dogmatically upon men, as ignorant of it, but gently inſinuates it to them, as not ſufficiently attentive to it. But as *men of breeding* are apt to fall into two extremes, he prudently cautions againſt them. The one is a *backwardneſs in communicating* their knowledge out of a falſe delicacy, and for fear of being thought Pedants: The other, and much more common extreme, is a *mean complaiſance*, which thoſe who are worthy of your advice do not need, to make it acceptable; for ſuch can beſt bear reproof in particular points, who beſt deſerve commendation in general.

NOTES.

VER. 561. *For 'tis but half a Judge's taſk, to know.*] The Critic acts in two capacities, of *Aſſeſſor* and of *Judge:* in the firſt, *ſcience* alone is ſufficient; but the other requires *morals* likewiſe.

Be

Be ſilent always, when you doubt your ſenſe;
And ſpeak, tho' ſure, with ſeeming diffidence:
Some poſitive, perſiſting fops we know,
Who, if once wrong, will needs be always ſo;
But you, with pleaſure own your errors paſt,
And make each day a Critique on the laſt.
'Tis not enough your counſel ſtill be true;
Blunt truths more miſchief than nice falſhoods do;
Men muſt be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.
Without Good-Breeding, truth is diſapprov'd;
That only makes ſuperior ſenſe belov'd.
Be niggards of advice on no pretence:
For the worſt avarice is that of ſenſe.
With mean complacence ne'er betray your truſt,
Nor be ſo civil as to prove unjuſt.
Fear not the anger of the wiſe to raiſe;
Thoſe beſt can bear reproof, who merit praiſe.
'Twere well might Critics ſtill this freedom take,
But Appius reddens at each word you ſpeak,

COMMENTARY.

VER. 584. *'Twere well might Critics, etc.*] The Poet having thus recommended, in his *general rules of Conduct* for the JUDGMENT, theſe *three critical Virtues* to the HEART; ſhews next [from ver. 583 to 631.] upon what three ſorts of Writers, theſe virtues, together with the advice conveyed under them, would be thrown away; and which is worſe, be repaid with obloquy and ſcorn. Theſe are the *falſe Critic*, the *dull Man of Quality*, and the *bad Poet*; each of which ſpecies of *incorrigible* writers he hath very exactly painted. But having drawn the laſt of them at full length, and being always attentive to the two main branches of his ſubject, which is, *of writing* and *judging well*, he re-aſſumes the character of the *bad Critic* (whom he had touched upon before) to contraſt him with the other; and makes the *Characteriſtic* common to both, to be a never-ceaſing *Repetition* of their own impertinence.

The Poet—ſtill runs on in a raging vein, etc. ver. 606, etc.
The Critic—with his own tongue ſtill edifies his ears, 614, etc.

And

And ſtares, tremendous, with a threat'ning eye,
Like ſome fierce tyrant in old tapeſtry.
Fear moſt to tax an Honourable fool,
Whoſe right it is, uncenſur'd, to be dull;
Such, without wit, are Poets when they pleaſe,
As without learning they can take Degrees.
Leave dang'rous truths to unſucceſsful Satires,
And flattery to fulſome Dedicators,
Whom, when they praiſe, the world believes no more,
Than when they promiſe to give ſcribling o'er.
'Tis beſt ſometimes your cenſure to reſtrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain:
Your ſilence there is better than your ſpite,
For who can rail ſo long as they can write?
Still humming on, their drouzy courſe they keep,
And laſh'd ſo long, like tops, are laſh'd aſleep.
Falſe ſteps but help them to renew the race,
As, after ſtumbling, Jades will mend their pace.
What crouds of theſe, impenitently bold,
In ſounds and jingling ſyllables grown old,
Still run on Poets in a raging vein,
Ev'n to the dregs and ſqueezing of the brain,
Strain out the laſt dull droppings of their ſenſe,
And rhyme with all the rage of Impotence.
Such ſhameleſs Bards we have; and yet 'tis true,
There are as mad, abandon'd Critics too.

NOTES.

VER. 586. *And ſtares, tremendous, etc.*] This picture was taken to himſelf by *John Dennis*, a furious old Critic by profeſſion, who, upon no other provocation, wrote againſt this Eſſay and its author, in a manner perfectly lunatic: For, as to the mention made of him in ver. 270, he took it as a Compliment, and ſaid it was treacherouſly meant to cauſe him to overlook this *Abuſe* of his *Perſon*. P.

The

The bookful blockhead ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,
With his own tongue ſtill edifies his ears,
And always liſt'ning to himſelf appears.
All books he reads, and all he reads aſſails,
From Dryden's Fables down to Durfey's Tales.
With him moſt authors ſteal their works, or buy;
Garth did not write his own Diſpenſary.
Name a new play, and he's the Poet's friend,
Nay ſhow'd his faults — but when would Poets mend?
No place ſo ſacred from ſuch fops is barr'd,
Nor is Paul's church more ſafe than Paul's church yard:
Nay, fly to Altars; there they'll talk you dead;
For Fools ruſh in where Angels fear to tread.
Diſtruſtful ſenſe with modeſt caution ſpeaks,
It ſtill looks home, and ſhort excurſions makes;
But rattling nonſenſe in full vollies breaks,
And never ſhock'd, and never turn'd aſide,
Burſts out, reſiſtleſs, with a thund'ring tide.
But where's the man, who counſel can beſtow,
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?

VARIATIONS.

VER. 623. Between this and ver. 624.

In vain you ſhrug and ſweat and ſtrive to fly:
Theſe know no *Manners* but of Poetry.
They'll ſtop a hungry Chaplain in his grace,
To treat of Unities of time and place.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 631. *But where's the man, etc.*] II. The *ſecond* diviſion of this laſt part, which we now come to, is of the Morals of Critics, by *example*. For, having in the firſt, drawn a picture of the

NOTES.

VER. 619. *Garth did not write, etc.*] A common ſlander at that time in prejudice of that deſerving author. Our Poet did him this juſtice, when that ſlander moſt prevail'd; and it is now (perhaps the ſooner for this very verſe) dead and forgotten. P.

Unbiaſs'd, or by favour, or by ſpite;
Not dully prepoſſeſs'd, nor blindly right;
Tho' learn'd, well-bred; and tho' well-bred, ſincere;
Modeſtly bold, and humanly ſevere;
Who to a friend his faults can freely ſhow,
And gladly praiſe the merit of a foe?
Bleſt with a taſte exact, yet unconfin'd;
A knowledge both of books and human kind;
Gen'rous converſe; a ſoul exempt from pride;
And love to praiſe, with reaſon on his ſide?

COMMENTARY.

the *falſe Critic*, at large, he breaks out into an apoſtrophe, containing an exact and finiſhed character of the *true*; which, at the ſame time, ſerves for an eaſy and proper introduction to *this ſecond diviſion*. For having aſked [from ver. 630 to 643.] *Where's the man, etc.* he anſwers [from ver. 642 to 681.] That he was to be found in the happier ages of *Greece* and *Rome*; in the Characters of *Ariſtotle* and *Horace*, *Dionyſius* and *Petronius*, *Quintilian* and *Longinus*. Whoſe ſeveral excellencies he has not only well diſtinguiſhed, but has contraſted them with a peculiar elegance: the profound ſcience and logical method of Ariſtotle is oppoſed to the plain common ſenſe of Horace, conveyed in a natural and familiar negligence: the ſtudy and refinement of Dionyſius, to the gay and courtly eaſe of Petronius: and the gravity and minuteneſs of Quintilian to the vivacity and general topics of Longinus. Nor has the Poet been leſs careful, in theſe examples, to point out their eminence in the ſeveral *critical Virtues* he ſo carefully inculcated in his precepts. Thus in Horace he particularizes his Candour; in Petronius his Good-Breeding; in Quintilian his free and copious Inſtruction; and in Longinus his great and noble Spirit.

NOTES.

VER. 631. *But where's the man, etc.*] The Poet, by his manner of aſking after this Character, and telling us, when he had deſcribed it, that *ſuch once were Critics*, does not encourage us to ſearch for it amongſt modern writers. And indeed the diſcovery of him if it could be made, would be but an invidious affair. However I will venture to name the piece of Criticiſm in which all theſe marks may be found. It is intitled, *Q. Hor. Fl. Ars Poetica, et ejuſd. Ep. ad Aug. with an Engliſh Commentary and Notes.*

VER. 642. *With* REASON *on his ſide, etc.*] Not only *on his ſide*, but in actual Employment. The Critic makes but a mean figure, who when he has found out the beauties of his author, contents himſelf with ſhewing them to the world in only empty exclamations. His office is to explain their nature, ſhew from whence they ariſe, and what effects they produce; or in the better and fuller expreſſion of the Poet,

"To teach the world with REASON to admire."

Such

Such once were Critics; ſuch the happy few,
Athens and Rome in better ages knew.
The mighty Stagirite firſt left the ſhore,
Spread all his ſails, and durſt the deeps explore;
He ſteer'd ſecurely, and diſcover'd far,
Led by the light of the Maeonian ſtar.
Poets, a race long unconfin'd, and free,
Still fond and proud of ſavage liberty,
Receiv'd his laws; and ſtood convinc'd 'twas fit,
Who conquer'd Nature, ſhould preſide o'er Wit.
Horace ſtill charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into ſenſe,
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The trueſt notions in the eaſieſt way.

VARIATIONS.

Between ver. 646 and 649. I have found the following lines, ſince ſuppreſt by the author:

That bold Columbus of the realms of wit,
Whoſe firſt diſcovery's not exceeded yet.
Led by the Light of the Maeonian Star,
He ſteer'd ſecurely, and diſcover'd far.
He, when all Nature was ſubdu'd before,
Like his great Pupil, ſigh'd and long'd for more:
Fancy's wild regions yet unvanquiſh'd lay,
A boundleſs empire, and that own'd no ſway.
Poets, etc.

NOTES.

VER. 652. *Who conquer'd Nature, ſhould preſide o'er Wit.*] By this we muſt not underſtand *phyſical* Nature, but *moral*. The force of the obſervation conſiſts in giving it this ſenſe. The Poet not only uſes the word *Nature* for *human Nature*, throughout this poem; but alſo, where, in the beginning of it, he lays down the principles of the arts he treats of, he makes the knowledge of *human nature* the foundation of all *Criticiſm* and *Poetry*. Nor is the obſervation leſs true than appoſite. For, *Ariſtotle's natural* enquiries were ſuperficial, and ill-made, tho' extenſive: But his *logical* and *moral* works are ſupremely excellent. In his *moral*, he has unfolded the human mind, and has laid open all the receſſes of the heart and underſtanding; and in his *logical*, he has not only *conquered Nature*, but, by his Categories, has kept her in *tenfold Chains*; not as Dulneſs kept the Muſes, in the Dunciad, to ſilence them; but as Ariſtaeus held Proteus in Virgil, to deliver Oracles.

He, who ſupreme in judgment, as in wit,
Might boldly cenſure, as he boldly writ,
Yet judg'd with coolneſs, tho' he ſung with fire;
His Precepts teach but what his works inſpire.
Our Critics take a contrary extreme,
They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm:
Nor ſuffers Horace more in wrong Tranſlations
By Wits, than Critics in as wrong Quotations.
See Dionyſius Homer's thoughts refine,
And call new beauties forth from ev'ry line!
Fancy and art in gay Petronius pleaſe,
The ſcholar's learning, with the courtier's eaſe.
In grave Quintilian's copious work, we find
The juſteſt rules, and cleareſt method join'd:
Thus uſeful arms in magazines we place,
All rang'd in order, and diſpos'd with grace,
But leſs to pleaſe the eye, than arm the hand,
Still fit for uſe, and ready at command.
Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inſpire,
And bleſs their Critic with a Poet's fire.
An ardent Judge, who, zealous in his truſt,
With warmth gives ſentence, yet is always juſt:
Whoſe own example ſtrengthens all his laws;
And is himſelf that great Sublime he draws.
Thus long ſucceeding Critics juſtly reign'd,
Licence repreſs'd, and uſeful laws ordain'd.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 681. *Thus long ſucceeding Critics, etc.*] The *next period* in which the true Critic (he tells us) appeared, was at the revival and reſtoration of letters in the Weſt. This occaſions his giving

NOTES.

VER. 665. *See Dionyſius*] Of Halicarnaſſus. P.

Learning

Learning and Rome alike in empire grew;
And arts ſtill follow'd where her eagles flew;
From the ſame foes, at laſt, both felt their doom,
And the ſame age ſaw Learning fall and Rome.
With Tyranny, then Superſtition join'd,
As that the body, this enſlav'd the mind;
Much was believ'd, but little underſtood,
And to be dull was conſtru'd to be good;
A ſecond deluge Learning thus o'er-run,
And the Monks finiſh'd what the Goths begun.
At length Eraſmus, that great injur'd name,
(The glory of the Prieſthood, and the ſhame!)

VARIATIONS.

Between ver. 690 and 691. the author omitted theſe two:

Vain Wits and Critics were no more allow'd,
When none but Saints had licence to be proud. P.

COMMENTARY.

giving a ſhort hiſtory [from ver. 682 to 709.] of the decline and re-eſtabliſhment of arts and ſciences in *Italy*. He ſhews that they both fell under the ſame enemy, *deſpotic power*; and that when both had made ſome little efforts to recover themſelves, they were ſoon again overwhelmed

NOTES.

VER. 693. *At length* Eraſmus, *etc.*] Nothing can be more artful than the application of this example; or more happy than the turn of the compliment. To throw glory quite round the Character of this admirable Perſon, he makes it to be (as in fact it really was) by his aſſiſtance chiefly, that *Leo* was enabled to reſtore letters and the fine arts in his Pontificate.

VER. 694. *The glory of the Prieſthood, and the ſhame!*] Our author elſewhere lets us know what he eſteems to be the *glory of the Prieſthood* as well as of a Chriſtian in general, where, comparing himſelf to *Eraſmus*, he ſays,

"In MODERATION placing all my glory,"

and conſequently what he regards as the *ſhame* of it. The whole of this character belonged eminently and almoſt ſolely to *Eraſmus:* For the other Reformers, ſuch as *Luther*, *Calvin*, and their followers, underſtood ſo little in what true Chriſtian Liberty conſiſted, that they carried with them, into the reformed Churches, that very ſpirit of *perſecution*, which had driven them from the church of Rome.

695 Stem'd

Stem'd the wild torrent of a barb'rous age,
And drove thoſe holy Vandals off the ſtage.
But ſee! each Muſe, in LEO's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays,
Rome's ancient Genius, o'er its ruins ſpread,
Shakes off the duſt, and rears his rev'rend head.
Then Sculpture and her ſiſter-arts revive;
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;
With ſweeter notes each riſing Temple rung;
A Raphael painted, and a Vida ſung.

Immortal

COMMENTARY.

ed by a *ſecond deluge* of another kind, namely, *Superſtition*; and a calm of Dulneſs finiſhed upon Rome and Letters what the rage of Barbariſm had begun:

" A *ſecond deluge* learning thus o'er-run,
" And the *Monk* finiſh'd what the *Goth* begun."

When things had long remained in this condition, and all hopes of recovery now ſeemed deſperate, it was a CRITIC, our Author ſhews us, for the honour of the *Art* he here teaches, who at length broke the charm of Dulneſs, who diſſipated the inchantment, and, like another Hercules, drove thoſe cowl'd and *hooded ſerpents* from the Heſperian tree of knowledge, which they had ſo long guarded from human approach.

VER. 697. *But ſee! each Muſe, in Leo's golden days.*] This preſents us with the *ſecond period* in which the *true Critic* appeared; of whom he has given us a complete idea in the ſingle example of Marcus Hieronymus Vida: For his ſubject being poetical Criticiſm, for the uſe principally of a critical Poet; his example is an eminent poetical Critic, who had written of the art of Poetry in verſe.

NOTES.

VER. 696. *And drove thoſe holy Vandals off the ſtage.*] In this attack on the *eſtabliſhed ignorance* of the times, Eraſmus ſucceeded ſo well, as to bring good Letters into faſhion: to which he gave new ſplendor, by preparing for the preſs corrected editions of many of the beſt ancient writers, both eccleſiaſtical and prophane. But having laughed and ſhamed his age out of one folly, he had the mortification of ſeeing it run headlong into another. The VIRTUOSI of Italy, in a ſuperſtitious dread of that monkiſh barbarity which he had ſo ſeverely handled, would uſe no term (for now almoſt every man was become a Latin writer) not even when they treated of the higheſt myſteries of Religion, which had not been conſecrated in the Capitol, and diſpenſed unto them from the ſacred hand of CICERO. Eraſmus obſerved the growth of this claſſical folly with the greater concern, as he diſcovered under all their attention to the language of old Rome, a certain fondneſs for its religion, in a growing impiety which diſpoſed them to think irreverently of the Chriſtian Faith. And he no ſooner diſcovered it than he ſet

upon

Immortal Vida: on whoſe honour'd brow
The Poet's bays and Critic's ivy grow:
Cremona now ſhall ever boaſt thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!
But ſoon by impious arms from Latium chas'd,
Their ancient bounds the baniſh'd Muſes paſs'd.
Thence Arts o'er all the northern world advance,
But Critic-learning flouriſh'd moſt in France;

COMMENTARY.

VER. 709. *But ſoon by* impious arms, *etc.*] This brings us to the *third period*, after learning had travelled ſtill farther Weſt; when the arms of the Emperor, in the ſack of Rome by the duke of Bourbon, had driven it out of Italy, and forced it to paſs the *Mountains* — The examples he gives in this period, are of Boileau in France, and of the Lord Roſcommon and the Duke of Buckingham in England: And theſe were all Poets, as well as Critics in verſe. It is true, the laſt inſtance is of one who was no eminent poet, the late Mr. *Walſh*. This ſmall deviation might be well overlooked, were it only for its being a pious office to the memory of his friend: But it may be farther juſtified, as it was an homage paid in particular to the MORALS of the Critic, nothing being more amiable than the character here drawn of this excellent perſon. He being our Author's Judge and Cenſor as well as Friend, it gives him a graceful opportunity to add himſelf to the number of the later Critics; and with a character of his own genius and temper, ſuſtained by that modeſty and dignity which it is ſo difficult to make conſiſtent, this performance concludes.

I have here given a ſhort and plain account of the ESSAY ON CRITICISM; concerning which, I have but one thing more to ſay: That when the Reader conſiders the Regularity of the plan, the maſterly Conduct of each part, the penetration into Nature, and the compaſs of Learning throughout, he ſhould at the ſame time know, it was the work of an Author who had not attained the twentieth year of his age.

NOTES.

upon reforming it; which he did ſo effectually in the Dialogue, intitled CICERONIANUS, that he brought the age back to that juſt temper, which he had been, all his life, endeavouring to mark out to it: Purity, but not Pedantry; in LETTERS; and Zeal, but not Bigotry, in RELIGION. In a word, by employing his great talents of genius and literature on ſubjects of general importance; and by oppoſing the extremes of all parties in their turns; he completed the rare character of a TRUE CRITIC and an HONEST MAN.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 708. *As next in place to Mantua,*] Alluding to

" Mantua vae miſerae nimium vicina Cremonae." *Virg.*

The

The rules a nation, born to ſerve, obeys;
And Boileau ſtill in right of Horace ſways.
But we, brave Britons, foreign laws deſpis'd,
And kept unconquer'd, and unciviliz'd;
Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We ſtill defy'd the Romans, as of old.
Yet ſome there were, among the ſounder few
Of thoſe who leſs preſum'd, and better knew,
Who durſt aſſert the juſter ancient cauſe,
And here reſtor'd Wit's fundamental laws.
Such was the Muſe, whoſe rules and practice tell,
" Nature's chief Maſter-piece is writing well."
Such was Roſcommon, not more learn'd than good,
With manners gen'rous as his noble blood;
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And ev'ry author's merit, but his own.

NOTES.

VER. 723. *Such was the Muſe*—] *Eſſay on Poetry* by the Duke of Buckingham. Our Poet is not the only one of his time who complimented this *Eſſay*, and its noble Author. Mr. Dryden had done it very largely in the Dedication to his tranſlation of the Æneid, and Dr. Garth in the firſt Edition of his Diſpenſary ſays,

" The Tyber now no courtly Gallus ſees,
" But ſmiling Thames enjoys his Normanbys;"

Tho' afterwards omitted, when parties were carried ſo high in the reign of Queen Anne, as to allow no commendation to an oppoſite in Politics. The Duke was all his life a ſteddy adherent to the Church of England Party, yet an enemy to the extravagant Meaſures of the Court in the reign of Charles II. On which account, after having ſtrongly patronized Mr. Dryden, a coolneſs ſucceeded between them on that poet's abſolute attachment to the Court, which carried him ſome lengths beyond what the Duke could approve of. This nobleman's true character had been very well marked by Mr. Dryden before,

" The Muſe's friend,
" Himſelf a Muſe. In Sanadrin's debate
" True to his prince, but not a ſlave of ſtate."
Abſ. and Achit.

Our Author was more happy; he was honoured very young with his friendſhip, and it continued till his death in all the circumſtances of a familiar eſteem. P.

Such

Such late was Walſh—the Muſe's judge and friend,
Who juſtly knew to blame or to commend;
To failings mild, but zealous for deſert;
The cleareſt head, and the ſincereſt heart.
This humble praiſe, lamented ſhade! receive,
This praiſe at leaſt a grateful Muſe may give:
The Muſe, whoſe early voice you taught to ſing,
Preſcrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,
(Her guide now loſt) no more attempts to riſe,
But in low numbers ſhort excurſions tries:
Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew:
Careleſs of cenſure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleas'd to praiſe, yet not afraid to blame;
Averſe alike to flatter, or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

THE

RAPE of the LOCK.

AN

HEROI-COMICAL

POEM.

Written in the Year M DCC XII.

TO

Mrs. ARABELLA FERMOR.

MADAM,

IT will be in vain to deny that I have ſome regard for this piece, ſince I dedicate it to You. Yet you may bear me witneſs, it was intended only to divert a few young Ladies, who have good ſenſe and good humour enough to laugh not only at their ſex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a Secret, it ſoon found its way into the world. An imperfect copy having been offered to a Bookſeller, you had the good-nature for my ſake to conſent to the publication of one more correct: This I was forc'd to, before I had executed half my deſign, for the Machinery was entirely wanting to complete it.

The Machinery, Madam, is a term invented by the Critics, to ſignify that part which the Deities, Angels, or Daemons are made to act in a Poem: For the ancient Poets are in one reſpect like many modern Ladies: let an action be never ſo trivial in itſelf, they always make it appear of the utmoſt importance. Theſe Machines I determined to raiſe on a very new and odd foundation, the Roſicrucian doctrine of Spirits.

I know how diſagreeable it is to make uſe of hard words before a Lady; but 'tis ſo much the concern of a Poet to have his works underſtood, and particularly by your Sex, that you muſt give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

The Roſicrucians are a people I muſt bring you acquainted with. The beſt account I know of them is in a French book called *Le Comte de Gabalis*, which both in its title and ſize is ſo like a Novel, that many of the Fair Sex have read it for one by miſtake. According to theſe Gentlemen the four Elements are inhabited by Spirits, which they call Sylphs, Gnomes, Nymphs, and Salamanders. The Gnomes or Daemons of Earth delight in miſchief; but the Sylphs, whoſe habitation is in the Air, are the beſt conditioned Creatures imaginable. For they ſay, any mortals may enjoy the moſt intimate familiarities with theſe gentle Spirits, upon a condition very eaſy to all true Adepts, an inviolate preſervation of Chaſtity.

As to the following Canto's, all the paſſages of them are as fabulous, as the Viſion at the beginning, or the Transformation at the end; (except the loſs of your Hair, which I always mention with reverence.) The Human perſons are as fictitious as the Airy ones; and the Character of Belinda, as it is now managed, reſembles you in nothing but in Beauty.

If this Poem had as many Graces as there are in your Perſon, or in your Mind, yet I could never hope it ſhould paſs through the world half ſo Uncenſured as You have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this occaſion of aſſuring you that I am, with the trueſt eſteem,

MADAM,

Your moſt obedient, humble Servant,

A. POPE.

THE

RAPE of the LOCK.

* Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos;
Sed juvat, hoc precibus me tribuiſſe tuis. MART.

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from am'rous cauſes ſprings,
What mighty conteſts riſe from trivial things,
I ſing—This verſe to CARYL, Muſe! is due:
This, ev'n Belinda may vouchſafe to view:
Slight is the ſubject, but not ſo the praiſe,
If She inſpire, and He approve my lays.
Say what ſtrange motive, Goddeſs! could compel
A well-bred Lord t' aſſault a gentle Belle?

NOTES.

* It appears by this Motto, that the following Poem was written or publiſhed at the Lady's requeſt. But there are ſome further circumſtances not unworthy relating. Mr. Caryl (a Gentleman who was Secretary to Queen Mary, wife of James II. whoſe fortunes he followed into France, Author of the Comedy of *Sir Solomon Single*, and of ſeveral tranſlations in Dryden's Miſcellanies) originally propoſed the ſubject to him, in a view of putting an end, by this piece of ridicule, to a quarrel that was riſen between two noble Families, thoſe of Lord Petre and of Mrs. Fermor, on the trifling occaſion of his having cut off a lock of her hair. The Author ſent it to the Lady, with whom he was acquainted; and ſhe took it ſo well as to give about copies of it. That firſt ſketch (we learn from one of his Letters) was written in leſs than a fortnight, in 1711, in two Cantos only, and it was ſo printed; firſt, in a Miſcellany of Bern. Lintot's, without the name of the Author. But it was received ſo well, that he made it more conſiderable the next year by the addition of the machinery of the Sylphs, and extended it to five Canto's. We ſhall give the reader the pleaſure of ſeeing in what manner theſe additions were inſerted, ſo as to ſeem not to be added, but to grow out of the Poem. See Notes, Cant. I. ver. 19, etc. P.

This inſertion he always eſteemed, and juſtly, the greateſt effort of his *ſkill* and *art* as a Poet.

O ſay what ſtranger cauſe, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle Belle reject a Lord?
In taſks ſo bold, can little men engage,
And in ſoft boſoms, dwells ſuch mighty rage?
Sol through white curtains ſhot a tim'rous ray,
And ope'd thoſe eyes that muſt eclipſe the day:
Now lap-dogs give themſelves the rouſing ſhake,
And ſleepleſs lovers, juſt at twelve, awake:
Thrice rung the bell, the ſlipper knock'd the ground,
And the preſs'd watch return'd a ſilver ſound.
Belinda ſtill her downy pillow preſt,
Her guardian SYLPH prolong'd the balmy reſt:

'Twas

VARIATIONS.

VER. 11, 12. It was in the firſt Editions,
And dwells ſuch rage in ſofteſt boſoms then,
And lodge ſuch daring Souls in little Men? P.

VER. 13, etc. ſtood thus in the firſt Edition,
Sol through white curtains did his beams diſplay,
And ope'd thoſe eyes which brighter ſhone than they:
Shock juſt had giv'n himſelf the rouſing ſhake,
And Nymphs prepar'd their Chocolate to take;
Thrice the wrought ſlipper knock'd againſt the ground,
And ſtriking watches the tenth hour reſound. P.

NOTES.

VER. 19. *Belinda ſtill, etc.*] All the verſes from hence to the end of this Canto were added afterwards. P.

VER. 20. *Her guardian Sylph*] When Mr. Pope had projected to give *The Rape of the Lock* its preſent form of a mock-heroic poem, he was obliged to find it with its Machinery. For as the ſubject of the Epic conſiſts of two parts, the *metaphyſical* and the *civil*; ſo this mock epic, which is of the ſatyric kind, and receives its grace from a ludicrous mimickry of the other's pomp and ſolemnity, was to have the like compounded Nature. And, as the *civil* part is intentionally debaſed by the choice of a trifling action; ſo ſhould the *metaphyſical*, by the application of ſome very extravagant ſyſtem. A rule, which though neither Boileau nor Garth had been careful enough to attend to, our Author's good ſenſe would not ſuffer him to overlook. And that ſort of Machinery which his judgment informed him was only fit for

uſe,

'Twas He had ſummon'd to her ſilent bed
The morning-dream that hover'd o'er her head,
A Youth more glitt'ring than a Birth-night Beau,
(That ev'n in ſlumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whiſpers ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay.
  Faireſt of mortals, thou diſtinguiſh'd care
Of thouſand bright Inhabitants of Air!
If e'er one Viſion touch'd thy infant thought,
Of all the Nurſe and all the Prieſt have taught;
Of airy Elves by moonlight ſhadows ſeen,
The ſilver token, and the circled green,

NOTES.

uſe, his admirable INVENTION ſoon ſupplied. There was but one ſyſtematic extravagance in all nature which was to his purpoſe, the ROSICRUCIAN PHILOSOPHY; and this by the effort of a well-directed imagination, he preſently ſeized. The fanatic Alchemiſts, in their ſearch after the great ſecret, had invented a means altogether ſuitable to their end: It was a kind of Theological Philoſophy, made up in a mixture of almoſt equal parts of Pagan Platoniſm, Chriſtian Quietiſm, and the Jewiſh Cabbala; a mixture monſtrous enough to fright Reaſon from human commerce. This ſyſtem, he tells us, he took as he found it in a little French tract called, *Le Comte de Gabalis*. The book is written in Dialogue, and is a delicate and very ingenious piece of raillery on that inviſible ſect, by the Abbé Villiers; the ſtrange ſtories that went about of the feats and adventures of their Adepts, making, at that time, a great deal of noiſe at Paris. But, as in this ſatirical Dialogue, Mr. P. found ſeveral whimſies of a very high myſterious nature, told of their elementary Beings, which were unfit to come into the machinery of ſuch a ſort of poem, he has, in their ſtead, with great judgment ſubſtituted the Legendary ſtories of *Guardian Angels*, and the Nurſery Tales of the *Fairies*; and dextrouſly accommodated them to the reſt of the *Roſicrucian Syſtem*. And to this artful addreſs (unleſs we will be ſo uncharitable to think he intended to give a needleſs ſcandal) we muſt ſuppoſe he referred, in theſe two lines,

" If e'er one Viſion touch'd thy infant thought,
" Of all the *nurſe*, and all the *prieſt* have taught."

Thus, by the moſt beautiful invention imaginable, he has contrived that (as in the ſerious Epic, the popular belief ſupports the Machinery) in his mock epic, the Machinery (taken from a circumſtance the moſt humbling to reaſon in all philoſophic fanaticiſm) ſhould ſerve to diſmount learned pride and arrogance.

Or virgins viſited by Angel-pow'rs,
With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly flow'rs;
Hear and believe! thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
Some ſecret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
To Maids alone and Children are reveal'd:
What though no credit doubting Wits may give?
The Fair and Innocent ſhall ſtill believe.
Know then, unnumber'd Spirits round thee fly,
The light Militia of the lower ſky:
Theſe, though unſeen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the Box, and hover round the Ring.
Think what an equipage thou haſt in Air,
And view with ſcorn two Pages and a Chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once inclos'd in Woman's beauteous mould;
Thence, by a ſoft tranſition, we repair
From earthly Vehicles to theſe of air.
Think not, when Woman's tranſient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead;
Succeeding vanities ſhe ſtill regards,
And though ſhe plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.

NOTES.

VER. 47. *As now your own, etc.*] The Poet here forſakes the Roſicrucian ſyſtem; which, in this part, is too extravagant even for ludicrous Poetry; and gives a beautiful fiction of his own, on the Platonic Theology, of the continuance of the paſſions in *another ſtate*, when the mind, before its leaving *this*, has not been well purged and purified by philoſophy; which furniſhes an occaſion for much uſeful ſatire.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 54, 55. "Quae gratia currûm
"Armorumque fuit vivis, quae cura nitentes
"Paſcere equos, eadem ſequitur tellure repoſtos."
Virg. Aeneid. vi.

P. Her

Her joy in gilded Chariots, when alive,
And love of Ombre, after death ſurvive.
For when the Fair in all their pride expire,
To their firſt elements their Souls retire:
The Sprites of fiery Termagants in Flame
Mount up, and take a Salamander's name.
Soft yielding minds to Water glide away,
And ſip, with Nymphs, their elemental Tea.
The graver Prude ſinks downward to a Gnome,
In ſearch of miſchief ſtill on Earth to roam.
The light Coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair,
And ſport and flutter in the fields of Air.
Know farther yet; whoever fair and chaſte
Rejects mankind, is by ſome Sylph embrac'd:
For Spirits, freed from mortal laws, with eaſe
Aſſume what ſexes and what ſhapes they pleaſe.
What guards the purity of melting Maids,
In courtly balls, and midnight maſquerades,
Safe from the treach'rous friend, the daring ſpark,
The glance by day, the whiſper in the dark,
When kind occaſion prompts their warm deſires,
When muſic ſoftens, and when dancing fires?
'Tis but their Sylph, the wiſe Celeſtials know,
Tho' Honour is the word with Men below.

NOTES.

VER. 68. *is by ſome Sylph embrac'd:*] Here again the Author reſumes the Roſicrucian ſyſtem. But this tenet, peculiar to that wild philoſophy, was founded on a *principle* very unfit to be employed in ſuch a ſort of poem, and therefore ſuppreſſed, though a leſs judicious writer would have been tempted to expatiate upon it.

VER. 78. *Though Honour is the word with Men below.*] Parody of Homer.

Some nymphs there are, too conſcious of their face,
For life predeſtin'd to the Gnomes embrace.
Theſe ſwell their proſpects and exalt their pride,
When offers are diſdain'd, and love deny'd:
Then gay Ideas croud the vacant brain,
While Peers, and Dukes, and all their ſweeping train,
And Garters, Stars, and Coronets appear,
And in ſoft ſounds, YOUR GRACE ſalutes their ear.
'Tis theſe that early taint the female ſoul,
Inſtruct the eyes of young Coquettes to roll,
Teach Infant-cheeks a bidden bluſh to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a Beau.

Oft, when the world imagine women ſtray,
The Sylphs through myſtic mazes guide their way,
Through all the giddy circle they purſue,
And old impertinence expell by new.
What tender maid but muſt a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
When Florio ſpeaks, what virgin could withſtand,
If gentle Damon did not ſqueeze her hand?
With varying vanities, from ev'ry part,
They ſhift the moving Toyſhop of their heart;
Where wigs with wigs, with ſword-knots ſword-knots ſtrive,
Beaux baniſh beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
This erring mortals Levity may call,
Oh blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 101. "Jam clypeus clypeis, umbone repellitur umbo,
"Enſe minax enſis, pede pes, et cuſpide cuſpis," etc. *Stat.*

105 Of

Of theſe am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful ſprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late, as I rang'd the cryſtal wilds of air,
In the clear mirror of thy ruling Star
I ſaw, alas! ſome dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning ſun deſcend,
But heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where:
Warn'd by the Sylph, oh pious maid, beware!
This to diſcloſe is all thy guardian can:
Beware of all, but moſt beware of Man!
He ſaid; when Shock, who thought ſhe ſlept too long,
Leap'd up, and wak'd his miſtreſs with his tongue.
'Twas then, Belinda, if report ſay true,
Thy eyes firſt open'd on a Billet-doux;
Wounds, Charms, and Ardours, were no ſooner read,
But all the Viſion vaniſh'd from thy head.
And now, unveil'd, the Toilet ſtands diſplay'd,
Each ſilver Vaſe in myſtic order laid.

First,

NOTES.

VER. 108. *In the clear mirror*] The Language of the Platoniſts, the writers of the intelligible world of Spirits, etc. P.

VER. 113. *This to diſcloſe, etc.*] There is much pleaſantry in the conduct of this ſcene. The Roſicrucian Doctrine was delivered only to *Adepts*, with the utmoſt caution, and under the moſt ſolemn injunctions of ſecrecy. It is here communicated to a Woman, and in that way of conveyance, which a Woman moſt delights to make the ſubject of her converſation; that is to ſay, her *Dreams*.

VER. 121. *And now, unveil'd, etc.*] The tranſlation of theſe verſes, containing the deſcription of the toilette, by our Author's friend Dr. Parnell, deſerve, for their humour, to be here inſerted. P.

Et nunc dilectum ſpeculum, pro more retectum,
Emicat in menſa, quae ſplendet pyxide denſa:
Tum primum lympha ſe purgat candida Nympha,
Jamque ſine menda, coeleſtis imago videnda,

Nuda

Firſt, rob'd in white, the Nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the Coſmetic pow'rs.
A heav'nly Image in the glaſs appears,
To that ſhe bends, to that her eyes ſhe rears;
Th' inferior Prieſteſs, at her altar's ſide,
Trembling begins the ſacred rites of Pride.
Unnumber'd treaſures ope at once, and here
The various off'rings of the world appear;
From each ſhe nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the Goddeſs with the glitt'ring ſpoil.

NOTES.

Nuda caput, bellos retinet, regit, implet ocellos.
Haec ſtupet implorans, ceu cultûs numen adorans.
Inferior claram Pythoniſſa apparet ad aram,
Fertque tibi caute, dicatque Superbia! laute,
Dona venuſta; oris, quae cunctis, plena laboris,
Excerpta explorat, dominamque deamque decorat.
Pyxide devota, ſe pandit hic India tota,
Et tota ex iſta tranſpirat Arabia ciſta;
Teſtudo hic flectit dum ſe mea Leſbia pectit;
Atque elephas lente, te pectit Leſbia dente;
Hunc maculis noris, nivei jacet ille coloris.
Hic jacet et munde, mundus muliebris abunde;
Spinula reſplendens aeris longo ordine pendens,
Pulvis ſuavis odore, et epiſtola ſuavis amore,
Induit arma ergo Veneris pulcherrima virgo;
Pulchrior in praeſens tempus de tempore creſcens,
Jam reparat riſus, jam ſurgit gratia viſus,
Jam promit cultu, mirac'la latentia vultu;
Pigmina jam miſcet, quo plus ſua Purpura gliſcet,
Et geminans bellis ſplendet mage fulgor ocellis.
Stant Lemures muti, Nymphae intentique ſaluti,
Hic figit Zonam, capiti locat ille Coronam,
Haec manicis formam, plicis dat et altera normam,
Et tibi, vel *Betty* tibi vel nitidiſſima *Letty!*
Gloria factorum temere conceditur horum.

This caſket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoiſe here and elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the ſpeckled, and the white.
Here files of pins extend their ſhining rows,
Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment riſes in her charms,
Repairs her ſmiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer bluſh ariſe,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The buſy Sylphs ſurround their darling care,
Theſe ſet the head, and thoſe divide the hair,
Some fold the ſleeve, whilſt others plait the gown;
And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

NOTES.

VER. 145. *The buſy Sylphs, etc.*] Ancient Traditions of the Rabbi's relate, that ſeveral of the fallen Angels became amorous of Women, and particularize ſome; among the reſt Aſael, who lay with Naamah, the wife of Noah, or of Ham; and who continuing impenitent, ſtill preſides over the Women's Toilets. Bereſhi Rabbi in Geneſ. vi. 2. P.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO II.

NOT with more glories, in th' etherial plain,
The Sun firſt riſes o'er the purpled main,
Than, iſſuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the boſom of the ſilver Thames.
Fair Nymphs, and well-dreſt Youths around her ſhone,
But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone.
On her white breaſt a ſparkling Croſs ſhe wore,
Which Jews might kiſs, and Infidels adore.
Her lively looks a ſprightly mind diſcloſe,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as thoſe:
Favours to none, to all ſhe ſmiles extends;
Oft ſhe rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the ſun, her eyes the gazers ſtrike,
And, like the ſun, they ſhine on all alike.
Yet graceful eaſe, and ſweetneſs void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if Belles had faults to hide:
If to her ſhare ſome female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.
This Nymph, to the deſtruction of mankind,
Nouriſh'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind

VARIATIONS.

VER. 4. *Launch'd on the boſom, etc.*] From hence the poem continues, in the firſt Edition, to ver. 46.

" The reſt the winds diſpers'd in empty air ;"

all after, to the end of this Canto, being additional. P.

In

In equal curls, and well conſpir'd to deck
With ſhining ringlets the ſmooth iv'ry neck.
Love in theſe labyrinths his ſlaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in ſlender chains.
With hairy ſpringes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair ſurprize the finny prey,
Fair treſſes man's imperial race inſnare,
And beauty draws us with a ſingle hair.
Th' advent'rous Baron the bright locks admir'd;
He ſaw, he wiſh'd, and to the prize aſpir'd.
Reſolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By force to raviſh, or by fraud betray;
For when ſucceſs a Lover's toil attends,
Few aſk, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.
For this, ere Phoebus roſe, he had implor'd
Propitious heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd,
But chiefly Love—to Love an Altar built,
Of twelve vaſt French Romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves;
And all the trophies of his former loves;
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three am'rous ſighs to raiſe the fire.
Then proſtrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long poſſeſs the prize:

NOTES.

VER. 25. *With hairy ſpringes.*] In alluſion to Anacreon's manner.

VER. 28. *With a ſingle hair.*] In alluſion to thoſe lines of Hudibras, applied to the ſame purpoſe,

" And tho' it be a two foot Trout,
" 'Tis with a ſingle hair pull'd out."

The pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r,
The reſt, the winds diſpers'd in empty air.
But now ſecure the painted veſſel glides,
The ſun-beams trembling on the floating tides:
While melting muſic ſteals upon the ſky,
And ſoften'd ſounds along the waters die;
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda ſmil'd, and all the world was gay.
All but the Sylph — with careful thoughts oppreſt,
Th' impending woe ſat heavy on his breaſt.
He ſummons ſtraight his Denizens of air;
The lucid ſquadrons round the ſails repair:
Soft o'er the ſhrouds aërial whiſpers breathe,
That ſeem'd but Zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the ſun their inſect-wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or ſink in clouds of gold;
Tranſparent forms, too fine for mortal ſight,
Their fluid bodies half diſſolv'd in light.
Looſe to the wind their airy garments flew.
Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,
Dipt in the richeſt tincture of the ſkies,
Where light diſports in ever-mingling dyes;
While ev'ry beam new tranſient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle, on the gilded maſt,
Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd;
His purple pinions op'ning to the ſun,
He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 45. *The pow'rs gave ear,*] Virg. Aeneid. xi. P.

Ye

Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear,
Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Daemons hear!
Ye know the ſpheres, and various taſks aſſign'd
By laws eternal to th' aërial kind.
Some in the fields of pureſt Ether play,
And baſk and whiten in the blaze of day.
Some guide the courſe of wand'ring orbs on high,
Or roll the planets through the boundleſs ſky.
Some leſs refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light
Purſue the ſtars that ſhoot athwart the night,
Or ſuck the miſts in groſſer air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempeſts on the wintry main,
Or o'er the glebe diſtil the kindly rain.
Others on earth o'er human race preſide,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of theſe the chief the care of Nations own,
And guard with Arms divine the Britiſh Throne.

Our humbler province is to tend the Fair,
Not a leſs pleaſing, tho' leſs glorious care;
To ſave the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th' impriſon'd eſſences exhale;
To draw freſh colours from the vernal flow'rs;
To ſteal from Rainbows ere they drop in ſhow'rs

NOTES.

VER. 90. *And guard with Arms*] The Poet was too judicious to deſire this ſhould be underſtood as a compliment. He intended it for a meer piece of raillery; ſuch as he more openly purſues on another occaſion; when he ſays,

" Where's now the Star which lighted Charles to riſe?
" With that which follow'd Julius to the ſkies.
" Angels, that watch'd the Royal Oak ſo well,
" How chanc'd you ſlept when luckleſs Sorrel fell?"

A brighter waſh; to curl their waving hairs,
Aſſiſt their bluſhes, and inſpire their airs;
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we beſtow,
To change a Flounce, or add a Furbelow.
This day, black Omens threat the brighteſt Fair
That e'er deſerv'd a watchful ſpirit's care;
Some dire diſaſter, or by force, or ſlight;
But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night.
Whether the nymph ſhall break Diana's law,
Or ſome frail China jar receive a flaw;
Or ſtain her honour, or her new brocade;
Forget her pray'rs, or miſs a maſquerade;
Or loſe her heart, or necklace, at a ball;
Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that Shock muſt fall.
Haſte then, ye ſpirits! to your charge repair:
The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we conſign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Criſpiſſa, tend her fav'rite Lock;
Ariel himſelf ſhall be the guard of Shock.
To fifty choſen Sylphs, of ſpecial note,
We truſt th' important charge, the Petticoat:
Oft have we known that ſeven-fold fence to fail,
Tho' ſtiff with hoops and arm'd with ribs of whale;

NOTES.

VER. 105. *Whether the nymph, etc.*] The diſaſter, which makes the ſubject of this poem, being a *trifle*, taken *ſeriouſly*; it naturally led the Poet into this fine ſatire on the female eſtimate of human miſchances.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 119. "—*clypei dominus* ſeptemplicis *Ajax*." Ovid.

Form

Form a ſtrong line about the ſilver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.
Whatever ſpirit, careleſs of his charge,
His poſt neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel ſharp vengeance ſoon o'ertake his ſins,
Be ſtop'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter waſhes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
Gums and Pomatums ſhall his flight reſtrain,
While clog'd he beats his ſilken wings in vain;
Or Alum ſtyptics with contracting pow'r
Shrink his thin eſſence like a rivel'd flow'r:
Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch ſhall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling Mill,
In fumes of burning Chocolate ſhall glow,
And tremble at the ſea that froths below!
He ſpoke; the ſpirits from the ſails deſcend;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendents of her ear;
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 121. *about the ſilver bound,*] In alluſion to the ſhield of Achilles,

" Thus the broad ſhield complete the Artiſt crown'd,
" With his laſt hand, and pour'd the Ocean round:
" In living *Silver* ſeem'd the waves to roll,
" And beat the Buckler's *verge*, *and bound the whole*."

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO III.

CLOSE by thoſe meads, for ever crown'd with flow'rs,
Where Thames with pride ſurveys his riſing tow'rs,
There ſtands a ſtructure of majeſtic frame,
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's ſtateſmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign Tyrants, and of Nymphs at home;
Here thou, great ANNA! whom three realms obey,
Doſt ſometimes counſel take—and ſometimes Tea.
Hither the Heroes and the Nymphs reſort,
To taſte awhile the pleaſures of a Court;
In various talk th' inſtructive hours they paſt,
Who gave the ball, or paid the viſit laſt;
One ſpeaks the glory of the Britiſh Queen,
And one deſcribes a charming Indian ſcreen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At ev'ry word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, ſupply each pauſe of chat,
With ſinging, laughing, ogling, *and all that*.
Mean while, declining from the noon of day,
The ſun obliquely ſhoots his burning ray;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 1. *Cloſe by thoſe meads,*] The firſt Edition continues from this line to ver. 24. of this Canto. P.

VER. 11, 12. Originally in the firſt Edition,

In various talk the chearful hours they paſt,
Of, who was bit, or who capotted laſt. P.

The

The hungry Judges ſoon the ſentence ſign,
And wretches hang that Jury-men may dine;
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the Toilet ceaſe.
Belinda now, whom thirſt of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two advent'rous Knights,
At Ombre ſingly to decide their doom;
And ſwells her breaſt with conqueſts yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the ſacred nine.
Soon as ſhe ſpreads her hand, th' aërial guard
Deſcend, and ſit on each important card:
Firſt Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore;
For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wond'rous fond of place.
Behold, four Kings in majeſty rever'd,
With hoary whiſkers and a forky beard;
And four fair Queens whoſe hands ſuſtain a flow'r,
Th' expreſſive emblem of their ſofter pow'r;
Four Knaves in garbs ſuccinct, a truſty band;
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
And parti-colour'd troops, a ſhining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.
The ſkilful Nymph reviews her force with care:
Let Spades be trumps! ſhe ſaid, and trumps they were.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 24. *And the long labours of the Toilet ceaſe.*] All that follows of the game at *Ombre*, was added ſince the firſt Edition, till ver. 105. which connected thus,

Sudden the board with cups and ſpoons is crown'd. P.

Now

Now move to war her ſable Matadores,
In ſhow like leaders of the ſwarthy Moors.
Spadillio firſt, unconquerable Lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and ſwept the board.
As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
Him Baſto follow'd, but his fate more hard
Gain'd but one trump and one Plebeian card.
With his broad ſabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary Majeſty of Spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to ſight reveal'd,
The reſt, his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the juſt victim of his royal rage.
Ev'n mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'erthrew,
And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu,
Sad chance of war! now deſtitute of aid,
Falls undiſtinguiſh'd by the victor Spade!
Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.
His warlike Amazon her hoſt invades,
Th' imperial conſort of the crown of Spades.
The Club's black Tyrant firſt her victim dy'd,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous pride:
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs, in ſtate unwieldy ſpread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only graſps the globe?

NOTES.

VER. 47. *Now move to war, etc.*] The whole idea of this deſcription of a game at Ombre, is taken from Vida's deſcription of a game at Cheſs, in his poem intitled *Scacchia Ludus*.

The

The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace;
Th' embroider'd King who ſhews but half his face,
And his refulgent Queen, with pow'rs combin'd
Of broken troops an eaſy conqueſt find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild diſorder ſeen,
With throngs promiſcuous ſtrow the level green.
Thus when diſpers'd a routed army runs,
Of Aſia's troops, and Afric's ſable ſons,
With like confuſion different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye;
The pierc'd battalions diſunited fall,
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh ſhameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.
At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forſook,
A livid paleneſs ſpreads o'er all her look;
She ſees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Juſt in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.
And now (as oft in ſome diſtemper'd State)
On one nice Trick depends the gen'ral fate:
An Ace of Hearts ſteps forth: The King unſeen
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen:
He ſprings to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the proſtrate Ace.
The nymph exulting fills with ſhouts the ſky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.
Oh thoughtleſs mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too ſoon dejected, and too ſoon elate.

Sudden,

IMITATIONS.

VER. 101. " Neſcia mens hominum fati ſortiſque futurae;
" Et ſervare modum, rebus ſublata ſecundis!

Sudden, theſe honours ſhall be ſnatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.
For lo! the board with cups and ſpoons is crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;
On ſhining altars of Japan they raiſe
The ſilver lamp; the fiery ſpirits blaze:
From ſilver ſpouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the ſmoaking tide:
At once they gratify their ſcent and taſte,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repaſt.
Straight hover round the Fair her airy band;
Some, as ſhe ſipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes diſplay'd,
Trembling, and conſcious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wiſe,
And ſee through all things with his half-ſhut eyes)
Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
New ſtratagems, the radiant Lock to gain.
Ah ceaſe, raſh youth! deſiſt ere 'tis too late,
Fear the juſt Gods, and think of Scylla's Fate!
Chang'd to a bird, and ſent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Niſus' injur'd hair!
But when to Miſchief mortals bend their will,
How ſoon they find fit inſtruments of ill?

VARIATIONS.

VER. 105. *Sudden the board, etc.*] From hence, the firſt Edition continues to ver. 134. P.

NOTES.

VER. 122. *and think of Scylla's Fate!*] Vide Ovid's Metam. viii. P.

IMITATIONS.

"Turno tempus erit magno cum optaverit emptum
"Intactum Pallanta; et cum ſpolia iſta diemque
"Oderit." *Virg.*

Juſt

Juſt then, Clariſſa drew with tempting grace
A two-edg'd weapon from her ſhining caſe:
So Ladies in Romance aſſiſt their Knight,
Preſent the ſpear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends;
This juſt behind Belinda's neck he ſpread,
As o'er the fragrant ſteams ſhe bends her head.
Swift to the Lock a thouſand Sprites repair,
A thouſand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
Thrice ſhe look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Juſt in that inſtant, anxious Ariel ſought
The cloſe receſſes of the Virgin's thought:
As on the noſegay in her breaſt reclin'd,
He watch'd th' ideas riſing in her mind,
Sudden he view'd, in ſpite of all her art,
An earthly Lover lurking at her heart.
Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd,
Reſign'd to fate, and with a ſigh retir'd.
The Peer now ſpreads the glitt'ring Forfex wide,
T' incloſe the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos'd;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 134. In the firſt Edition it was thus,
As o'er the fragrant ſtream ſhe bends her head. P.

VER. 147. Firſt he expands the glitt'ring Forfex wide
T' incloſe the Lock; then joins it to divide:
The meeting points the ſacred hair diſſever,
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever.
All that is between was added afterwards. P.

Fate urg'd the ſheers, and cut the Sylph in twain,
(But airy ſubſtance ſoon unites again)
The meeting points the ſacred hair diſſever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!
Then flaſh'd the living light'ning from her eyes,
And ſcreams of horror rend th' affrighted ſkies.
Not louder ſhrieks to pitying heav'n are caſt,
When huſbands, or when lap-dogs breathe their laſt;
Or when rich China veſſels fall'n from high,
In glitt'ring duſt, and painted fragments lie!
Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
(The Victor cry'd) the glorious prize is mine!
While fiſh in ſtreams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and ſix the Britiſh Fair,
As long as Atalantis ſhall be read,
Or the ſmall pillow grace a Lady's bed,
While viſits ſhall be paid on ſolemn days,
When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
While nymphs take treats, or aſſignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praiſe ſhall live!
What Time would ſpare, from Steel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, ſubmit to fate!

NOTES.

VER. 152. *But airy ſubſtance*] See Milton, lib. vi. of Satan cut aſunder by the Angel Michael. P.

VER. 165. *Atalantis*] A famous book written about that time by a woman; full of Court and Party-ſcandal; and in a looſe effeminacy of ſtyle and ſentiment, which well ſuited the debauched taſte of the better vulgar.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 163, 170. "Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piſcis amabit,
"Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudeſque manebunt." *Virg.* P.

Steel

Steel could the labour of the Gods deſtroy,
And ſtrike to duſt th' imperial tow'rs of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs ſhould feel
The conqu'ring force of unreſiſted ſteel?

IMITATIONS.

VER. 177. " Ille quoque everſus mons eſt, etc.
" Quid faciant crines, cum ferro talia cedant?"
Catull. de com. Berenices. P.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO IV.

BUT anxious cares the penſive nymph oppreſs'd,
And ſecret paſſions labour'd in her breaſt.
Not youthful kings in battle ſeiz'd alive,
Not ſcornful virgins who their charms ſurvive,
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliſs,
Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiſs,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinn'd awry,
E'er felt ſuch rage, reſentment, and deſpair,
As thou, ſad Virgin! for thy raviſh'd Hair.
For, that ſad moment, when the Sylphs withdrew,
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a duſky, melancholy ſprite,
As ever ſully'd the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper ſcene,
Repair'd to ſearch the gloomy Cave of Spleen.
Swift on his ſooty pinions flits the Gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the diſmal dome.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 11. *For, that ſad moment, etc.*] All the lines from hence to the 94th verſe, that deſcribe the houſe of Spleen, are not in the firſt Edition; inſtead of them followed only theſe,

While her rack'd Soul repoſe and peace requires,
The fierce Thaleſtris fans the riſing fires.

And continued at the 94th verſe of this Canto. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 1. " At regina gravi," etc. *Virg. Aeneid.* iv. P.

No

No cheerful breeze this ſullen region knows,
The dreaded Eaſt is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto, ſhelter'd cloſe from air,
And ſcreen'd in ſhades from day's deteſted glare,
She ſighs for ever on her penſive bed,
Pain at her ſide, and Megrim at her head.
Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place,
But diff'ring far in figure and in face.
Here ſtood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd!
With ſtore of pray'rs, for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd; her boſom with lampoons.
There Affectation with a ſickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roſes of eighteen,
Practis'd to liſp, and hang the head aſide,
Faints into airs, and languiſhes with pride,
On the rich quilt ſinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for ſickneſs, and for ſhow.
The fair-ones feel ſuch maladies as theſe,
When each new night-dreſs gives a new diſeaſe.
A conſtant Vapour o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms riſing as the miſts ariſe;
Dreadful, as hermits dreams in haunted ſhades,
Or bright, as viſions of expiring maids.

NOTES.

VER. 41. *Dreadful, as hermits dreams in haunted ſhades,*
Or bright, as viſions of expiring maids.]

The Poet by this compariſon would inſinuate, that the temptations of the mortified Recluſes in the Church of Rome, and the extatic viſions of their female Saints, were as much the effects of hypochondriac diſorders, the Spleen, or, what was then the faſhionable word, the *Vapours*, as any of the imaginary transformations he ſpeaks of afterwards.

Now

Now glaring fiends, and ſnakes on rolling ſpires,
Pale ſpectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elyſian ſcenes,
And cryſtal domes, and Angels in machines.
Unnumber'd throngs, on ev'ry ſide are ſeen,
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.
Here living Tea-pots ſtand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the ſpout:
A Pipkin there, like Homer's Tripod walks;
Here ſighs a Jar, and there a Gooſe-pye talks;
Men prove with child, as pow'rful fancy works,
And maids turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.
Safe paſt the Gnome through this fantaſtic band,
A branch of healing Spleenwort in his hand.
Then thus addreſs'd the pow'r---Hail, wayward Queen!
Who rule the ſex to fifty from fifteen:
Parent of vapours and of female wit,
Who give th' hyſteric, or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make ſome take phyſic, others ſcribble plays;
Who cauſe the proud their viſits to delay,
And ſend the godly in a pet to pray.
A nymph there is, that all thy pow'r diſdains,
And thouſands more in equal mirth maintains.
But oh! if e'er thy Gnome could ſpoil a grace,
Or raiſe a pimple on a beauteous face,

IMITATIONS.

VER. 51. *Homer's Tripod walks*;] See Hom. Iliad xviii. of Vulcan's walking Tripods. P.
VER. 52. *and there a Gooſe-pye talks*;] Alludes to a real fact, a Lady of diſtinction imagined herſelf in this condition. P.

Like

Like Citron-waters matrons cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a loſing game;
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caus'd ſuſpicion when no ſoul was rude,
Or diſcompos'd the head-dreſs of a Prude,
Or e'er to coſtive lap-dog gave diſeaſe,
Which not the tears of brighteſt eyes could eaſe:
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin,
That ſingle act gives half the world the ſpleen.
The Goddeſs with a diſcontented air
Seems to reject him, tho' ſhe grants his pray'r.
A wond'rous Bag with both her hands ſhe binds,
Like that where once Ulyſſes held the winds;
There ſhe collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, ſobs, and paſſions, and the war of tongues.
A Vial next ſhe fills with fainting fears,
Soft ſorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and ſlowly mounts to day.
Sunk in Thaleſtris' arms the nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound.
Full o'er their heads the ſwelling bag he rent,
And all the Furies iſſu'd at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thaleſtris fans the riſing fire.
O wretched maid! ſhe ſpread her hands, and cry'd,
(While Hampton's echoes, Wretched maid! reply'd)
Was it for this you took ſuch conſtant care
The bodkin, comb, and eſſence to prepare?

For this your Locks in paper durance bound?
For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd around?
For this with fillets ſtrain'd your tender head?
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
Gods! ſhall the raviſher diſplay your hair,
While the Fops envy, and the Ladies ſtare!
Honour forbid! at whoſe unrival'd ſhrine
Eaſe, pleaſure, virtue, all our ſex reſign.
Methinks already I your tears ſurvey,
Already hear the horrid things they ſay,
Already ſee you a degraded toaſt,
And all your honour in a whiſper loſt!
How ſhall I, then, your helpleſs fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to ſeem your friend!
And ſhall this prize, th' ineſtimable prize,
Expos'd through cryſtal to the gazing eyes,
And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
Sooner ſhall graſs in Hyde-park Circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the ſound of Bow;
Sooner let earth, air, ſea, to Chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, periſh all!
She ſaid; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
And bids her Beau demand the precious hairs:
(Sir Plume of amber ſnuff-box juſtly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)

NOTES.

VER. 121. *Sir Plume repairs,*] Sir George Brown. He was the only one of the Party who took the thing ſeriouſly. He was angry that the Poet ſhould make him talk nothing but nonſenſe; and in truth one could not well blame him.

With

With earneſt eyes, and round unthinking face,
He firſt the ſnuff-box open'd, then the caſe,
And thus broke out---" My Lord, why, what the devil!
" Z--ds! damn the Lock! 'fore Gad, you muſt be civil!
" Plague on't! 'tis paſt a Jeſt---nay prithee, pox!
" Give her the hair"---he ſpoke, and rapp'd his box.
It grieves me much (reply'd the Peer again)
Who ſpeaks ſo well ſhould ever ſpeak in vain.
But by this Lock, this ſacred Lock I ſwear,
(Which never more ſhall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honours ſhall renew,
Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew)
That while my noſtrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, ſhall for ever wear.
He ſpoke, and ſpeaking, in proud triumph ſpread
The long-contended honours of her head.
But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not ſo;
He breaks the Vial whence the ſorrows flow.
Then ſee! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half-languiſhing, half-drown'd in tears;
On her heav'd boſom hung her drooping head,
Which, with a ſigh, ſhe rais'd; and thus ſhe ſaid.
For ever curs'd be this deteſted day,
Which ſnatch'd my beſt, my fav'rite curl away!

NOTES.

VER. 141. *But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not ſo;*
He breaks the Vial whence the ſorrows flow.]
Theſe two lines are additional; and aſſign the cauſe of the different operation on the Paſſions of the two Ladies. The poem went on before without that diſtinction, as without any Machinery, to the end of the Canto. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 133. *But by this Lock,*] In alluſion to Achilles's oath in Homer, Il. i. P.

Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton-Court theſe eyes had never ſeen!
Yet am not I the firſt miſtaken maid,
By love of Courts to num'rous ills betray'd.
Oh had I rather un-admir'd, remain'd
In ſome lone iſle, or diſtant Northern land;
Where the gilt Chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taſte Bohea!
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roſes, that in deſerts bloom and die.
What mov'd my mind with youthful Lords to roam?
O had I ſtay'd, and ſaid my pray'rs at home!
'Twas this, the morning omens ſeem'd to tell,
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
The tott'ring China ſhook without a wind,
Nay Poll ſat mute, and Shock was moſt unkind!
A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats of fate,
In myſtic viſions, now believ'd too late!
See the poor remnants of theſe ſlighted hairs!
My hands ſhall rend what e'en thy rapine ſpares:
Theſe in two ſable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the ſnowy neck;
The ſiſter-lock now ſits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foreſees its own;
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal ſheers demands,
And tempts, once more, thy ſacrilegious hands.
Oh hadſt thou, cruel! been content to ſeize
Hairs leſs in ſight, or any hairs but theſe!

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO V.

SHE ſaid: the pitying audience melt in tears,
But Fate and Jove had ſtopp'd the Baron's ears.
In vain Thaleſtris with reproach aſſails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half ſo fix'd the Trojan could remain,
While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.
Then grave Clariſſa graceful wav'd her fan;
Silence enſu'd, and thus the Nymph began.
Say, why are Beauties prais'd and honour'd moſt,
The wiſe man's paſſion, and the vain man's toaſt?

Why

VARIATIONS.

VER. 7. *Then grave Clariſſa, etc.*] A new Character introduced in the ſubſequent Editions, to open more clearly the MORAL of the Poem, in a parody of the ſpeech of Sarpedon to Glaucus in Homer. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 9. *Say, why are Beauties, etc.*] Homer.

" Why boaſt we, Glaucus! our extended reign,
" Where Xanthus' ſtreams enrich the Lycian plain;
" Our num'rous herds that range the fruitful field,
" And hills where vines their purple harveſt yield;
" Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crown'd,
" Our feaſts enhanc'd with muſic's ſprightly ſound;
" Why on thoſe ſhores are we with joy ſurvey'd,
" Admir'd as heroes, and as Gods obey'd;
" Unleſs great acts ſuperior merit prove,
" And vindicate the bounteous pow'rs above?

" 'Tis

Why deck'd with all that land and ſea afford,
Why Angels call'd, and Angel-like ador'd?
Why round our coaches croud the white-glov'd Beaus,
Why bows the ſide-box from its inmoſt rows?
How vain are all theſe glories, all our pains,
Unleſs good ſenſe preſerve what beauty gains:
That men may ſay, when we the front-box grace,
Behold the firſt in virtue as in face!
Oh! if to dance all night, and dreſs all day,
Charm'd the ſmall-pox, or chas'd old-age away;
Who would not ſcorn what houſewife's cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing of uſe?
To patch, nay ogle, might become a Saint,
Nor could it ſure be ſuch a ſin to paint.
But ſince, alas! frail beauty muſt decay,
Curl'd or uncurl'd, ſince Locks will turn to grey;
Since painted, or not painted, all ſhall fade,
And ſhe who ſcorns a man, muſt die a maid;

IMITATIONS.

" 'Tis ours, the dignity they give, to grace;
" The firſt in valour, as the firſt in place:
" That when with wond'ring eyes our martial bands
" Behold our deeds tranſcending our commands,
" Such, they may cry, deſerve the ſov'reign ſtate,
" Whom thoſe that envy, dare not imitate.
" Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,
" Which claims no leſs the fearful than the brave,
" For luſt of fame I ſhould not vainly dare
" In fighting fields, nor urge thy ſoul to war.
" But ſince, alas! ignoble age muſt come,
" Diſeaſe, and death's inexorable doom;
" The life which others pay, let us beſtow,
" And give to fame what we to nature owe;
" Brave tho' we fall, and honour'd if we live,
" Or let us glory gain, or glory give."

What

What then remains but well our pow'r to uſe,
And keep good-humour ſtill whate'er we loſe?
And truſt me, dear! good-humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and ſcreams, and ſcolding fail.
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms ſtrike the ſight, but Merit wins the ſoul.
So ſpoke the Dame, but no applauſe enſu'd;
Belinda frown'd, Thaleſtris call'd her Prude.
To arms, to arms! the fierce Virago cries,
And ſwift as lightning to the combat flies.
All ſide in parties, and begin th' attack;
Fans clap, ſilks ruſsle, and tough whalebones crack;
Heroes' and Heroines' ſhouts confus'dly riſe,
And baſe and treble voices ſtrike the ſkies.
No common weapons in their hands are found,
Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.
So when bold Homer makes the Gods engage,
And heav'nly breaſts with human paſſions rage;
'Gainſt Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms:
Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around,
Blue Neptune ſtorms, the bellowing deeps reſound:
Earth ſhakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives way,
And the pale ghoſts ſtart at the flaſh of day!

VARIATIONS.

VER. 37. *To arms, to arms!*] From hence the firſt Edition goes on to the concluſion, except a very few ſhort inſertions added, to keep the Machinery in view to the end of the poem. P.

NOTES.

VER. 45. *So when bold Homer*] Homer, Il. xx. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 35. *So ſpoke the Dame,*] It is a verſe frequently repeated in Homer after any ſpeech, "So ſpoke—and all the Heroes applauded." P.

Triumphant

Triumphant Umbriel on a ſconce's height
Clap'd his glad wings, and ſate to view the fight:
Prop'd on their bodkin ſpears, the Sprites ſurvey
The growing combat, or aſſiſt the fray.
While through the preſs enrag'd Thaleſtris flies,
And ſcatters death around from both her eyes,
A Beau and Witling periſh'd in the throng,
One dy'd in metaphor, and one in ſong.
" O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,"
Cry'd Dapperwit, and ſunk beſide his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards caſt,
" Thoſe eyes are made ſo killing" — was his laſt.
Thus on Maeander's flow'ry margin lies
Th' expiring Swan, and as he ſings he dies.
When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clariſſa down,
Chloe ſtepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
She ſmil'd to ſee the doughty hero ſlain,
But, at her ſmile, the Beau reviv'd again.
Now Jove ſuſpends his golden ſcales in air,
Weighs the Men's wits againſt the Lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from ſide to ſide;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs ſubſide.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 53. *Triumphant Umbriel*] Theſe four lines added, for the reaſon before-mentioned. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 53. *Triumphant Umbriel*] Minerva in like manner, during the battle of Ulyſſes with the Suitors in the Odyſſ. perches on a beam of the roof to behold it. P.

VER. 64. *Thoſe eyes are made ſo killing*] The words of a Song in the Opera of Camilla. P.

VER. 65. *Thus on Maeander's flow'ry margin lies*]

" Sic ubi fata vocant, udis abjectus in herbis,
" Ad vada Maeandri concinit albus olor." *Ov. Ep.* P.

See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
With more than uſual lightning in her eyes:
Nor fear'd the Chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who ſought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold Lord with manly ſtrength endu'd,
She with one finger and a thumb ſubdu'd:
Juſt where the breath of life his noſtrils drew,
A charge of ſnuff the wily virgin threw;
The Gnomes direct, to ev'ry atom juſt,
The pungent grains of titillating duſt.
Sudden, with ſtarting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his noſe.
Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cry'd,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her ſide.
(The ſame, his ancient perſonage to deck,
Her great great grandſire wore about his neck,
In three ſeal-rings; which after, melted down,
Form'd a vaſt buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grandame's whiſtle next it grew,
The bells ſhe jingled, and the whiſtle blew;
Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
Which long ſhe wore, and now Belinda wears.)
Boaſt not my fall (he cry'd) inſulting foe!
Thou by ſome other ſhalt be laid as low.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 83. *The Gnomes direct,*] Theſe two lines added for the above reaſon. P.

NOTES.

VER. 71. *Now Jove, etc.*] Vid. Homer, Il. viii. and Virg. Aen. xii. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 89. *The ſame, his ancient perſonage to deck,*] In imitation of the progreſs of Agamemnon's ſceptre in Homer, Il. ii. P.

Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind;
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than ſo, ah let me ſtill ſurvive,
And burn in Cupid's flames — but burn alive.
Reſtore the Lock! ſhe cries; and all around
Reſtore the Lock! the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in ſo loud a ſtrain
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
But ſee how oft ambitious aims are croſs'd,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is loſt!
The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
In ev'ry place is ſought, but ſought in vain:
With ſuch a prize no mortal muſt be bleſt,
So heav'n decrees! with heav'n who can conteſt?
Some thought it mounted to the Lunar ſphere,
Since all things loſt on earth are treaſur'd there.
There Heroes wits are kept in pond'rous vaſes,
And Beaus in ſnuff-boxes and tweezer-caſes.
There broken vows, and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers hearts with ends of ribband bound,
The courtier's promiſes, and ſick men's pray'rs,
The ſmiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoak a flea,
Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of caſuiſtry.
But truſt the Muſe — ſhe ſaw it upward riſe,
Tho' mark'd by none but quick, poetic eyes:

NOTES.

VER. 114. *Since all things loſt*] Vid. Arioſto, Canto xxxiv. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 128. "Flammiferumque trahens ſpatioſo limite crinem
"Stella micat." *Ovid.* P.

(So

(So Rome's great founder to the heav'ns withdrew,
To Proculus alone confeſs'd in view)
A ſudden Star, it ſhot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's Locks firſt roſe ſo bright,
The heav'ns beſpangling with diſhevel'd light.
The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleas'd purſue its progreſs through the ſkies.
This the Beau monde ſhall from the Mall ſurvey,
And hail with muſic its propitious ray;
This the bleſt Lover ſhall for Venus take,
And ſend up vows from Roſamonda's lake;
This Partridge ſoon ſhall view in cloudleſs ſkies,
When next he looks through Galilaeo's eyes;
And hence th' egregious wizard ſhall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.
Then ceaſe, bright Nymph! to mourn thy raviſh'd hair,
Which adds new glory to the ſhining ſphere!
Not all the treſſes that fair head can boaſt,
Shall draw ſuch envy as the Lock you loſt.
For after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions ſlain, yourſelf ſhall die;
When thoſe fair ſuns ſhall ſet, as ſet they muſt,
And all thoſe treſſes ſhall be laid in duſt,
This Lock, the Muſe ſhall conſecrate to fame,
And 'midſt the ſtars inſcribe Belinda's name.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 131. *The Sylphs behold*] Theſe two lines added for the ſame reaſon, to keep in view the Machinery of the Poem. P.

NOTES.

VER. 137. *This Partridge ſoon*] John Partridge was a ridiculous Star-gazer, who in his Almanacks every year never fail'd to predict the downfal of the Pope, and the King of France, then at war with the Engliſh. P.

ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF AN

UNFORTUNATE LADY*.

WHAT beck'ning ghoſt, along the moon-light ſhade
Invites my ſteps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis ſhe!--but why that bleeding boſom gor'd,
Why dimly gleams the viſionary ſword?
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it, in heav'n, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a Lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reverſion in the ſky,
For thoſe who greatly think, or bravely die?
Why bade ye elſe, ye Pow'rs! her ſoul aſpire
Above the vulgar flight of low deſire?
Ambition firſt ſprung from your bleſt abodes;
The glorious fault of Angels and of Gods:
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breaſts of Kings and Heroes glows.
Moſt ſouls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull ſullen pris'ners in the body's cage:

NOTES.

* See the Duke of Buckingham's verſes to a Lady deſigning to retire into a Monaſtery, compared with Mr. Pope's Letters to ſeveral Ladies, p. 206. old quarto Edition. She ſeems to be the ſame perſon whoſe unfortunate death is the ſubject of this poem. P.

Dim

Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years
Uſeleſs, unſeen, as lamps in ſepulchres;
Like Eaſtern Kings a lazy ſtate they keep,
And, cloſe confin'd to their own palace, ſleep.
From theſe perhaps (ere nature bade her die)
Fate ſnatch'd her early to the pitying ſky.
As into air the purer ſpirits flow,
And ſep'rate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the ſoul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her Race.
But thou, falſe guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deſerter of thy brother's blood!
See on theſe ruby lips the trembling breath,
Theſe cheeks now fading at the blaſt of death;
Cold is that breaſt which warm'd the world before,
And thoſe love-darting eyes muſt roll no more.
Thus, if eternal juſtice rules the ball,
Thus ſhall your wives, and thus your children fall:
On all the line a ſudden vengeance waits,
And frequent herſes ſhall beſiege your gates;
There paſſengers ſhall ſtand, and pointing ſay,
(While the long fun'rals blacken all the way)
Lo! theſe were they, whoſe ſouls the Furies ſteel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented paſs the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So periſh all, whoſe breaſt ne'er learn'd to glow
For others good, or melt at others woe.
What can atone (oh ever-injur'd ſhade!)
Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid?

No friend's complaint, no kind domeſtic tear
Pleas'd thy pale ghoſt, or grac'd thy mournful bier.
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By ſtrangers honour'd, and by ſtrangers mourn'd!
What tho' no friends in ſable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public ſhow?
What tho' no weeping Loves thy aſhes grace,
Nor poliſh'd marble emulate thy face?
What tho' no ſacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet ſhall thy grave with riſing flow'rs be dreſt,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breaſt:
There ſhall the morn her earlieſt tears beſtow,
There the firſt roſes of the year ſhall blow;

NOTES.

VER. 59. *What tho' no weeping Loves, etc.*] This beautiful little Elegy had gained the unanimous admiration of all Men of taſte. When a Critic comes —— But hold; to give his obſervation fair play, let us firſt analize the Poem. The Ghoſt of the injured perſon appears to excite the Poet to revenge her wrongs. He deſcribes her Character — execrates the Author of her misfortunes — expaciates on the ſeverity of her fate — the rites of ſepulture denied her in a foreign land — then follows,

" What tho' no weeping Loves thy aſhes grace," etc.

" Yet ſhall thy grave with riſing flowers be dreſt," etc.

Can any thing be more naturally pathetic? Yet the Critic tells us he *can give no quarter to this part of the poem, which is eminently,* he ſays, *diſcordant with the ſubject, and not the language of the heart.* But when he tells us, that *it is to be aſcribed to imitation, copying indiſcreetly what has been ſaid by others,* [Elements of Criticiſm, vol. 2. p. 182.] his Criticiſm begins to ſmell furiouſly of old John Dennis. Well might our Poet's laſt wiſh be to *commit his writings to the candour of a ſenſible and reflecting Judge, rather than to the malice of every ſhortſighted and malevolent Critic.* See Vol. iv. Lett. cxx.

While

While Angels with their ſilver wings o'erſhade
The ground, now ſacred by thy reliques made.
So peaceful reſts, without a ſtone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of duſt alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud ſhall be!
Poets themſelves muſt fall like thoſe they ſung,
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Ev'n he, whoſe ſoul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall ſhortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;
Then from his cloſing eyes thy form ſhall part,
And the laſt pang ſhall tear thee from his heart,
Life's idle buſineſs at one gaſp be o'er,
The Muſe forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

PROLOGUE*

TO

MR. ADDISON'S TRAGEDY

OF

CATO.

TO wake the ſoul by tender ſtrokes of art,
To raiſe the genius, and to mend the heart,
To make mankind, in conſcious virtue bold,
Live o'er each ſcene, and be what they behold:
For this the Tragic Muſe firſt trod the ſtage,
Commanding tears to ſtream through ev'ry age;
Tyrants no more their ſavage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author ſhuns by vulgar ſprings to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying love, we but our weakneſs ſhow,
And wild Ambition well deſerves its woe.
Here tears ſhall flow from a more gen'rous cauſe,
Such tears as Patriots ſhed for dying Laws:
He bids your breaſts with ancient ardour riſe,
And calls forth Roman drops from Britiſh eyes.
Virtue confeſs'd in human ſhape he draws,
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was:
No common object to your ſight diſplays,
But what with pleaſure Heav'n itſelf ſurveys,

* This Prologue, and the Epilogue which follows, are the moſt perfect models of this ſpecies of writing, both in the ſerious and the ludicrous way.

A brave

A brave man ſtruggling in the ſtorms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling ſtate.
While Cato gives his little Senate laws,
What boſom beats not in his Country's cauſe?
Who ſees him act, but envies ev'ry deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wiſh to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Caeſar 'midſt triumphal cars,
The ſpoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in ſtate;
As her dead Father's rev'rend image paſt,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercaſt;
The Triumph ceas'd, tears guſh'd from ev'ry eye;
The world's great Victor paſs'd unheeded by;
Her laſt good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Caeſar's leſs than Cato's ſword.
Britons, attend: be worth like this approv'd,
And ſhow, you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honeſt ſcorn the firſt fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom ſhe ſubdu'd;
Your ſcene precariouſly ſubſiſts too long
On French tranſlation, and Italian ſong.
Dare to have ſenſe yourſelves; aſſert the ſtage,
Be juſtly warm'd with your own native rage:
Such Plays alone ſhould win a Britiſh ear,
As Cato's ſelf had not diſdain'd to hear.

NOTES.

VER. 20. *But what with pleaſure*] This alludes to a famous paſſage of Seneca, which Mr. Addiſon afterwards uſed as a motto to his play, when it was printed.

VER. 46. *As Cato's ſelf, etc.*] This alludes to that famous ſtory of his coming into the Theatre, and going out again.

EPILOGUE

TO

Mr. ROWE's JANE SHORE.

Deſigned for Mrs. OLDFIELD.

PRODIGIOUS this! the Frail-one of our Play
From her own Sex ſhould mercy find to-day!
You might have held the pretty head aſide,
Peep'd in your fans, been ſerious, thus, and cry'd,
The Play may paſs----but that ſtrange creature, Shore,
I can't---indeed now---I ſo hate a whore---
Juſt as a blockhead rubs his thoughtleſs ſkull,
And thanks his ſtars he was not born a fool;
So from a ſifter ſinner you ſhall hear,
" How ſtrangely you expoſe yourſelf, my dear?"
But let me die, all raillery apart,
Our ſex are ſtill forgiving at their heart;
And, did not wicked cuſtom ſo contrive,
We'd be the beſt, good-natur'd things alive.
There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale,
That virtuous ladies envy while they rail;
Such rage without betrays the fire within;
In ſome cloſe corner of the ſoul, they ſin;
Still hoarding up, moſt ſcandalouſly nice,
Amidſt their virtues a reſerve of vice.
The godly dame, who fleſhly failings damns,
Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams.

Would

Would you enjoy ſoft nights and ſolid dinners?
Faith, gallants, board with ſaints, and bed with ſinners.
Well, if our Author in the Wife offends,
He has a Huſband that will make amends:
He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving,
And ſure ſuch kind good creatures may be living.
In days of old, they pardon'd breach of vows,
Stern Cato's ſelf was no relentleſs ſpouſe:
Plu---Plutarch, what's his name, that writes his life?
Tells us, that Cato dearly lov'd his Wife:
Yet if a friend, a night or ſo, ſhould need her,
He'd recommend her as a ſpecial breeder.
To lend a wife, few here would ſcruple make,
But, pray, which of you all would take her back?
Though with the Stoic Chief our ſtage may ring,
The Stoic Huſband was the glorious thing.
The man had courage, was a ſage, 'tis true,
And lov'd his country,---but what's that to you?
Thoſe ſtrange examples ne'er were made to fit ye,
But the kind cuckold might inſtruct the City:
There, many an honeſt man may copy Cato,
Who ne'er ſaw naked ſword, or look'd in Plato.
If, after all, you think it a diſgrace,
That Edward's Miſs thus perks it in your face;
To ſee a piece of failing fleſh and blood,
In all the reſt ſo impudently good;
Faith, let the modeſt Matrons of the town
Come here in crouds, and ſtare the ſtrumpet down.

SAPPHO

TO

PHAON.

SAPPHO PHAONI.

ECQUID, ut inſpecta eſt ſtudioſae littera dextrae,
Protinus eſt oculis cognita noſtra tuis?
An, niſi legiſſes auctoris nomina Sapphûs,
Hoc breve neſcires unde movetur opus?
Forſitan et quare mea ſint alterna requiras
Carmina, cum lyricis ſim magis apta modis.
Flendus amor meus eſt: elegeïa flebile carmen;
Non facit ad lacrymas barbitos ulla meas.
Uror, ut, indomitis ignem exercentibus Euris,
Fertilis accenſis meſſibus ardet ager.
Arva Phaon celebrat diverſa Typhoïdos Aetnae,
Me calor Aetnaeo non minor igne coquit.
Nec mihi, diſpoſitis quae jungam carmina nervis,
Proveniunt; vacuae carmina mentis opus.
Nec me Pyrrhiades Methymniadeſve puellae,
Nec me Leſbiadum caetera turba juvant.
Vilis Anactorie, vilis mihi candida Cydno:
Non oculis grata eſt Atthis, ut ante, meis;
Atque aliae centum, quas non ſine crimine amavi:
Improbe, multarum quod fuit, unus habes.

Eſt

SAPPHO

TO

PHAON.

SAY, lovely youth, that do'ſt my heart command,
Can Phaon's eyes forget his Sappho's hand?
Muſt then her name the wretched writer prove,
To thy remembrance loſt, as to thy love?
Aſk not the cauſe that I new numbers chuſe,
The Lute neglected, and the Lyric muſe;
Love taught my tears in ſadder notes to flow,
And tun'd my heart to Elegies of woe.
I burn, I burn, as when through ripen'd corn
By driving winds the ſpreading flames are born!
Phaon to Aetna's ſcorching fields retires,
While I conſume with more than Aetna's fires!
No more my ſoul a charm in muſic finds;
Muſic has charms alone for peaceful minds.
Soft ſcenes of ſolitude no more can pleaſe,
Love enters there, and I'm my own diſeaſe.
No more the Leſbian dames my paſſion move,
Once the dear objects of my guilty love;
All other loves are loſt in only thine,
Ah youth ungrateful to a flame like mine!

Eſt in te facies, ſunt apti luſibus anni.
O facies oculis inſidioſa meis!
Sume fidem et pharetram; fies manifeſtus Apollo:
Accedant capiti cornua; Bacchus eris.
Et Phoebus Daphnen, et Gnoſida Bacchus amavit;
Nec norat lyricos illa, vel illa modos.
At mihi Pegaſides blandiſſima carmina dictant;
Jam canitur toto nomen in orbe meum.
Nec plus Alcaeus, conſors patriaeque lyraeque,
Laudis habet, quamvis grandius ille ſonet.
Si mihi difficilis formam natura negavit;
Ingenio formae damna rependo meae.
Sum brevis; at nomen, quod terras impleat omnes,
Eſt mihi; menſuram nominis ipſa fero.
Candida ſi non ſum, placuit Cepheïa Perſeo
Andromede, patriae fuſca colore ſuae:
Et variis albae junguntur ſaepe columbae,
Et niger a viridi turtur amatur ave.
Si, niſi quae facie poterit te digna videri,
Nulla futura tua eſt; nulla futura tua eſt.
At me cum legeres, etiam formoſa videbar;
Unam jurabas uſque decere loqui.
Cantabam, memini (meminerunt omnia amantes)
Oſcula cantanti tu mihi rapta dabas.

Haec

Whom would not all thoſe blooming charms ſurprize,
Thoſe heav'nly looks, and dear deluding eyes?
The harp and bow would you like Phoebus bear,
A brighter Phoebus Phaon might appear;
Would you with ivy wreath your flowing hair,
Not Bacchus' ſelf with Phaon could compare:
Yet Phoebus lov'd, and Bacchus felt the flame,
One Daphne warm'd, and one the Cretan dame;
Nymphs that in verſe no more could rival me,
Than ev'n thoſe Gods contend in charms with thee.
The muſes teach me all their ſofteſt lays,
And the wide world reſounds with Sappho's praiſe.
Tho' great Alcaeus more ſublimely ſings,
And ſtrikes with bolder rage the ſounding ſtrings,
No leſs renown attends the moving lyre,
Which Venus tunes, and all her loves inſpire;
To me what nature has in charms deny'd,
Is well by wit's more laſting flames ſupply'd.
Tho' ſhort my ſtature, yet my name extends
To heav'n itſelf, and earth's remoteſt ends.
Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame
Inſpir'd young Perſeus with a gen'rous flame;
Turtles and doves of differing hues unite,
And gloſſy jet is pair'd with ſhining white.
If to no charms thou wilt thy heart reſign,
But ſuch as merit, ſuch as equal thine,
By none, alas! by none thou can'ſt be mov'd,
Phaon alone by Phaon muſt be lov'd!
Yet once thy Sappho could thy cares employ,
Once in her arms you center'd all your joy:

Haec quoque laudabas; omnique a parte placebam,
Sed tum praecipue, cum fit amoris opus.
Tunc te plus ſolito laſcivia noſtra juvabat,
Crebraque mobilitas, aptaque verba joco;
Quique, ubi jam amborum fuerat confuſa voluptas,
Plurimus in laſſo corpore languor erat.
Nunc tibi Sicelides veniunt nova praeda puellae;
Quid mihi cum Leſbo? Sicelis eſſe volo.
At vos erronem tellure remittite noſtrum,
Niſiades matres, Niſiadeſque nurus.
Neu vos decipiant blandae mendacia linguae:
Quae dicit vobis, dixerat ante mihi.
Tu quoque quae montes celebras, Erycina, Sicanos,
(Nam tua ſum) vati conſule, diva tuae.
An gravis inceptum peragit fortuna tenorem?
Et manet in curſu ſemper acerba ſuo?
Sex mihi natales ierant, cum lecta parentis
Ante diem lacrymas oſſa bibere meas.
Arſit inops frater, victus meretricis amore;
Miſtaque cum turpi damna pudore tulit.
Factus inops agili peragit freta coerula remo:
Quaſque male amiſit, nunc male quaerit opes:
Me quoque, quod monui bene multa fideliter, odit.
Hoc mihi libertas, hoc pia lingua dedit.
Et tanquam deſint, quae me ſine fine fatigent,
Accumulat curas filia parva meas.
Ultima tu noſtris accedis cauſa querelis:
Non agitur vento noſtra carina ſuo.

Ecce,

No time the dear remembrance can remove,
For oh! how vaſt a memory has love?
My muſic, then, you could for ever hear,
And all my words were muſic to your ear.
You ſtopp'd with kiſſes my enchanting tongue,
And found my kiſſes ſweeter than my ſong.
In all I pleas'd, but moſt in what was beſt;
And the laſt joy was dearer than the reſt.
Then with each word, each glance, each motion fir'd,
You ſtill enjoy'd, and yet you ſtill deſir'd,
Till all diſſolving in the trance we lay,
And in tumultuous raptures dy'd away.
The fair Sicilians now thy ſoul inflame;
Why was I born, ye Gods, a Leſbian dame?
But ah beware, Sicilian nymphs! nor boaſt
That wand'ring heart which I ſo lately loſt;
Nor be with all thoſe tempting words abus'd,
Thoſe tempting words were all to Sappho us'd.
And you that rule Sicilia's happy plains,
Have pity, Venus, on your Poet's pains!
Shall fortune ſtill in one ſad tenor run,
And ſtill increaſe the woes ſo ſoon begun?
Inur'd to ſorrow from my tender years,
My parent's aſhes drank my early tears:
My brother next, neglecting wealth and fame,
Ignobly burn'd in a deſtructive flame:
An infant daughter late my griefs increas'd,
And all a mother's cares diſtract my breaſt.
Alas, what more could fate itſelf impoſe,
But thee, the laſt and greateſt of my woes?

Ecce, jacent collo ſparſi ſine lege capilli;
Nec premit articulos lucida gemma meos.
Veſte tegor vili: nullum eſt in crinibus aurum:
Non Arabo noſter rore capillus olet.
Cui colar infelix? aut cui placuiſſe laborem?
Ille mihi cultus unicus auctor abeſt.
Molle meum levibus cor eſt violabile telis;
Et ſemper cauſa eſt, cur ego ſemper amem.
Sive ita naſcenti legem dixere ſorores,
Nec data ſunt vitae fila ſevera meae;
Sive abeunt ſtudia in mores, arteſque magiſtrae,
Ingenium nobis molle Thalia facit.
Quid mirum, ſi me primae lanuginis aetas
Abſtulit, atque anni, quos vir amare poteſt?
Hunc ne pro Cephalo raperes, Aurora, timebam:
Et faceres; ſed te prima rapina tenet.
Hunc ſi conſpiciat quae conſpicit omnia, Phoebe;
Juſſus etit ſomnos continuare Phaon.
Hunc Venus in coelum curro vexiſſet eburno;
Sed videt et Marti poſſe placere ſuo.
O nec adhuc juvenis, nec jam puer! utilis aetas!
O decus, atque aevi gloria magna tui!
Huc ades, inque ſinus, formoſe, relabere noſtros:
Non ut ames oro, verum ut amare ſinas.
Scribimus, et lacrymis oculi rorantur obortis:
Aſpice, quam ſit in hoc multa litura loco.

Si

No more my robes in waving purple flow,
Nor on my hand the ſparkling di'monds glow;
No more my locks in ringlets curl'd diffuſe
The coſtly ſweetneſs of Arabian dews,
Nor braids of gold the varied treſſes bind,
That fly diſorder'd with the wanton wind:
For whom ſhould Sappho uſe ſuch arts as theſe?
He's gone, whom only ſhe deſir'd to pleaſe!
Cupid's light darts my tender boſom move,
Still is there cauſe for Sappho ſtill to love:
So from my birth the Siſters fix'd my doom,
And gave to Venus all my life to come;
Or, while my Muſe in melting notes complains,
My yielding heart keeps meaſure to my ſtrains.
By charms like thine which all my ſoul have won,
Who might not—ah! who would not be undone?
For thoſe Aurora Cephalus might ſcorn,
And with freſh bluſhes paint the conſcious morn.
For thoſe might Cynthia lengthen Phaon's ſleep,
And bid Endymion nightly tend his ſheep.
Venus for thoſe had rapt thee to the ſkies,
But Mars on thee might look with Venus' eyes.
O ſcarce a youth, yet ſcarce a tender boy!
O uſeful time for lovers to employ!
Pride of thy age, and glory of thy race,
Come to theſe arms, and melt in this embrace!
The vows you never will return, receive;
And take at leaſt the love you will not give.
See, while I write, my words are loſt in tears!
The leſs my ſenſe, the more my love appears.

Sure

Si tam certus eras hinc ire, modeſtius iſſes,
Et modo dixiſſes: Leſbi puella, vale.
Non tecum lacrymas, non oſcula ſumma tuliſti;
Denique non timui, quod dolitura fui.
Nil de te mecum eſt, niſi tantum injuria: nec tu,
Admoneat quod te, pignus amantis habes.
Non mandata dedi; neque enim mandata dediſſem
Ulla, niſi ut nolles immemor eſſe mei.
Per tibi, qui nunquam longe diſcedat; Amorem,
Perque novem juro, numina noſtra, Deas;
Cum mihi neſcio quis, Fugiunt tua gaudia, dixit:
Nec me flere diu, nec potuiſſe loqui;
Et lacrymae deerant oculis, et lingua palato:
Aſtrictum gelido frigore pectus erat.
Poſtquam ſe dolor invenit; nec pectora plangi,
Nec puduit ſciſſis exululare comis.
Non aliter quam ſi nati pia mater adempti
Portet ad extructos corpus inane rogos.
Guadet, et e noſtro creſcit moerore Charaxus
Frater; et ante oculos itque reditque meos.
Utque pudenda mei videatur cauſa doloris;
Quid dolet haec? certe filia vivit, ait.
Non veniunt in idem pudor atque amor: omne videbat
Vulgus; eram lacero pectus aperta ſinu.

Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu,
(At leaſt to feign was never hard to you)
Farewell, my Leſbian love, you might have ſaid;
Or coldly thus, Farewell, oh Leſbian maid!
No tear did you, no parting kiſs receive,
Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.
No lover's gift your Sappho could confer,
And wrongs and woes were all you left with her.
No charge I gave you, and no charge could give,
But this, Be mindful of our loves, and live.
Now by the Nine, thoſe pow'rs ador'd by me,
And Love, the God that ever waits on thee,
When firſt I heard (from whom I hardly knew)
That you were fled, and all my joys with you,
Like ſome ſad ſtatue, ſpeechleſs, pale I ſtood,
Grief chill'd my breaſt, and ſtopp'd my freezing blood;
No ſigh to riſe, no tear had pow'r to flow,
Fix'd in a ſtupid lethargy of woe:
But when its way th' impetuous paſſion found,
I rend my treſſes, and my breaſt I wound;
I rave, then weep; I curſe, and then complain;
Now ſwell to rage, now melt in tears again.
Not fiercer pangs diſtract the mournful dame,
Whoſe firſt-born infant feeds the fun'ral flame.
My ſcornful brother with a ſmile appears,
Inſults my woes, and triumphs in my tears,
His hated image ever haunts my eyes,
And why this grief? thy daughter lives, he cries.
Stung with my love, and furious with deſpair,
All torn my garments, and my boſom bare,

My

Tu mihi cura, Phaon; te ſomnia noſtra reducunt;
Somnia formoſo candidiora die.
Illic te invenio, quanquam regionibus abſis;
Sed non longa ſatis gaudia ſomnus habet.
Saepe tuos noſtra cervice onerare lacertos,
Saepe tuae videor ſuppoſuiſſe meos.
Blandior interdum, veriſque ſimillima verba
Eloquor; et vigilant ſenſibus ora meis.
Oſcula cognoſco; quae tu committere linguae,
Aptaque conſueras accipere, apta dare.
Ulteriora pudet narrare; ſed omnia fiunt.
Et juvat, et ſine te non libet eſſe mihi.
At cum ſe Titan oſtendit, et omnia ſecum;
Tam cito me ſomnos deſtituiſſe queror.
Antra nemuſque peto, tanquam nemus antraque proſint.
Conſcia deliciis illa fuere tuis.
Illuc mentis inops, ut quam furialis Erichtho
Impulit, in collo crine jacente feror.
Antra vident oculi ſcabro pendentia topho,
Quae mihi Mygdonii marmoris inſtar erant.
Invenio ſylvam, quae ſaepe cubilia nobis
Praebuit, et multa texit opaca coma.
At non invenio dominum ſylvaeque, meumque.
Vile ſolum locus eſt: dos erat ille loci.
Agnovi preſſas noti mihi ceſpitis herbas;

My woes, thy crimes, I to the world proclaim;
Such inconſiſtent things are love and ſhame!
'Tis thou art all my care and my delight,
My daily longing, and my dream by night:
Oh night more pleaſing than the brighteſt day,
When fancy gives what abſence takes away,
And, dreſs'd in all its viſionary charms,
Reſtores my fair deſerter to my arms!
Then round your neck in wanton wreaths I twine,
Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine:
A thouſand tender words I hear and ſpeak;
A thouſand melting kiſſes give, and take:
Then fiercer joys, I bluſh to mention theſe,
Yet, while I bluſh, confeſs how much they pleaſe.
But when, with day, the ſweet deluſions fly,
And all things wake to life and joy, but I,
As if once more forſaken, I complain,
And cloſe my eyes to dream of you again:
Then frantic riſe, and like ſome Fury rove
Through lonely plains, and through the ſilent grove,
As if the ſilent grove, and lonely plains,
That knew my pleaſures, could relieve my pains.
I view the grotto, once the ſcene of love,
The rocks around, the hanging roofs above,
That charm'd me more, with native moſs o'ergrown,
Than Phrygian marble, or the Parian ſtone.
I find the ſhades that veil'd our joys before;
But, Phaon gone, thoſe ſhades delight no more.
Here the preſs'd herbs with bending tops betray
Where oft entwin'd in am'rous folds we lay;

De noſtro curvum pondere gramen erat.
Incubui, tetigique locum qua parte fuiſti;
Grata prius lacrymas combibit herba meas.
Quinetiam rami poſitis lugere videntur
Frondibus; et nullae dulce queruntur aves.
Sola virum non ulta pie moeſtiſſima mater
Concinit Iſmarium Daulias ales Ityn.
Ales Ityn, Sappho deſertos cantat amores:
Hactenus, ut media caetera nocte ſilent.
Eſt nitidus, vitroque magis perlucidus omni,
Fons ſacer; hunc multi numen habere putant.
Quem ſupra ramos expandit aquatica lotos,
Una nemus; tenero ceſpite terra viret.
Hic ego cum laſſos poſuiſſem fletibus artus,
Conſtitit ante oculos Naïas una meos.
Conſtitit, et dixit, " Quoniam non ignibus aequis
" Ureris, Ambracias terra petenda tibi.
" Phoebus ab excelſo, quantum patet, aſpicit aequor:
" Actiacum populi Leucadiumque vocant.
" Hinc ſe Deucalion Pyrrhae ſuccenſus amore
" Miſit, et illaeſo corpore preſſit aquas.
" Nec mora: verſus Amor tetigit lentiſſima Pyrrhae
" Pectora; Deucalion igne levatus erat.
" Hanc legem locus ille tenet, pete protinus altam
" Leucada; nec ſaxo deſiluiſſe time."
Ut monuit, cum voce abiit. Ego frigida ſurgo:
Nec gravidae lacrymas continuere genae.

Ibimus,

I kiſs that earth which once was preſs'd by you,
And all with tears the with'ring herbs bedew.
For thee the fading trees appear to mourn,
And birds defer their ſongs till thy return:
Night ſhades the groves, and all in ſilence lie,
All but the mournful Philomel and I:
With mournful Philomel I join my ſtrain,
Of Tereus ſhe, of Phaon I complain.
A ſpring there is, whoſe ſilver waters ſhow,
Clear as a glaſs, the ſhining ſands below:
A flow'ry Lotos ſpreads its arms above,
Shades all the banks, and ſeems itſelf a grove;
Eternal greens the moſſy margin grace,
Watch'd by the ſylvan Genius of the place.
Here as I lay, and ſwell'd with tears the flood,
Before my ſight a wat'ry Virgin ſtood:
She ſtood and cry'd, "O you that love in vain!
"Fly hence, and ſeek the fair Leucadian main;
"There ſtands a rock, from whoſe impending ſteep
"Apollo's fane ſurveys the rolling deep;
"There injur'd lovers, leaping from above,
"Their flames extinguiſh, and forget to love.
"Deucalion once with hopeleſs fury burn'd,
"In vain he lov'd, relentleſs Pyrrha ſcorn'd:
"But when from hence he plung'd into the main,
"Deucalion ſcorn'd, and Pyrrha lov'd in vain.
"Haſte, Sappho, haſte, from high Leucadia throw
"Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below!"
She ſpoke, and vaniſh'd with the voice—I riſe,
And ſilent tears fall trickling from my eyes.

Ibimus, o Nymphae, monſtrataque ſaxa petemus.
Sit procul inſano victus amore timor.
Quicquid erit, melius quam nunc erit: aura, ſubito.
Et mea non magnum corpora pondus habent.
Tu quoque, mollis Amor, pennas ſuppone cadenti:
Ne ſim Leucadiae mortua crimen aquae.
Inde chelyn Phoebo communia munera ponam:
Et ſub ea verſus unus et alter erunt.
" Grata lyram poſui tibi, Phoebe, poëtria Sappho:
" Convenit illa mihi, convenit illa tibi."
Cur tamen Actiacas miſeram me mittis ad oras,
Cum profugum poſſis ipſe referre pedem?
Tu mihi Leucadia potes eſſe ſalubrior unda:
Et forma et meritis tu mihi Phoebus eris.
An potes, o ſcopulis undaque ferocior illa,
Si moriar, titulum mortis habere meae?
At quanto melius jungi mea pectora tecum,
Quam poterant ſaxis praecipitanda dari!
Haec ſunt illa, Phaon, quae tu laudare ſolebas;
Viſaque ſunt toties ingenioſa tibi.
Nunc vellem facunda forent: dolor artibus obſtat;
Ingeniumque meis ſubſtitit omne malis.
Non mihi reſpondent veteres in carmina vires.
Plectra dolore tacent: muta dolore lyra eſt.

I go, ye Nymphs! thoſe rocks and ſeas to prove;
How much I fear, but ah, how much I love!
I go, ye Nymphs, where furious love inſpires;
Let female fears ſubmit to female fires.
To rocks and ſeas I fly from Phaon's hate,
And hope from ſeas and rocks a milder fate.
Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,
And ſoftly lay me on the waves below!
And thou, kind Love, my ſinking limbs ſuſtain,
Spread thy ſoft wings, and waft me o'er the main,
Nor let a Lover's death the guiltleſs flood profane!
On Phoebus' ſhrine my harp I'll then beſtow,
And this Inſcription ſhall be plac'd below,
" Here ſhe who ſung, to him that did inſpire,
" Sappho to Phoebus conſecrates her Lyre;
" What ſuits with Sappho, Phoebus, ſuits with thee;
" The gift, the giver, and the God agree."
But why, alas, relentleſs youth, ah why
To diſtant Seas muſt tender Sappho fly?
Thy charms than thoſe may far more pow'rful be,
And Phoebus' ſelf is leſs a God to me.
Ah! canſt thou doom me to the rocks and ſea,
Oh far more faithleſs and more hard than they?
Ah! canſt thou rather ſee this tender breaſt
Daſh'd on theſe rocks than to thy boſom preſt?
This breaſt which once, in vain! you lik'd ſo well;
Where the Loves play'd, and where the Muſes dwell.
Alas! the Muſes now no more inſpire,
Untun'd my lute, and ſilent is my lyre,
My languid numbers have forgot to flow,
And fancy ſinks beneath a weight of woe.

Leſbides aequoreae, nupturaque nuptaque proles;
Leſbides, Aeolia nomina dicta lyra;
Leſbides, infamem quae me feciſtis amatae;
Deſinite ad citharas turba venire meas.
Abſtulit omne Phaon, quod vobis ante placebat.
(Me miſeram! dixi quam modo pene, meus!)
Efficite ut redeat: vates quoque veſtra redibit.
Ingenio vires ille dat, ille rapit.
Ecquid ago precibus? pectuſne agreſte movetur?
An riget? et Zephyri verba caduca ferunt?
Qui mea verba ferunt, vellem tua vela referrent.
Hoc te, ſi ſaperes, lente, decebat opus.
Sive redis, puppique tuae votiva parantur
Munera; quid laceras pectora noſtra mora?
Solve ratem: Venus orta mari, mare praeſtet eunti.
Aura dabit curſum; tu modo ſolve ratem.
Ipſe gubernabit reſidens in puppe Cupido:
Ipſe dabit tenera vela legetque manu.
Sive juvat longe fugiſſe Pelaſgida Sappho;
(Non tamen invenies, cur ego digna fuga.)
[O ſaltem miſerae, Crudelis, epiſtola dicat:
Ut mihi Leucadiae fata petantur aquae.]

Ye Leſbian Virgins, and ye Leſbian dames,
Themes of my verſe, and objects of my flames,
No more your groves with my glad ſongs ſhall ring,
No more theſe hands ſhall touch the trembling ſtring:
My Phaon's fled, and I thoſe arts reſign
(Wretch that I am, to call that Phaon mine!)
Return, fair youth, return, and bring along
Joy to my ſoul, and vigour to my ſong:
Abſent from thee, the Poet's flame expires;
But ah! how fiercely burn the Lover's fires?
Gods! can no pray'rs, no ſighs, no numbers move
One ſavage heart, or teach it how to love?
The winds my pray'rs, my ſighs, my numbers bear,
The flying winds have loſt them all in air!
Or when, alas! ſhall more auſpicious gales
To theſe fond eyes reſtore thy welcome ſails?
If you return — ah why theſe long delays?
Poor Sappho dies while careleſs Phaon ſtays.
O launch thy bark, nor fear the wat'ry plain;
Venus for thee ſhall ſmooth her native main.
O launch thy bark, ſecure of proſp'rous gales;
Cupid for thee ſhall ſpread the ſwelling ſails.
If you will fly — (yet ah! what cauſe can be,
Too cruel youth, that you ſhould fly from me?)
If not from Phaon I muſt hope for eaſe,
Ah let me ſeek it from the raging ſeas:
To raging ſeas unpity'd I'll remove,
And either ceaſe to live or ceaſe to love!

ELOISA

TO

ABELARD.

ARGUMENT.

ABELARD and Eloïſa flouriſhed in the twelfth Century; they were two of the moſt diſtinguiſhed perſons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate paſſion. After a long courſe of calamities, they retired each to a ſeveral Convent, and conſecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this ſeparation, that a letter of Abelard's to a Friend, which contained the hiſtory of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Eloïſa. This awakening all her tenderneſs, occaſioned thoſe celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give ſo lively a picture of the ſtruggles of grace and nature, virtue and paſſion. P.

ELOISA

TO

ABELARD.

IN theſe deep ſolitudes and awful cells,
Where heav'nly-penſive contemplation dwells,
And ever-muſing melancholy reigns;
What means this tumult in a Veſtal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this laſt retreat?
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love!---From Abelard it came,
And Eloïſa yet muſt kiſs the name.
Dear fatal name! reſt ever unreveal'd,
Nor paſs theſe lips in holy ſilence ſeal'd:
Hide it, my heart, within that cloſe diſguiſe,
Where mix'd with God's, his lov'd Idea lies:
O write it not, my hand---the name appears
Already written---waſh it out, my tears!
In vain loſt Eloïſa weeps and prays,
Her heart ſtill dictates, and her hand obeys.
Relentleſs walls! whoſe darkſome round contains
Repentant ſighs, and voluntary pains:
Ye rugged rocks, which holy knees have worn;
Ye grots and caverns ſhagg'd with horrid thorn!

Shrines! where their vigils pale ey'd virgins keep,
And pitying ſaints, whoſe ſtatues learn to weep!
Though cold like you, unmov'd and ſilent grown,
I have not yet forgot myſelf to ſtone.
All is not Heav'n's while Abelard has part,
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;
Nor pray'rs nor faſts its ſtubborn pulſe reſtrain,
Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.
Soon as thy letters trembling I uncloſe,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
Oh name for ever ſad! for ever dear!
Still breath'd in ſighs, ſtill uſher'd with a tear.
I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows cloſe behind.
Line after line my guſhing eyes o'erflow,
Led through a ſad variety of woe:
Now warm in love, now with'ring in my bloom,
Loſt in a convent's ſolitary gloom!
There ſtern Religion quench'd th' unwilling flame,
There dy'd the beſt of paſſions, Love and Fame.
Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo ſighs to thine.
Nor foes nor fortune take this pow'r away;
And is my Abelard leſs kind than they?
Tears ſtill are mine, and thoſe I need not ſpare,
Love but demands what elſe were ſhed in pray'r;
No happier taſk theſe faded eyes purſue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.
Then ſhare thy pain, allow that ſad relief;
Ah, more than ſhare it, give me all thy grief.

Heav'n

Heav'n firſt taught letters for ſome wretch's aid,
Some baniſh'd lover, or ſome captive maid;
They live, they ſpeak, they breathe what love inſpires,
Warm from the ſoul, and faithful to its fires,
The virgin's wiſh without her fears impart,
Excuſe the bluſh, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the ſoft intercourſe from ſoul to ſoul,
And waft a ſigh from Indus to the Pole.

Thou know'ſt how guiltleſs firſt I met thy flame,
When Love approach'd me under friendſhip's name;
My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of th' all-beauteous Mind.
Thoſe ſmiling eyes, attemp'ring ev'ry ray,
Shone ſweetly lambent with celeſtial day.
Guiltleſs I gaz'd, heav'n liſten'd while you ſung;
And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
From lips like thoſe what precept fail'd to move?
Too ſoon they taught me 'twas no ſin to love:
Back through the paths of pleaſing ſenſe I ran,
Nor wiſh'd an Angel whom I lov'd a Man.
Dim and remote the joys of ſaints I ſee;
Nor envy them that heav'n I loſe for thee.

How oft, when preſs'd to marriage, have I ſaid,
Curſe on all laws but thoſe which love has made?
Love, free as air, at ſight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.

NOTES.

VER. 66. *And truths divine, etc.*] He was her Preceptor in Philoſophy and Divinity.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 75. "Love will not be confin'd by Maiſterie:
"When Maiſterie comes, the Lord of Love anon
"Flutters his wings, and forthwith is he gone." Chaucer. P.

Let

Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
Auguſt her deed, and ſacred be her fame;
Before true paſſion all thoſe views remove;
Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to Love?
The jealous God, when we profane his fires,
Thoſe reſtleſs paſſions in revenge inſpires,
And bids them make miſtaken mortals groan,
Who ſeek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great maſter fall,
Himſelf, his throne, his world, I'd ſcorn 'em all:
Not Caeſar's empreſs would I deign to prove;
No, make me miſtreſs to the man I love;
If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than miſtreſs, make me that to thee!
Oh! happy ſtate! when ſouls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature, law:
All then is full, poſſeſſing and poſſeſt,
No craving void left aking in the breaſt:
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wiſh ſprings mutual from the heart.
This ſure is bliſs (if bliſs on earth there be)
And once the lot of Abelard and me.
Alas how chang'd! what ſudden horrors riſe!
A naked Lover bound and bleeding lies!
Where, where was Eloïſe? her voice, her hand!
Her ponyard had oppos'd the dire command.
Barbarian, ſtay! that bloody ſtroke reſtrain;
The crime was common, common be the pain.
I can no more, by ſhame, by rage ſuppreſs'd,
Let tears, and burning bluſhes ſpeak the reſt.

Canſt thou forget that ſad, that ſolemn day,
When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?
Canſt thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?
As with cold lips I kiſs'd the ſacred veil,
The ſhrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale:
Heav'n ſcarce believ'd the Conqueſt it ſurvey'd,
And Saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
Yet then, to thoſe dread altars as I drew,
Not on the Croſs my eyes were fix'd, but you:
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,
And if I loſe thy love, I loſe my all.
Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe;
Thoſe ſtill at leaſt are left thee to beſtow.
Still on that breaſt enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious poiſon from thy eye;
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be preſs'd;
Give all thou canſt---and let me dream the reſt.
Ah no! inſtruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes,
Full in my view ſet all the bright abode,
And make my ſoul quit Abelard for God.
Ah think at leaſt thy flock deſerves thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r.
From the falſe world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deſerts led.
You rais'd theſe hallow'd walls; the deſert ſmil'd,
And Paradiſe was open'd in the Wild.

NOTES.

VER. 133. *You rais'd theſe hallow'd walls*;] He founded the Monaſtery. P.

No weeping orphan ſaw his father's ſtores
Our ſhrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
No ſilver ſaints, by dying miſers giv'n,
Here brib'd the rage of ill requited heav'n:
But ſuch plain roofs as piety could raiſe,
And only vocal with the Maker's praiſe.
In theſe lone walls (their days eternal bound)
Theſe moſs-grown domes with ſpiry turrets crown'd,
Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows ſhed a ſolemn light;
Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
But now no face divine contentment wears,
'Tis all blank ſadneſs, or continual tears.
See how the force of others pray'rs I try,
(O pious fraud of am'rous charity!)
But why ſhould I on others pray'rs depend?
Come thou, my father, brother, huſband, friend!
Ah let thy handmaid, ſiſter, daughter move,
And all thoſe tender names in one, thy love!
The darkſome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
The wand'ring ſtreams that ſhine between the hills,
The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;
No more theſe ſcenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to reſt the viſionary maid.
But o'er the twilight groves and duſky caves,
Long-ſounding iſles, and intermingled graves,

Black

Black Melancholy ſits, and round her throws
A death-like ſilence, and a dread repoſe:
Her gloomy preſence ſaddens all the ſcene,
Shades ev'ry flow'r, and darkens ev'ry green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.
Yet here for ever, ever muſt I ſtay;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
Death, only death, can break the laſting chain;
And here, e'en then, ſhall my cold duſt remain,
Here all its frailties, all its flames reſign,
And wait till 'tis no ſin to mix with thine.
Ah wretch! believ'd the ſpouſe of God in vain,
Confeſs'd within the ſlave of love and man.
Aſſiſt me, heav'n! but whence aroſe that pray'r?
Sprung it from piety, or from deſpair?
Ev'n here, where frozen chaſtity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;
I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
Repent old pleaſures, and ſolicit new;
Now turn'd to heav'n, I weep my paſt offence,
Now think of thee, and curſe my innocence.
Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis ſure the hardeſt ſcience to forget!
How ſhall I loſe the ſin, yet keep the ſenſe,
And love th' offender, yet deteſt th' offence?
How the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how diſtinguiſh penitence from love?

Unequal taſk! a paſſion to reſign,
For hearts ſo touch'd, ſo pierc'd, ſo loſt as mine.
Ere ſuch a ſoul regains its peaceful ſtate,
How often muſt it love, how often hate!
How often hope, deſpair, reſent, regret,
Conceal, diſdain,---do all things but forget.
But let heav'n ſeize it, all at once 'tis fir'd;
Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but inſpir'd!
Oh come! oh teach me nature to ſubdue,
Renounce my love, my life, myſelf---and you.
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
Alone can rival, can ſucceed to thee.
How happy is the blameleſs Veſtal's lot?
The world forgetting, by the world forgot:
Eternal ſun-ſhine of the ſpotleſs mind!
Each pray'r accepted, and each wiſh reſign'd;
Labour and reſt, that equal periods keep;
"Obedient ſlumbers that can wake and weep;"
Deſires compos'd, affections ever even;
Tears that delight, and ſighs that waft to heav'n.
Grace ſhines around her with ſereneſt beams,
And whiſp'ring Angels prompt her golden dreams.
For her th' unfading roſe of Eden blooms,
And wings of Seraphs ſhed divine perfumes,
For her the Spouſe prepares the bridal ring,
For her white virgins Hymenaeals ſing,
To ſounds of heav'nly harps ſhe dies away,
And melts in viſions of eternal day.

NOTES.

VER. 212. *Obedient ſlumbers, etc.*] Taken from Craſhaw. P.

Far

Far other dreams my erring ſoul employ,
Far other raptures, of unholy joy:
When at the cloſe of each ſad, ſorrowing day,
Fancy reſtores what vengeance ſnatch'd away,
Then conſcience ſleeps, and leaving nature free,
All my looſe ſoul unbounded ſprings to thee.
Oh curſt, dear horrors of all-conſcious night!
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!
Provoking Daemons all reſtraint remove,
And ſtir within me ev'ry ſource of love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my claſping arms.
I wake:---no more I hear, no more I view,
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud; it hears not what I ſay:
I ſtretch my empty arms; it glides away.
To dream once more I cloſe my willing eyes;
Ye ſoft illuſions, dear deceits, ariſe!
Alas, no more! methinks we wand'ring go
Through dreary waſtes, and weep each other's woe,
Where round ſome mould'ring tow'r pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the ſkies;
Clouds interpoſe, waves roar, and winds ariſe.
I ſhriek, ſtart up, the ſame ſad proſpect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.
For thee the fates, ſeverely kind, ordain
A cool ſuſpence from pleaſure and from pain;
Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repoſe;
No pulſe that riots, and no blood that glows.

Still as the ſea, ere winds were taught to blow,
Or moving ſpirit bade the waters flow;
Soft as the ſlumbers of a ſaint forgiv'n,
And mild as op'ning gleams of promis'd heav'n.
Come, Abelard! for what haſt thou to dread?
The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
Nature ſtands check'd; Religion diſapproves;
Ev'n thou art cold---yet Eloïſa loves.
Ah hopeleſs, laſting flames; like thoſe that burn
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.
What ſcenes appear where'er I turn my view?
The dear Ideas, where I fly, purſue,
Riſe in the grove, before the altar riſe,
Stain all my ſoul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waſte the Matin lamp in ſighs for thee,
Thy image ſteals between my God and me,
Thy voice I ſeem in ev'ry hymn to hear,
With ev'ry bead I drop too ſoft a tear.
When from the cenſer clouds of fragrance roll,
And ſwelling organs lift the riſing ſoul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Prieſts, tapers, temples, ſwim before my ſight:
In ſeas of flame my plunging ſoul is drown'd,
While Altars blaze, and Angels tremble round.
While proſtrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous drops juſt gath'ring in my eye,
While praying, trembling, in the duſt I roll,
And dawning grace is op'ning on my ſoul:
Come, if thou dar'ſt, all charming as thou art!
Oppoſe thyſelf to heav'n; diſpute my heart;

Come,

Come, with one glance of thoſe deluding eyes
Blot out each bright Idea of the ſkies;
Take back that grace, thoſe ſorrows, and thoſe tears;
Take back my fruitleſs penitence and pray'rs;
Snatch me, juſt mounting, from the bleſt abode;
Aſſiſt the fiends, and tear me from my God!
No, fly me, fly me, far as Pole from Pole;
Riſe Alps between us! and whole oceans roll!
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor ſhare one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory reſign;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view!)
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu!
O Grace ſerene! oh virtue heav'nly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
Freſh blooming Hope, gay daughter of the ſky!
And Faith, our early immortality!
Enter, each mild, each amicable gueſt;
Receive, and wrap me, in eternal reſt!
See in her cell ſad Eloïſa ſpread,
Prompt on ſome tomb, a neighbour of the dead.
In each low wind methinks a Spirit calls,
And more than Echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder ſhrine I heard a hollow ſound.
" Come, ſiſter, come! (it ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay)
" Thy place is here, ſad ſiſter, come away!
" Once like thyſelf, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
" Love's victim then, though now a ſainted maid:

" But

But all is calm in this eternal ſleep;
Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep,
" Ev'n ſuperſtition loſes every fear:
" For God, not man, abſolves our frailties here."
I come, I come! prepare your roſeate bow'rs,
Celeſtial palms, and ever-blooming flow'rs.
Thither, where ſinners may have reſt, I go,
Where flames refin'd in breaſts ſeraphic glow:
Thou, Abelard! the laſt ſad office pay,
And ſmooth my paſſage to the realms of day:
See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
Suck my laſt breath and catch my flying ſoul!
Ah no—in ſacred veſtments may'ſt thou ſtand,
The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
Preſent the Croſs before my lifted eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
Ah then, thy once-lov'd Eloïſa ſee!
It will be then no crime to gaze on me.
See from my cheek the tranſient roſes fly!
See the laſt ſparkle languiſh in my eye!
Till every motion, pulſe, and breath be o'er;
And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more.
Oh Death all-eloquent! you only prove
What duſt we doat on, when 'tis man we love.
Then too, when fate ſhall thy fair frame deſtroy,
(That cauſe of all my guilt, and all my joy)
In trance extatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds deſcend, and Angels watch thee round,
From op'ning ſkies may ſtreaming glories ſhine,
And Saints embrace thee with a love like mine.

May one kind grave unite each hapleſs name,
And graft my love-immortal on thy fame!
Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart ſhall beat no more;
If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings
To Paraclete's white walls and ſilver ſprings,
O'er the pale marble ſhall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tears each other ſheds;
Then ſadly ſay, with mutual pity mov'd,
"Oh may we never love as theſe have lov'd!"
From the full choir when loud Hoſannas riſe,
And ſwell the pomp of dreadful ſacrifice,
Amid that ſcene if ſome relenting eye
Glance on the ſtone where our cold relicks lie,
Devotion's ſelf ſhall ſteal a thought from heav'n,
One human tear ſhall drop, and be forgiv'n.
And ſure if fate ſome future bard ſhall join
In ſad ſimilitude of griefs to mine,
Condemn'd whole years in abſence to deplore,
And image charms he muſt behold no more;
Such if there be, who loves ſo long, ſo well;
Let him our ſad, our tender ſtory tell;
The well-ſung woes will ſooth my penſive ghoſt;
He beſt can paint 'em who ſhall feel 'em moſt.

NOTES.

VER. 343. *May one kind grave, etc.*] Abelard and Eloïſa were interred in the ſame grave, or in monuments adjoining, in the Monaſtery of the Paraclete: he died in the year 1142, ſhe in 1163. P.

TRANSLATIONS

AND

IMITATIONS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Tranſlations were ſelected from many others done by the Author in his Youth; for the moſt part indeed but a ſort of *Exerciſes*, while he was improving himſelf in the Languages, and carried by his early Bent to *Poetry* to perform them rather in Verſe than Proſe. Mr. *Dryden's Fables* came out about that time, which occaſioned the Tranſlations from *Chaucer*. They were firſt ſeparately printed in Miſcellanies by J. Tonſon and B. Lintot, and afterwards collected in the Quarto Edition of 1717. The *Imitations of Engliſh Authors*, which are added, were done as early, ſome of them at fourteen or fifteen years old; but having alſo got into Miſcellanies, we have here put them all together. P.

The TEMPLE of FAME.

Written in the Year MDCCXL.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE hint of the following piece was taken from Chaucer's *Houſe of Fame*. The deſign is in a manner entirely altered, the deſcriptions and moſt of the particular thoughts my own: yet I could not ſuffer it to be printed without this acknowledgment. The reader who would compare this with Chaucer, may begin with his third Book of *Fame*, there being nothing in the two firſt books that anſwers to their title: wherever any hint is taken from him, the paſſage itſelf is ſet down in the marginal notes. P.

The TEMPLE of FAME.

IN that ſoft ſeaſon, when deſcending ſhow'rs
Call forth the greens, and wake the riſing flow'rs;
When op'ning buds ſalute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray;
As balmy ſleep had charm'd my cares to reſt,
And love itſelf was baniſh'd from my breaſt,
(What time the morn myſterious viſions brings,
While purer ſlumbers ſpread their golden wings)
A train of phantoms in wild order roſe,
And join'd, this intellectual ſcene compoſe.
I ſtood, methought, betwixt earth, ſeas, and ſkies;
The whole creation open to my eyes:
In air ſelf-balanc'd hung the globe below,
Where mountains riſe and circling oceans flow;

NOTES.

VER. 1. *In that ſoft ſeaſon, etc.*] This Poem is introduced in the manner of the Provencial Poets, whoſe works were for the moſt part Viſions, or pieces of imagination, and conſtantly deſcriptive. From theſe, Petrarch and Chaucer frequently borrow the idea of their poems. See the *Trionfi* of the former, and the *Dream*, *Flower and the Leaf*, etc. of the latter. The Author of this therefore choſe the ſame ſort of Exordium. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 11, etc.] Theſe verſes are hinted from the following of Chaucer, Book ii.

" Tho' beheld I fields and plains,
" Now hills, and now mountains,
" Now valeis, and now foreſtes,
" And now unneth great beſtes,
" Now rivers, now citees,
" Now towns, now great trees,
" Now ſhippes ſayling in the ſees." P.

Here

Here naked rocks, and empty waſtes were ſeen,
There tow'ry cities, and the foreſts green:
Here ſailing ſhips delight the wand'ring eyes;
There trees, and intermingled temples riſe:
Now a clear ſun the ſhining ſcene diſplays,
The tranſient landſcape now in clouds decays.
O'er the wide proſpect as I gaz'd around,
Sudden I heard a wild promiſcuous ſound,
Like broken thunders that at diſtance roar,
Or billows murm'ring on the hollow ſhore:
Then gazing up, a glorious pile beheld,
Whoſe tow'ring ſummit ambient clouds conceal'd.
High on a rock of Ice the ſtructure lay,
Steep its aſcent, and ſlipp'ry was the way;
The wond'rous rock like Parian marble ſhone,
And ſeem'd, to diſtant ſight, of ſolid ſtone.
Inſcriptions here of various names I view'd,
The greater part by hoſtile time ſubdu'd;

Yet

IMITATIONS.

VER. 27. *High on a rock of Ice, etc.*] Chaucer's third book of *Fame*.

" It ſtood upon ſo high a rock,
" Higher ſtandeth none in Spayne—
" What manner ſtone this rock was,
" For it was like a lymed glaſs,
" But that it ſhone full more clere;
" But of what congeled matere
" It was, I niſte redily;
" But at the laſt eſpied I,
" And found that it was every dele,
" A rock of iſe and not of ſtele."

VER. 31. *Inſcriptions here, etc.*]

" Tho' ſaw I all the hill y-grave
" With famous folkes names fele,
" That had been in much wele

" And

Yet wide was ſpread their fame in ages paſt,
And Poets once had promis'd they ſhould laſt.
Some freſh engrav'd appear'd of Wits renown'd;
I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.
Critics I ſaw, that other names deface,
And fix their own, with labour, in their place:
Their own, like others, ſoon their place reſign'd,
Or diſappear'd, and left the firſt behind.
Nor was the work impair'd by ſtorms alone,
But felt th' approaches of too warm a ſun;
For Fame, impatient of extremes, decays
Not more by Envy than exceſs of Praiſe.
Yet part no injuries of heav'n could feel,
Like cryſtal faithful to the graving ſteel:

The

IMITATIONS.

" And her fames wide y-blow;
" But well unneth might I know
" Any letters for to rede
" Their names by, for out of drede
" They weren almoſt off-thawen ſo,
" That of the letters one or two
" Were molte away of every name,
" So unfamous was woxe her fame;
" But men ſaid, what may ever laſt." P.

VER. 41. *Nor was the work impair'd, etc.*]
" Tho gan I in myne harte caſt,
" That they were molte away for heate,
" And not away with ſtormes beate."

VER. 45. *Yet part no injuries, etc.*]
" For on that other ſide I ſey
" Of that hill which northward ley,
" How it was written full of names
" Of folke, that had afore great fames,
" Of old time, and yet they were
" As freſh as men had written hem there

" The

The rock's high ſummit, in the temple's ſhade,
Nor heat could melt, nor beating ſtorm invade.
Their names inſcrib'd unnumber'd ages paſt
From time's firſt birth, with time itſelf ſhall laſt;
Theſe ever new, nor ſubject to decays,
Spread, and grow brighter with the length of days.
So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of froſt)
Riſe white in air, and glitter o'er the coaſt;
Pale ſuns, unfelt, at diſtance roll away,
And on th' impaſſive ice the lightnings play;
Eternal ſnows the growing maſs ſupply,
Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent ſky:
As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
The gather'd winter of a thouſand years.
On this foundation Fame's high temple ſtands;
Stupendous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.
Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.
Four faces had the dome, and ev'ry face
Of various ſtructure, but of equal grace:

NOTES.

VER. 65. *Four faces had the dome, etc.*] The Temple is deſcribed to be ſquare, the four fronts with open gates facing the different quarters of the world, as an intimation that all nations

IMITATIONS.

" The ſelf day, or that houre
" That I on hem gan to poure:
" But well I wiſte what it made;
" It was conſerved with the ſhade
" (All the writing that I ſye)
" Of the caſtle that ſtoode on high,
" And ſtood eke in ſo cold a place,
" That heate might it not deface." P.

Four

Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
Salute the diff'rent quarters of the ſky.
Here fabled Chiefs in darker ages born,
Or Worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,
Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monſtrous race;
The walls in venerable order grace.
Heroes in animated marble frown,
And Legiſlators ſeem to think in ſtone.
Weſtward, a ſumptuous frontiſpiece appear'd,
On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
Crown'd with an architrave of antique mold,
And ſculpture riſing on the roughen'd gold.
In ſhaggy ſpoils here Theſeus was beheld,
And Perſeus dreadful with Minerva's ſhield:
There great Alcides ſtooping with his toil,
Reſts on his club, and holds th' Heſperian ſpoil.
Here Orpheus ſings; trees moving to the ſound
Start from their roots, and form a ſhade around:
Amphion there the loud creating lyre
Strikes, and beholds a ſudden Thebes aſpire!
Cithaeron's echoes anſwer to his call,
And half the mountain rolls into a wall:
There might you ſee the length'ning ſpires aſcend,
The domes ſwell up, the wid'ning arches bend,
The growing tow'rs, like exhalations riſe,
And the huge columns heave into the ſkies.

NOTES.

nations of the earth may alike be received into it. The weſtern front is of Grecian architecture: the Doric order was peculiarly ſacred to Heroes and Worthies. Thoſe whoſe ſtatues are after mentioned, were the firſt names of old Greece in arms and arts. P.

VER. 81. *There great Alcides, etc.*] This figure of Hercules is drawn with an eye to the poſition of the famous ſtatue of Farneſe. P.

The Eaſtern front was glorious to behold,
With di'mond flaming, and Barbaric gold.
There Ninus ſhone, who ſpread th' Aſſyrian fame,
And the great founder of the Perſian name:
There in long robes the royal Magi ſtand,
Grave Zoroaſter waves the circling wand,
The ſage Chaldaeans rob'd in white appear'd,
And Brachmans, deep in deſert woods rever'd.
Theſe ſtop'd the moon, and call'd th' unbody'd ſhades
To midnight banquets in the glimm'ring glades;
Made viſionary fabricks round them riſe,
And airy ſpectres ſkim before their eyes;
Of Taliſmans and Sigils knew the pow'r,
And careful watch'd the Planetary hour.
Superior, and alone, Confucius ſtood,
Who taught that uſeful ſcience, to be good.
But on the South, a long majeſtic race
Of Egypt's Prieſts the gilded niches grace,
Who meaſur'd earth, deſcrib'd the ſtarry ſpheres,
And trac'd the long records of lunar years.
High on his car Seſoſtris ſtruck my view,
Whom ſcepter'd ſlaves in golden harneſs drew:

NOTES.

VER. 96. *And the great founder of the Perſian name:*] Cyrus was the beginning of the Perſian, as Ninus was of the Aſſyrian Monarchy. The Magi and Chaldaeans (the chief of whom was Zoroaſter) employed their ſtudies upon magic and aſtrology, which was in a manner almoſt all the learning of the ancient Aſian people. We have ſcarce any account of a moral philoſopher except Confucius, the great law-giver of the Chineſe, who lived about two thouſand years ago. P.

VER. 110. *Egypt's Prieſts, etc.*] The learning of the old Egyptian Prieſts conſiſted for the moſt part in geometry and aſtronomy: they alſo preſerved the Hiſtory of their nation. Their greateſt Hero upon record is Seſoſtris, whoſe actions and conqueſts may be ſeen at large in Diodorus, etc. He is ſaid to have cauſed the Kings he vanquiſhed to draw him in his Chariot. The poſture of his ſtatue, in theſe verſes, is correſpondent to the deſcription which Herodotus gives of one of them remaining in his own time. P.

His

His hands a bow and pointed jav'lin hold;
His giant limbs are arm'd in ſcales of gold.
Between the ſtatues Obeliſks were plac'd,
And the learn'd walls with Hieroglyphics grac'd.
  Of Gothic ſtructure was the Northern ſide,
O'erwrought with ornaments of barb'rous pride.
There huge Coloſſes roſe, with trophies crown'd,
And Runic characters were grav'd around.
There ſate Zamolxis with erected eyes,
And Odin here in mimic trances dies.
There on rude iron columns, ſmear'd with blood,
The horrid forms of Scythian heroes ſtood,
Druids and Bards (their once loud harps unſtrung)
And youths that dy'd to be by Poets ſung.
Theſe and a thouſand more of doubtful fame,
To whom old fables gave a laſting name,
In ranks adorn'd the Temple's outward face;
The wall in luſtre and effect like glaſs,

NOTES.

VER. 119. *Of Gothic ſtructure was the Northern ſide.*] The Architecture is agreeable to that part of the world. The learning of the northern nations lay more obſcure than that of the reſt; Zamolxis was the diſciple of Pythagoras, who taught the immortality of the ſoul to the Scythians. Odin, or Woden, was the great legiſlator and hero of the Goths. They tell us of him, that, being ſubject to fits, he perſuaded his followers, that during thoſe trances he received inſpirations, from whence he dictated his laws: he is ſaid to have been the inventor of the Runic characters. P.

VER. 127. *Druids and Bards, etc.*] Theſe were the prieſts and poets of thoſe people, ſo celebrated for their ſavage virtue. Thoſe heroic barbarians accounted it a diſhonour to die in their beds, and ruſhed on to certain death in the proſpect of an after-life, and for the glory of a ſong from their bards in praiſe of their actions. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 132. *The wall in luſtre, etc.*]

" It ſhone lighter than a glaſs,
" And made well more than it was,
" As kind of thing Fame is."

Which o'er each object caſting various dyes,
Enlarges ſome, and others multiplies:
Nor void of emblem was the myſtic wall,
For thus romantic Fame increaſes all.
The Temple ſhakes, the ſounding gates unfold,
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold:
Rais'd on a thouſand pillars, wreath'd around
With laurel-foliage, and with eagles crown'd:
Of bright, tranſparent beryl were the walls,
The freezes gold, and gold the capitals:
As heav'n with ſtars, the roof with jewels glows,
And ever-living lamps depend in rows.
Full in the paſſage of each ſpacious gate,
The ſage Hiſtorians in white garments wait;
Grav'd o'er their ſeats the form of Time was found,
His ſcythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.
Within ſtood Heroes, who through loud alarms
In bloody fields purſu'd renown in arms.
High on a throne with trophies charg'd, I view'd
The Youth that all things but himſelf ſubdu'd;
His feet on ſceptres and tiara's trod,
And his horn'd head bely'd the Libyan God.
There Caeſar, grac'd with both Minervas, ſhone;
Caeſar, the world's great maſter, and his own;
Unmov'd, ſuperior ſtill in ev'ry ſtate,
And ſcarce deteſted in his Country's fate.

NOTES.

VER. 152. *The Youth that all things but himſelf ſubdu'd*;] Alexander the Great: the Tiara was the crown peculiar to the Aſian Princes: his deſire to be thought the ſon of Jupiter Ammon, cauſed him to wear the horns of that God, and to repreſent the ſame upon his coins; which was continued by ſeveral of his ſucceſſors. P.

But

But chief were thoſe, who not for empire fought,
But with their toils their people's ſafety bought:
High o'er the reſt Epaminondas ſtood;
Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;
Bold Scipio, ſaviour of the Roman ſtate;
Great in his triumphs, in retirement great;
And wiſe Aurelius, in whoſe well-taught mind
With boundleſs pow'r unbounded virtue join'd,
His own ſtrict judge, and patron of mankind.
Much-ſuff'ring heroes next their honours claim,
Thoſe of leſs noiſy, and leſs guilty fame,
Fair Virtue's ſilent train: ſupreme of theſe
Here ever ſhines the godlike Socrates:
He whom ungrateful Athens could expell,
At all times juſt, but when he ſign'd the Shell:
Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,
With Agis, not the laſt of Spartan names:
Unconquer'd Cato ſhews the wound he tore,
And Brutus his ill Genius meets no more.
But in the centre of the hallow'd choir,
Six pompous columns o'er the reſt aſpire;

Around

NOTES.

VER. 162. *Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood*;] Timoleon had ſaved the life of his brother Timophanes in the battle between the Argives and Corinthians; but afterwards killed him when he affected the tyranny, preferring his duty to his country to all the obligations of blood. P.

VER. 172. *He whom ungrateful Athens, etc.*] Ariſtides, who for his great integrity was diſtinguiſhed by the appellation of *the Juſt*. When his countrymen would have baniſhed him by the Oſtraciſm, where it was the cuſtom for every man to ſign the name of the perſon he voted to exile in an Oyſter-ſhell; a peaſant, who could not write, came to Ariſtides to do it for him, who readily ſigned his own name. P.

VER. 178. *But in the centre of the hallow'd choir, etc.*] In the midſt of the temple, neareſt the throne of Fame, are placed the greateſt names in learning of all antiquity. Theſe

are

Around the ſhrine itſelf of Fame they ſtand,
Hold the chief honours, and the fane command.
High on the firſt, the mighty Homer ſhone;
Eternal adamant compos'd his throne;
Father of verſe! in holy fillets dreſt,
His ſilver beard wav'd gently o'er his breaſt;
Tho' blind, a boldneſs in his looks appears;
In years he ſeem'd, but not impair'd by years.
The wars of Troy were round the Pillar ſeen:
Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian Queen;
Here Hector glorious from Patroclus' fall,
Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall:
Motion and life did ev'ry part inſpire,
Bold was the work, and prov'd the maſter's fire;

NOTES.

are deſcribed in ſuch attitudes as expreſs their different characters: the columns on which they are raiſed are adorned with ſculptures, taken from the moſt ſtriking ſubjects of their works; which ſculpture bears a reſemblance, in its manner and character, to the manner and character of their writings. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 179. *Six pompous columns, etc.*]
" From the dees many a pillere,
" Of metal that ſhone not full clere, etc.
" Upon a pillere ſaw I ſtonde
" That was of lede and iron fine,
" Him of the Sect Saturnine,
" The Ebraicke Joſephus the old, etc.
" Upon an iron piller ſtrong,
" That painted was all endlong,
" With tigers' blood in every place,
" The Tholoſan that hight Stace,
" That bare of Thebes up the name," etc. P.

VER. 182.] " Full wonder hye on a pillere
" Of iron, he the great Omer,
" And with him Dares and Titus," etc. P.

A ſtrong

A ſtrong expreſſion moſt he ſeem'd t' affect,
And here and there diſclos'd a brave neglect.
A golden column next in rank appear'd,
On which a ſhrine of pureſt gold was rear'd;
Finiſh'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry part,
With patient touches of unweary'd art:
The Mantuan there in ſober triumph ſate,
Compos'd his poſture, and his looks ſedate;
On Homer ſtill he fix'd a rev'rend eye,
Great without pride, in modeſt majeſty.
In living ſculpture on the ſides were ſpread
The Latian Wars, and haughty Turnus dead;
Eliza ſtretch'd upon the fun'ral pyre,
Aeneas bending with his aged ſire:
Troy flam'd in burning gold, and o'er the throne
ARMS AND THE MAN in golden cyphers ſhone.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 196, etc.] " There ſaw I ſtond on a pillere
" That was of tinned iron cleere,
" The Latin Poet Virgyle,
" That hath bore up of a great while
" The fame of pious Aeneas.
" And next him on a pillere was
" Of copper, Venus' clerk Ovide,
" That hath ſowen wondrous wide
" The great God of Love's fame—
" Tho ſaw I on a pillere by
" Of iron wrought full ſternly,
" The great Poet Dan Lucan,
" That on his ſhoulders bore up then
" As hye as that I might ſee,
" The fame of Julius and Pompee.
" And next him on a pillere ſtode
" Of ſulphur, like as he were wode,
" Dan Claudian, ſothe for to tell,
" That bare up all the fame of hell," etc.

Four ſwans ſuſtain a car of ſilver bright,
With heads advanc'd, and pinions ſtretch'd for flight:
Here, like ſome furious prophet, Pindar rode,
And ſeem'd to labour with th' inſpiring God.
Acroſs the harp a careleſs hand he flings,
And boldly ſinks into the ſounding ſtrings.
The figur'd games of Greece the column grace,
Neptune and Jove ſurvey the rapid race.
The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run;
The fiery ſteeds ſeem ſtarting from the ſtone;
The champions in diſtorted poſtures threat;
And all appear'd irregularly great.
Here happy Horace tun'd th' Auſonian lyre
To ſweeter ſounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire:
Pleas'd with Alcaeus' manly rage t' infuſe
The ſofter ſpirit of the Sapphic Muſe.

The

NOTES.

VER. 210. *Four ſwans ſuſtain, etc.*] Pindar being ſeated in a chariot, alludes to the chariot-races he celebrated in the Grecian games. The ſwans are emblems of Poetry, their ſoaring poſture intimates the ſublimity and activity of his genius. Neptune preſided over the Iſthmian, and Jupiter over the Olympian games.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 224. *Pleas'd with Alcaeus' manly rage t' infuſe*
The ſofter ſpirit of the Sapphic Muſe.]

This expreſſes the mixed character of the odes of Horace: the ſecond of theſe verſes alludes to that line of his,

" Spiritum Graiae tenuem camoenae."

As another which follows, to

" Exegi monumentum aere perennius."

The action of the Doves hints at a paſſage in the fourth ode of his third book.

" Me fabuloſae Vulture in Appulo
" Altricis extra limen Apuliae,
" Ludo fatigatumque ſomno,
" Fronde nova puerum palumbes

" Texêre;

The poliſh'd pillar diff'rent ſculptures grace;
A work outlaſting monumental braſs.
Here ſmiling Loves and Bacchanals appear,
The Julian ſtar, and great Auguſtus here.
The Doves that round the infant poet ſpread
Myrtles and bays, hung hov'ring o'er his head.
Here in a ſhrine that caſt a dazzling light,
Sate fix'd in thought the mighty Stagirite;
His ſacred head a radiant Zodiac crown'd,
And various Animals his ſides ſurround;
His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
Superior worlds, and look all Nature through.
With equal rays immortal Tully ſhone,
The Roman Roſtra deck'd the Conſul's throne:
Gath'ring his flowing robe, he ſeem'd to ſtand
In act to ſpeak, and graceful ſtretch'd his hand.
Behind, Rome's Genius waits with Civic crowns,
And the great Father of his country owns.
Theſe maſſy columns in a circle riſe,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the ſkies:

IMITATIONS.

" Texêre; mirum quod foret omnibus—
" Ut tuto ab atris corpore viperis
" Dormirem ut urſis; ut premerer ſacra
" Lauroque collataque myrto,
" Non ſine Diis animoſus infans."

Which may be thus Engliſhed;

" While yet a child, I chanc'd to ſtray,
" And in a deſert ſleeping lay;
" The ſavage race withdrew, nor dar'd
" To touch the Muſes' future bard;
" But Cytherea's gentle dove
" Myrtles and Bays around me ſpread,
" And crown'd your infant Poet's head,
" Sacred to Muſic and to Love." P.

Scarce to the top I ſtretch'd my aking ſight,
So large it ſpread, and ſwell'd to ſuch a height.
Full in the midſt proud Fame's imperial ſeat
With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great;
The vivid em'ralds there revive the eye,
The flaming rubies ſhew their ſanguine dye,
Bright azure rays from lively ſapphires ſtream,
And lucid amber caſts a golden gleam.
With various-colour'd light the pavement ſhone,
And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne;
The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.
When on the Goddeſs firſt I caſt my ſight,
Scarce ſeem'd her ſtature of a cubit's height;
But ſwell'd to larger ſize, the more I gaz'd,
Till to the roof her tow'ring front ſhe rais'd.
With her, the Temple ev'ry moment grew,
And ampler Viſta's open'd to my view:
Upward the columns ſhoot, the roofs aſcend,
And arches widen, and long iſles extend.
Such was her form as ancient bards have told,
Wings raiſe her arms, and wings her feet infold;
A thouſand buſy tongues the Goddeſs bears,
And thouſand open eyes, and thouſand liſt'ning ears.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 259. *Scarce ſeem'd her ſtature, etc*]

" Methought that ſhe was ſo lite,
" That the length of a cubite
" Was longer than ſhe ſeemed be;
" But thus ſoon in a while ſhe,
" Herſelf tho wonderly ſtraight,
" That with her feet ſhe the earth reight,
" And with her head ſhe touchyd heaven."— P.

Beneath,

Beneath, in order rang'd, the tuneful Nine
(Her virgin handmaids) ſtill attend the ſhrine:
With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they ſing;
For Fame they raiſe the voice, and tune the ſtring;
With time's firſt birth began the heav'nly lays,
And laſt, eternal, through the length of days.
Around theſe wonders as I caſt a look,
The trumpet ſounded, and the temple ſhook,
And all the nations, ſummon'd at the call,
From diff'rent quarters fill the crouded hall:
Of various tongues the mingled ſounds were heard;
In various garbs promiſcuous throngs appear'd;
Thick as the bees, that with the ſpring renew
Their flow'ry toils, and ſip the fragrant dew,
When the wing'd colonies firſt tempt the ſky,
O'er duſky fields and ſhaded waters fly,

IMITATIONS.

VER. 270. *Beneath, in order rang'd, etc.*]
" I heard about her throne y-ſung
" That all the palays walls rung
" So ſung the mighty Muſe, ſhe
" That cleped is Calliope,
" And her ſeven ſiſters eke."— P.

VER. 276. *Around theſe wonders, etc.*]
" I heard a noiſe approchen blive,
" That far'd as bees done in a hive,
" Againſt her time of out flying;
" Right ſuch a manere murmuring,
" For all the world it ſeemed me.
" Tho gan I look about and ſee
" That there came entring into th' hall,
" A right great company withal;
" And that of ſundry regions,
" Of all kind of conditions," etc.— P.

Or ſettling, ſeize the ſweets the bloſſoms yield,
And a low murmur runs along the field.
Millions of ſuppliant crouds the ſhrine attend,
And all degrees before the Goddeſs bend;
The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the ſage,
And boaſting youth, and narrative old-age.
Their pleas were diff'rent, their requeſt the ſame:
For good and bad alike are fond of Fame.
Some ſhe diſgrac'd, and ſome with honours crown'd;
Unlike ſucceſſes equal merits found.
Thus her blind ſiſter, fickle Fortune, reigns,
And, undiſcerning, ſcatters crowns and chains.
  Firſt at the ſhrine the Learned world appear,
And to the Goddeſs thus prefer their pray'r.
Long have we ſought t' inſtruct and pleaſe mankind,
With ſtudies pale, with midnight vigils blind;
But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
We here appeal to thy ſuperior throne:
On wit and learning the juſt prize beſtow,
For Fame is all we muſt expect below.
  The Goddeſs heard, and bade the Muſes raiſe
The golden Trumpet of eternal Praiſe:
From pole to pole the winds diffuſe the ſound,
That fills the circuit of the world around;

IMITATIONS.

VER. 294. *Some ſhe diſgrac'd, etc.*]

" And ſome of them ſhe granted ſone,
" And ſome ſhe warned well and fair,
" And ſome ſhe granted the contrair—
" Right as her ſiſter dame Fortune
" Is wont to ſerve in commune." P.

Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud;
The notes at firſt were rather ſweet than loud:
By juſt degrees they ev'ry moment riſe,
Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the ſkies.
At ev'ry breath were balmy odours ſhed,
Which ſtill grew ſweeter as they wider ſpread;
Leſs fragrant ſcents th' unfolding roſe exhales,
Or ſpices breathing in Arabian gales.
Next theſe the good and juſt, an awful train,
Thus on their knees addreſs the ſacred fane.
Since living virtue is with envy curs'd,
And the beſt men are treated like the worſt,
Do thou, juſt Goddeſs, call our merits forth,
And give each deed th' exact intrinſic worth.
Not with bare juſtice ſhall your act be crown'd,
(Said Fame) but high above deſert renown'd:

IMITATIONS.

VER. 318. *the good and juſt, etc.*]

" Tho came the third companye,
" And gan up to the dees to hye,
" And down on knees they fell anone,
" And ſaiden: We been everichone
" Folke that han full truely
" Deſerved Fame right-fully,
" And prayen you it might be knowe
" Right as it is, and forth blowe.
" I grant, quoth ſhe, for now we liſt
" That your good works ſhall be wiſt.
" And yet ye ſhall have better loos,
" Right in deſpite of all your foos,
" Than worthy is, and that anone.
" Let now (quoth ſhe) thy trump gone—
" And certes all the breath that went
" Out of his trump's mouth ſmel'd
" As men a pot of baume held
" Among a baſket full of roſes—" P.

Let

Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labour in your praiſe.
This band diſmiſs'd, behold another croud
Prefer'd the ſame requeſt, and lowly bow'd;
The conſtant tenour of whoſe well-ſpent days
No leſs deſerv'd a juſt return of praiſe.
But ſtraight the direful Trump of ſlander ſounds;
Through the big dome the doubling thunder bounds;
Loud as the burſt of cannon rends the ſkies,
The dire report through ev'ry region flies,
In ev'ry ear inceſſant rumours rung,
And gath'ring ſcandals grew on ev'ry tongue.
From the black trumpet's ruſty concave broke
Sulphurious flames, and clouds of rolling ſmoke:
The pois'nous vapour blots the purple ſkies,
And withers all before it as it flies.
A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,
And proud defiance in their looks they bore:

IMITATIONS.

VER. 328, 338. *Behold another croud, etc.—From the black trumpet's ruſty, etc.*]

" Therewithal there came anone
" Another huge companye,
" Of good folke—
" What did this Eolus, but he
" Tooke out his trump of braſs,
" That fouler than the devil was:
" And gan this trump for to blowe,
" As all the world ſhould overthrowe.
" Throughout every regione
" Went this foul trumpet's ſoune.
" Swift as a pellet out of a gunne,
" When fire is in the powder runne.
" And ſuch a ſmoke gan out wende,
" Out of the foul trumpet's ende—" etc. P.

For

For thee (they cry'd) amidſt alarms and ſtrife,
We ſail'd in tempeſts down the ſtream of life;
For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
And ſwam to empire through the purple flood.
Thoſe ills we dar'd, thy inſpiration own,
What virtue ſeem'd, was done for thee alone.
Ambitious fools! (the Queen reply'd, and frown'd)
Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd;
There ſleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
Your ſtatues moulder'd, and your names unknown!
A ſudden cloud ſtraight ſnatch'd them from my ſight,
And each majeſtic phantom ſunk in night.
Then came the ſmalleſt tribe I yet had ſeen;
Plain was their dreſs, and modeſt was their mien.

Great

IMITATIONS.

VER. 356. *Then came the ſmalleſt, etc.*]

" I ſaw anone the fifth route,
" That to this lady gan loute,
" And down on knees anone to fall,
" And to her they beſoughten all,
" To hiden their good works eke.
" And ſaid, they yeve not a leke
" For no fame ne ſuch renowne;
" For they for contemplacyoune,
" And Goddes love had it wrought,
" Ne of fame would they ought.
" What, quoth ſhe, and be ye wood?
" And ween ye for to do good,
" And for to have it of no fame?
" Have ye deſpite to have my name?
" Nay ye ſhall lien everichone:
" Blowe thy trump, and that anone
" (Quoth ſhe) thou Eolus, I hote,
" And ring theſe folks works by rote.
" That all the world may of it heare;
" And he gan blow their loos ſo cleare,

" In

Great idol of mankind! we neither claim
The praiſe of merit, nor aſpire to fame!
But ſafe in deſerts from th' applauſe of men,
Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unſeen,
'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from ſight
Thoſe acts of goodneſs, which themſelves requite.
O let us ſtill the ſecret joy partake,
To follow virtue ev'n for virtue's ſake.
And live there men, who ſlight immortal fame?
Who then with incenſe ſhall adore our name?
But mortals! know, 'tis ſtill our greateſt pride
To blaze thoſe virtues, which the good would hide.
Riſe! Muſes, riſe! add all your tuneful breath,
Theſe muſt not ſleep in darkneſs and in death.
She ſaid: in air the trembling muſic floats,
And on the winds triumphant ſwell the notes;
So ſoft, tho' high, ſo loud, and yet ſo clear,
Ev'n liſt'ning Angels lean'd from heav'n to hear:
To fartheſt ſhores th' Ambroſial ſpirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the ſkies.
Next theſe a youthful train their vows expreſs'd,
With feathers crown'd, with gay embroid'ry dreſs'd:

IMITATIONS.

" In his golden clarioune,
" Through the World went the ſoune,
" All ſo kindly, and eke ſo ſoft,
" That their fame was blown aloft." P.

VER. 378. *Next theſe a youthful train, etc.*] The Reader might compare theſe twenty-eight lines following, which contain the ſame matter, with eighty-four of Chaucer, beginning thus:

" Tho came the ſixth companye,
" And gan faſte to Fame cry." etc.

being too prolix to be here inſerted. P.

Hither,

Hither, they cry'd, direct your eyes, and ſee
The men of pleaſure, dreſs, and gallantry;
Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays,
Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;
Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleaſing care
To pay due viſits, and addreſs the fair:
In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could perſuade,
But ſtill in fancy vanquiſh'd ev'ry maid;
Of unknown Ducheſſes leud tales we tell,
Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.
The joy let others have, and we the name,
And what we want in pleaſure, grant in fame.
The Queen aſſents, the trumpet rends the ſkies,
And at each blaſt a Lady's honour dies.
Pleas'd with the ſtrange ſucceſs, vaſt numbers preſt
Around the ſhrine, and made the ſame requeſt:
What you (ſhe cry'd) unlearn'd in arts to pleaſe,
Slaves to yourſelves, and ev'n fatigu'd with eaſe,
Who loſe a length of undeſerving days,
Would you uſurp the lover's dear-bought praiſe?
To juſt contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall,
The people's fable, and the ſcorn of all.
Straight the black clarion ſends a horrid ſound,
Loud laughs burſt out, and bitter ſcoffs fly round,
Whiſpers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
And ſcornful hiſſes run through all the croud.
Laſt, thoſe who boaſt of mighty miſchiefs done,
Enſlave their country, or uſurp a throne;

IMITATIONS.

VER. 406. *Laſt, thoſe who boaſt of mighty, etc.*]

" Tho came another companye,
" That had y-done the treachery," etc. P.

Or who their glory's dire foundation laid
On Sov'reigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd;
Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,
Of crooked counſels and dark politics;
Of theſe a gloomy tribe ſurround the throne,
And beg to make th' immortal treaſons known.
The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
With ſparks, that ſeem'd to ſet the world on fire.
At the dread ſound, pale mortals ſtood aghaſt,
And ſtartled nature trembled with the blaſt.
This having heard and ſeen, ſome pow'r unknown
Straight chang'd the ſcene, and ſnatch'd me from the throne.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 418. *This having heard and ſeen, etc.*] The Scene here changes from the Temple of Fame to that of Rumour, which is almoſt entirely Chaucer's. The particulars follow.

" Tho ſaw I ſtonde in a valey,
" Under the caſtle faſt by
" A houſe, that Domus Dedali
" That Labyrinthus cleped is,
" Nas made ſo wonderly, I wis,
" Ne half ſo queintly y-wrought;
" And evermo as ſwift as thought,
" This queint houſe about went,
" That never more it ſtill ſtent—
" And eke this houſe hath of entrees
" As many as leaves are on trees,
" In ſummer, when they ben grene;
" And in the roof yet men may ſene
" A thouſand hoels and well mo,
" To letten the ſoune out go;
" And by day in every tide
" Ben all the doors open wide,
" And by night each one unſhet;
" No porter is there one to let,
" No manner tydings in to pace:
" Ne never reſt is in that place." P.

Before my view appear'd a ſtructure fair,
Its ſite uncertain, if in earth or air;
With rapid motion turn'd the manſion round;
With ceaſeleſs noiſe the ringing walls reſound;
Not leſs in number were the ſpacious doors,
Than leaves on trees, or ſands upon the ſhores;
Which ſtill unfolded ſtand, by night, by day,
Pervious to winds, and open ev'ry way.
As flames by nature to the ſkies aſcend,
As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
As to the ſea returning rivers roll,
And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole;
Hither, as to their proper place, ariſe
All various ſounds from earth, and ſeas, and ſkies,
Or ſpoke aloud, or whiſper'd in the ear;
Nor ever ſilence, reſt, or peace is here.
As on the ſmooth expanſe of cryſtal lakes
The ſinking ſtone at firſt a circle makes;
The trembling ſurface by the motion ſtirr'd,
Spreads in a ſecond circle, then a third;
Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,
Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the margin dance:
Thus ev'ry voice and ſound, when firſt they break,
On neighb'ring air a ſoft impreſſion make;
Another ambient circle then they move;
That, in its turn, impels the next above;

IMITATIONS.

VER. 428. *As flames by nature to the, etc.*] This thought is tranferr'd hither out of the third book of *Fame*, where it takes up no leſs than one hundred and twenty verſes, beginning thus,

" Geffray, thou wotteſt well this," etc. P.

Through undulating air the ſounds are ſent,
And ſpread o'er all the fluid element.
There various news I heard of love and ſtrife,
Of peace and war, health, ſickneſs, death, and life,
Of loſs and gain, of famine and of ſtore,
Of ſtorms at ſea, and travels on the ſhore,
Of prodigies, and portents ſeen in air,
Of fires and plagues, and ſtars with blazing hair,
Of turns of fortune, changes in the ſtate,
The falls of fav'rites, projects of the great,
Of old miſmanagements, taxations new:
All neither wholly falſe, nor wholly true.
Above, below, without, within, around,
Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,

Who

IMITATIONS.

VER. 448. *There various news I heard, etc.*]
" Of werres, of peace, of marriages,
" Of reſt, of labour, of voyages,
" Of abode, of dethe, and of life,
" Of love and hate, accord and ſtrife,
" Of loſs, of lore, and of winnings,
" Of hele, of ſickneſs, and leſſings,
" Of divers tranſmutations
" Of eſtates and eke of regions,
" Of truſt, of drede, of jealouſy,
" Of wit, of winning, and of folly,
" Of good, or bad government,
" Of fire, and of divers accident." P.

VER. 458. *Above, below, without, within, etc.*]
" But ſuch a grete congregation
" Of folke as I ſaw roam about,
" Some within, and ſome without,
" Was never ſeen, ne ſhall be eft—
" And every wight that I ſaw there
" Rowned everich in others ear

" A new

Who paſs, repaſs, advance, and glide away;
Hoſts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day:
Aſtrologers, that future fates foreſhew,
Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few;
And prieſts, and party-zealots, num'rous bands
With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands;
Each talk'd aloud, or in ſome ſecret place,
And wild impatience ſtar'd in ev'ry face.
They flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any tale was ſooner heard than told;
And all who told it added ſomething new,
And all who heard it, made enlargements too,
In ev'ry ear it ſpread, on ev'ry tongue it grew.
Thus flying eaſt and weſt, and north and ſouth,
News travell'd with increaſe from mouth to mouth.
So from a ſpark, that kindled firſt by chance,
With gath'ring force the quick'ning flames advance;
Till to the clouds their curling heads aſpire,
And tow'rs and temples ſink in floods of fire.
When thus ripe lies are to perfection ſprung,
Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,

IMITATIONS.

" A new tyding privily,
" Or elſe he told it openly
" Right thus, and ſaid, Knowſt not thou
" That is betide to night now?
" No, quoth he, tell me what?
" And then he told him this and that, etc.
" ————————Thus north and ſouth
" Went every tiding fro mouth to mouth,
" And that encreaſing evermo,
" As fire is wont to quicken and go
" From a ſparkle ſprong amiſs,
" Till all the citee brent up is."

Through

Through thouſand vents, impatient, forth they flow,
And ruſh in millions on the world below.
Fame ſits aloft, and points them out their courſe,
Their date determines, and preſcribes their force:
Some to remain, and ſome to periſh ſoon;
Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.
Around, a thouſand winged wonders fly,
Born by the trumpet's blaſt, and ſcatter'd through the ſky.
There, at one paſſage, oft you might ſurvey,
A lie and truth contending for the way;
And long 'twas doubtful, both ſo cloſely pent,
Which firſt ſhould iſſue through the narrow vent:
At laſt agreed, together out they fly,
Inſeparable now, the truth and lie;
The ſtrict companions are for ever join'd,
And this or that unmix'd, no mortal e'er ſhall find.
While thus I ſtood, intent to ſee and hear,
One came, methought, and whiſper'd in my ear:
What could thus high thy raſh ambition raiſe?
Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praiſe?

NOTES.

VER. 497. *While thus I ſtood, etc.*] The hint is taken from a paſſage in another part of the third book, but here more naturally made the concluſion, with the addition of a *Moral*, to the whole. In *Chaucer*, he only anſwers "he came to ſee the place;" and the book ends abruptly, with his being ſurprized at the ſight of a *Man of great Authority*, and awaking in a fright. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 489. *There, at one paſſage, etc.*]

"And ſometime I ſaw there at once,
"A leſing and a ſad ſooth ſaw
"That gonnen at adventure draw
"Out of a window forth to pace—
"And no man, be he ever ſo wrothe,
"Shall have one of theſe two, but bothe," etc. P.

'Tis

'Tis true, ſaid I, not void of hopes I came,
For who ſo fond as youthful bards of Fame?
But few, alas! the caſual bleſſing boaſt,
So hard to gain, ſo eaſy to be loſt.
How vain that ſecond life in others breath,
Th' eſtate which Wits inherit after death!
Eaſe, health, and life, for this they muſt reſign,
(Unſure the tenure, but how vaſt the fine!)
The great man's curſe, without the gains, endure,
Be envy'd, wretched, and be flatter'd, poor;
All luckleſs wits their enemies profeſt,
And all ſucceſsful, jealous friends at beſt.
Nor Fame I ſlight, nor for her favours call;
She comes unlook'd for, if ſhe comes at all.
But if the purchaſe coſt ſo dear a price,
As ſoothing Folly, or exalting Vice:
Oh! if the Muſe muſt flatter lawleſs ſway,
And follow ſtill where fortune leads the way;
Or if no baſis bear my riſing name,
But the fall'n ruins of another's fame;
Then teach me, heav'n! to ſcorn the guilty bays,
Drive from my breaſt that wretched luſt of praiſe;
Unblemiſh'd let me live, or die unknown;
Oh! grant an honeſt fame, or grant me none!

JANUARY AND MAY:

OR THE

MERCHANT's TALE.

FROM

CHAUCER.

JANUARY AND MAY.

THERE liv'd in Lombardy, as authors write,
In days of old, a wiſe and worthy knight;
Of gentle manners, as of gen'rous race,
Bleſt with much ſenſe, more riches, and ſome grace.
Yet led aſtray by Venus' ſoft delights,
He ſcarce could rule ſome idle appetites:
For long ago, let Prieſts ſay what they cou'd,
Weak ſinful laymen were but fleſh and blood.
But in due time, when ſixty years were o'er,
He vow'd to lead this vitious life no more;
Whether pure holineſs inſpir'd his mind,
Or dotage turn'd his brain, is hard to find;
But his high courage prick'd him forth to wed,
And try the pleaſures of a lawful bed.
This was his nightly dream, his daily care,
And to the heav'nly pow'rs his conſtant pray'r,
Once, ere he dy'd, to taſte the bliſsful life
Of a kind huſband and a loving wife.
Theſe thoughts he fortify'd with reaſons ſtill,
(For none want reaſons to confirm their will.)
Grave authors ſay, and witty poets ſing,
That honeſt wedlock is a glorious thing:

NOTES.

JANUARY AND MAY.] This tranſlation was done at ſixteen or ſeventeen years of Age. P.

But depth of judgment moſt in him appears,
Who wiſely weds in his maturer years.
Then let him chuſe a damſel young and fair,
To bleſs his age, and bring a worthy heir;
To ſooth his cares, and free from noiſe and ſtrife,
Conduct him gently to the verge of life.
Let ſinful batchelors their woes deplore,
Full well they merit all they feel, and more:
Unaw'd by precepts, human or divine,
Like birds and beaſts, promiſcuouſly they join:
Nor know to make the preſent bleſſing laſt,
To hope the future, or eſteem the paſt:
But vainly boaſt the joys they never try'd,
And find divulg'd the ſecrets they would hide.
The marry'd man may bear his yoke with eaſe,
Secure at once himſelf and heav'n to pleaſe;
And paſs his inoffenſive hours away,
In bliſs all night, and innocence all day:
Though fortune change, his conſtant ſpouſe remains,
Augments his joys, or mitigates his pains.
But what ſo pure, which envious tongues will ſpare?
Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair.
With matchleſs impudence they ſtyle a wife
The dear-bought curſe, and lawful plague of life;
A boſom-ſerpent, a domeſtic evil,
A night-invaſion, and a mid-day-devil.
Let not the wiſe theſe ſland'rous words regard,
But curſe the bones of ev'ry lying bard.
All other goods by fortune's hand are giv'n,
A wife is the peculiar gift of heav'n.

Vain fortune's favours, never at a ſtay,
Like empty ſhadows, paſs, and glide away;
One ſolid comfort, our eternal wife,
Abundantly ſupplies us all our life:
This bleſſing laſts (if thoſe who try, ſay true)
As long as heart can wiſh—and longer too.
  Our grandſire Adam, ere of Eve poſſeſs'd,
Alone, and ev'n in Paradiſe unbleſs'd,
With mournful looks the bliſsful ſcenes ſurvey'd,
And wander'd in the ſolitary ſhade.
The Maker ſaw, took pity, and beſtow'd
Woman, the laſt, the beſt reſerv'd of God.
  A Wife! ah gentle deities, can he
That has a wife, e'er feel adverſity?
Would men but follow what the ſex adviſe,
All things would proſper, all the world grow wiſe.
'Twas by Rebecca's aid that Jacob won
His father's bleſſing from an elder ſon:
Abuſive Nabal ow'd his forfeit life
To the wiſe conduct of a prudent wife:
Heroic Judith, as old Hebrews ſhow,
Preſerv'd the Jews, and ſlew th' Aſſyrian foe:
At Heſter's ſuit, the perſecuting ſword
Was ſheath'd, and Iſrael liv'd to bleſs the Lord.
  Theſe weighty motives, January the ſage
Maturely ponder'd in his riper age;
And charm'd with virtuous joys, and ſober life,
Would try that chriſtian comfort, call'd a wife.
His friends were ſummon'd on a point ſo nice,
To paſs their judgment, and to give advice;

But fix'd before, and well reſolv'd was he;
(As men that aſk advice are wont to be.)
My friends, he cry'd (and caſt a mournful look
Around the room, and ſigh'd before he ſpoke:)
Beneath the weight of threeſcore years I bend,
And, worn with cares, am haſt'ning to my end;
How I have liv'd, alas! you know too well,
In worldly follies, which I bluſh to tell;
But gracious heav'n has ope'd my eyes at laſt,
With due regret I view my vices paſt,
And, as the precept of the Church decrees,
Will take a wife, and live in holy eaſe.
But ſince by counſel all things ſhould be done,
And many heads are wiſer ſtill than one;
Chuſe you for me, who beſt ſhall be content
When my deſire's approv'd by your conſent.
One caution yet is needful to be told,
To guide your choice; this wife muſt not be old:
There goes a ſaying, and 'twas ſhrewdly ſaid,
Old fiſh at table, but young fleſh in bed.
My ſoul abhors the taſteleſs, dry embrace
Of a ſtale virgin with a winter face:
In that cold ſeaſon Love but treats his gueſt
With bean-ſtraw, and tough forage at the beſt.
No crafty widows ſhall approach my bed;
Thoſe are too wiſe for batchelors to wed.
As ſubtle clerks by many ſchools are made,
Twice marry'd dames are miſtreſſes o' th' trade:
But young and tender virgins, rul'd with eaſe,
We form like wax, and mould them as we pleaſe.

Conceive

Conceive me, Sirs, nor take my ſenſe amiſs;
'Tis what concerns my ſoul's eternal bliſs;
Since if I found no pleaſure in my ſpouſe,
As fleſh is frail, and who (God help me) knows?
Then ſhould I live in leud adultery,
And ſink downright to Satan when I die.
Or were I curs'd with an unfruitful bed,
The righteous end were loſt, for which I wed;
To raiſe up ſeed to bleſs the pow'rs above,
And not for pleaſure only, or for love.
Think not I doat; 'tis time to take a wife,
When vig'rous blood forbids a chaſter life:
Thoſe that are bleſt with ſtore of grace divine,
May live like ſaints, by heav'n's conſent, and mine.
And ſince I ſpeak of wedlock, let me ſay,
(As, thank my ſtars, in modeſt truth I may)
My limbs are active, ſtill I'm ſound at heart,
And a new vigour ſprings in ev'ry part.
Think not my virtue loſt, tho' time has ſhed
Theſe rev'rend honours on my hoary head:
Thus trees are crown'd with bloſſoms white as ſnow,
The vital ſap then riſing from below.
Old as I am, my luſty limbs appear
Like winter greens, that flouriſh all the year.
Now, Sirs, you know to what I ſtand inclin'd,
Let ev'ry friend with freedom ſpeak his mind.
He ſaid; the reſt in diff'rent parts divide;
The knotty point was urg'd on either ſide:
Marriage, the theme on which they all declaim'd,
Some prais'd with wit, and ſome with reaſon blam'd.

Till,

Till, what with proofs, objections, and replies,
Each wond'rous poſitive, and wond'rous wiſe,
There fell between his brothers a debate,
Placebo this was call'd, and Juſtin that.
  Firſt to the Knight Placebo thus begun,
(Mild were his looks, and pleaſing was his tone)
Such prudence, Sir, in all your words appears,
As plainly proves, experience dwells with years!
Yet you purſue ſage Solomon's advice,
To work by counſel when affairs are nice:
But, with the wiſe man's leave, I muſt proteſt,
So may my ſoul arrive at eaſe and reſt,
As ſtill I hold your own advice the beſt.
  Sir, I have liv'd a Courtier all my days,
And ſtudy'd men, their manners, and their ways;
And have obſerv'd this uſeful maxim ſtill,
To let my betters always have their will.
Nay, if my lord affirm'd that black was white,
My word was this, "Your honour's in the right."
Th' aſſuming Wit, who deems himſelf ſo wiſe,
As his miſtaken patron to adviſe,
Let him not dare to vent his dang'rous thought,
A noble fool was never in a fault.
This, Sir, affects not you, whoſe ev'ry word
Is weigh'd with judgment, and befits a Lord:
Your will is mine; and is (I will maintain)
Pleaſing to God, and ſhould be ſo to Man;
At leaſt, your courage all the world muſt praiſe,
Who dare to wed in your declining days.
Indulge the vigour of your mounting blood,
And let grey fools be indolently good,

Who,

Who, paſt all pleaſure, damn the joys of ſenſe,
With rev'rend dulneſs and grave impotence.
Juſtin, who ſilent ſate, and heard the man,
Thus, with a Philoſophic frown, began.
A heathen author, of the firſt degree,
(Who, tho' not Faith, had Senſe as well as we)
Bids us be certain our concerns to truſt
To thoſe of gen'rous principles, and juſt.
The venture's greater, I'll preſume to ſay,
To give your perſon, than your goods away:
And therefore, Sir, as you regard your reſt,
Firſt learn your Lady's qualities at leaſt:
Whether ſhe's chaſte or rampant, proud or civil;
Meek as a ſaint, or haughty as the devil;
Whether an eaſy, fond, familiar fool,
Or ſuch a wit as no man e'er can rule.
'Tis true, perfection none muſt hope to find
In all this world, much leſs in woman-kind;
But if her virtues prove the larger ſhare,
Bleſs the kind fates, and think your fortune rare.
Ah, gentle Sir, take warning of a friend,
Who knows too well the ſtate you thus commend;
And ſpight of all his praiſes muſt declare,
All he can find is bondage, coſt, and care.
Heav'n knows, I ſhed full many a private tear,
And ſigh in ſilence, leſt the world ſhould hear:
While all my friends applaud my bliſsful life,
And ſwear no mortal's happier in a wife;
Demure and chaſte as any veſtal Nun,
The meekeſt creature that beholds the ſun!

But, by th' immortal powers, I feel the pain,
And he that ſmarts has reaſon to complain.
Do what you liſt, for me; you muſt be ſage,
And cautious ſure; for wiſdom is in Age:
But at theſe years to venture on the fair!
By him, who made the ocean, earth, and air,
To pleaſe a wife, when her occaſions call,
Would buſy the moſt vig'rous of us all.
And truſt me, Sir, the chaſteſt you can chuſe
Will aſk obſervance, and exact her dues.
If what I ſpeak my noble Lord offend,
My tedious ſermon here is at an end.
'Tis well, 'tis wondrous well, the Knight replies,
Moſt worthy kinſman, faith you're mighty wiſe!
We, Sirs, are fools; and muſt reſign the cauſe
To heath'niſh authors, proverbs, and old ſaws.
He ſpoke with ſcorn, and turn'd another way:---
What does my friend, my dear Placebo ſay?
I ſay, quoth he, by heav'n the man's to blame,
To ſlander wives, and wedlock's holy name.
At this the council roſe, without delay;
Each, in his own opinion, went his way;
With full conſent, that, all diſputes appeas'd,
The Knight ſhould marry, when and where he pleas'd.
Who now but January exults with joy?
The charms of Wedlock all his ſoul employ:
Each nymph by turns his wav'ring mind poſſeſt,
And reign'd the ſhort-liv'd tyrant of his breaſt;
Whilſt fancy pictur'd every lively part,
And each bright image wander'd o'er his heart.

Thus,

Thus, in ſome publick Forum fix'd on high,
A Mirrour ſhows the figures moving by;
Still one by one, in ſwift ſucceſſion, paſs
The gliding ſhadows o'er the poliſh'd glaſs.
This Lady's charms the niceſt could not blame,
But vile ſuſpicions had aſpers'd her fame;
That was with ſenſe, but not with virtue, bleſt:
And one had grace, that wanted all the reſt.
Thus doubting long what nymph he ſhould obey,
He fix'd at laſt upon the youthful May.
Her faults he knew not, Love is always blind,
But ev'ry charm revolv'd within his mind:
Her tender age, her form divinely fair,
Her eaſy motion, her attractive air,
Her ſweet behaviour, her enchanting face,
Her moving ſoftneſs, and majeſtic grace.
Much in his prudence did our Knight rejoice,
And thought no mortal could diſpute his choice:
Once more in haſte he ſummon'd ev'ry friend,
And told them all, their pains were at an end.
Heav'n, that (ſaid he) inſpir'd me firſt to wed,
Provides a conſort worthy of my bed:
Let none oppoſe th' election, ſince on this
Depends my quiet, and my future bliſs.
A dame there is, the darling of my eyes,
Young, beauteous, artleſs, innocent, and wiſe;
Chaſte, tho' not rich; and tho' not nobly born,
Of honeſt parents, and may ſerve my turn.
Her will I wed, if gracious heav'n ſo pleaſe;
To paſs my age in ſanctity and eaſe:

And thank the pow'rs, I may poſſeſs alone
The lovely prize, and ſhare my bliſs with none!
If you, my friends, this virgin can procure,
My joys are full, my happineſs is ſure.
One only doubt remains: Full oft, I've heard,
By caſuiſts grave, and deep divines averr'd;
That 'tis too much for human race to know
The bliſs of heav'n above, and earth below.
Now ſhould the nuptial pleaſures prove ſo great,
To match the bleſſings of the future ſtate,
Thoſe endleſs joys were ill exchang'd for theſe;
Then clear this doubt, and ſet my mind at eaſe.
This Juſtin heard, nor could his ſpleen controul;
Touch'd to the quick, and tickled at the ſoul.
Sir Knight, he cry'd, if this be all you dread,
Heav'n put it paſt your doubt, whene'er you wed;
And to my fervent pray'rs ſo far conſent,
That ere the rites are o'er, you may repent!
Good heav'n, no doubt, the nuptial ſtate approves,
Since it chaſtiſes ſtill what beſt it loves.
Then be not, Sir, abandon'd to deſpair;
Seek, and perhaps you'll find among the fair,
One, that may do your buſineſs to a hair;
Not ev'n in wiſh, your happineſs delay,
But prove the ſcourge to laſh you on your way:
Then to the ſkies your mounting ſoul ſhall go,
Swift as an arrow ſoaring from the bow!
Provided ſtill, you moderate your joy,
Nor in your pleaſures all your might employ,
Let reaſon's rule your ſtrong deſires abate,
Nor pleaſe too laviſhly your gentle mate.

Old

Old wives there are, of judgment moſt acute,
Who ſolve theſe queſtions beyond all diſpute;
Conſult with thoſe, and be of better cheer;
Marry, do penance, and diſmiſs your fear.
So ſaid, they roſe, nor more the work delay'd;
The match was offer'd, the propoſals made.
The parents, you may think, would ſoon comply;
The Old have int'reſt ever in their eye.
Nor was it hard to move the Lady's mind;
When fortune favours, ſtill the Fair are kind.
I paſs each previous ſettlement and deed,
Too long for me to write, or you to read;
Nor will with quaint impertinence diſplay
The pomp, the pageantry, the proud array.
The time approach'd, to Church the parties went,
At once with carnal and devout invent:
Forth came the Prieſt, and bade th' obedient wife
Like Sarah or Rebecca lead her life:
Then pray'd the pow'rs the fruitful bed to bleſs,
And made all ſure enough with holineſs.
And now the palace-gates are open'd wide,
The gueſts appear in order, ſide by ſide,
And plac'd in ſtate, the bridegroom and the bride.
The breathing flute's ſoft notes are heard around,
And the ſhrill trumpets mix their ſilver ſound;
The vaulted roofs with echoing muſick ring,
Theſe touch the vocal ſtops, and thoſe the trembling ſtring.
Not thus Amphion tun'd the warbling lyre,
Nor Joab the ſounding clarion could inſpire,
Nor fierce Theodomas, whoſe ſprightly ſtrain
Could ſwell the ſoul to rage, and fire the martial train.

Bacchus himſelf, the nuptial feaſt to grace,
(So Poets ſing) was preſent on the place:
And lovely Venus, Goddeſs of delight,
Shook high her flaming torch in open ſight,
And danc'd around, and ſmil'd on ev'ry knight:
Pleas'd her beſt ſervant would his courage try,
No leſs in wedlock than in liberty.
Full many an age old Hymen had not ſpy'd
So kind a bridegroom, or ſo bright a bride.
Ye bards! renown'd among the tuneful throng
For gentle lays, and joyous nuptial ſong;
Think not your ſofteſt numbers can diſplay
The matchleſs glories of this bliſsful day;
The joys are ſuch, as far tranſcend your rage,
When tender youth has wedded ſtooping age.
The beauteous dame ſate ſmiling at the board,
And darted am'rous glances at her Lord.
Not Heſter's ſelf, whoſe charms the Hebrews ſing,
E'er look'd ſo lovely on her Perſian King:
Bright as the riſing ſun, in ſummer's day,
And freſh and blooming as the month of May!
The joyful Knight ſurvey'd her by his ſide,
Nor envy'd Paris with the Spartan bride:
Still as his mind revolv'd with vaſt delight
Th' entrancing raptures of th' approaching night,
Reſtleſs he ſate, invoking ev'ry pow'r
To ſpeed his bliſs, and haſte the happy hour.
Mean time the vig'rous dancers beat the ground,
And ſongs were ſung, and flowing bowls went round.
With od'rous ſpices they perfum'd the place,
And mirth and pleaſure ſhone in ev'ry face.

Damian

Damian alone, of all the menial train,
Sad in the midſt of triumphs, ſigh'd for pain;
Damian alone, the Knight's obſequious ſquire,
Conſum'd at heart, and fed a ſecret fire.
His lovely miſtreſs all his ſoul poſſeſt,
He look'd, he languiſh'd, and could take no reſt:
His taſk perform'd, he ſadly went his way,
Fell on his bed, and loath'd the light of day.
There let him lie; till his relenting dame
Weep in her turn, and waſte in equal flame.
The weary ſun, as learned Poets write,
Forſook th' Horizon, and roll'd down the light;
While glitt'ring ſtars his abſent beams ſupply,
And night's dark mantle overſpread the ſky.
Then roſe the gueſts; and as the time requir'd,
Each paid his thanks, and decently retir'd.
The foe once gone, our Knight prepar'd t' undreſs,
So keen he was, and eager to poſſeſs:
But firſt thought fit th' aſſiſtance to receive,
Which grave Phyſicians ſcruple not to give;
Satyrion near, with hot Eringo's ſtood,
Cantharides, to fire the lazy blood,
Whoſe uſe old Bards deſcribe in luſcious rhymes,
And Critics learn'd explain to modern times.
By this the ſheets were ſpread, the bride undreſs'd,
The room was ſprinkled, and the bed was bleſs'd.
What next enſu'd beſeems not me to ſay;
'Tis ſung, he labour'd till the dawning day,
Then briſkly ſprung from bed, with heart ſo light,
As all were nothing he had done by night;
And ſipp'd his cordial as he ſate upright.

He kiſs'd his balmy ſpouſe with wanton play,
And feebly ſung a luſty roundelay:
Then on the couch his weary limbs he caſt;
For ev'ry labour muſt have reſt at laſt.
But anxious cares the penſive ſquire oppreſs'd,
Sleep fled his eyes, and peace forſook his breaſt;
The raging flames that in his boſom dwell,
He wanted art to hide, and means to tell.
Yet hoping time th' occaſion might betray,
Compos'd a ſonnet to the lovely May;
Which writ and folded with the niceſt art,
He wrapp'd in ſilk, and laid upon his heart.
When now the fourth revolving day was run,
('Twas June, and Cancer had receiv'd the Sun)
Forth from her chamber came the beauteous bride,
The good old Knight mov'd ſlowly by her ſide.
High maſs was ſung; they feaſted in the hall;
The ſervants round ſtood ready at their call.
The Squire alone was abſent from the board,
And much his ſickneſs griev'd his worthy lord,
Who pray'd his ſpouſe, attended with her train,
To viſit Damian, and divert his pain.
Th' obliging dames obey'd with one conſent;
They left the hall, and to his lodging went.
The female tribe ſurround him as he lay,
And cloſe beſide him ſate the gentle May:
Where, as ſhe try'd his pulſe, he ſoftly drew
A heaving ſigh, and caſt a mournful view!
Then gave his bill, and brib'd the pow'rs divine,
With ſecret vows, to favour his deſign.

Who

Who ſtudies now but diſcontented May?
On her ſoft couch uneaſily ſhe lay:
The lumpiſh huſband ſnor'd away the night,
Till coughs awak'd him near the morning light.
What then he did, I'll not preſume to tell,
Nor if ſhe thought herſelf in heav'n or hell:
Honeſt and dull in nuptial bed they lay,
Till the bell toll'd, and all aroſe to pray.
Were it by forceful deſtiny decreed,
Or did from chance, or nature's pow'r proceed;
Or that ſome ſtar, with aſpect kind to love,
Shed its ſelecteſt influence from above;
Whatever was the cauſe, the tender dame
Felt the firſt motions of an infant flame;
Receiv'd th' impreſſions of the love-ſick Squire,
And waſted in the ſoft infectious fire.
Ye fair, draw near, let May's example move
Your gentle minds to pity thoſe who love!
Had ſome fierce tyrant in her ſtead been found,
The poor adorer ſure had hang'd, or drown'd:
But ſhe, your ſex's mirrour, free from pride,
Was much too meek to prove a homicide.
But to my tale: Some ſages have defin'd
Pleaſure the ſov'reign bliſs of human-kind:
Our knight (who ſtudy'd much, we may ſuppoſe)
Deriv'd his high philoſophy from thoſe;
For, like a Prince, he bore the vaſt expence
Of laviſh pomp, and proud magnificence:
His houſe was ſtately, his retinue gay,
Large was his train, and gorgeous his array.

His ſpacious garden made to yield to none,
Was compaſs'd round with walls of ſolid ſtone;
Priapus could not half deſcribe the grace
(Tho' God of Gardens) of this charming place:
A place to tire the rambling wits of France
In long deſcriptions, and exceed Romance:
Enough to ſhame the gentleſt bard that ſings
Of painted meadows, and of purling ſprings.
Full in the centre of the flow'ry ground,
A cryſtal fountain ſpread its ſtreams around,
The fruitful banks with verdant laurels crown'd:
About this ſpring (if ancient fame ſay true)
The dapper Elves their moon-light ſports purſue:
Their pigmy king, and little fairy queen,
In cirling dances gambol'd on the green,
While tuneful ſprites a merry concert made,
And airy muſic warbled through the ſhade.
Hither the noble knight would oft repair,
(His ſcene of pleaſure, and peculiar care)
For this he held it dear, and always bore
The ſilver key that lock'd the garden door.
To this ſweet place in ſummer's ſultry heat,
He us'd from noiſe and bus'neſs to retreat;
And here in dalliance ſpend the live-long day,
Solus cum ſola, with his ſprightly May.
For whate'er work was undiſcharg'd a-bed,
The duteous knight in this fair garden ſped.
But ah! what mortal lives of bliſs ſecure,
How ſhort a ſpace our worldly joys endure?
O Fortune, fair, like all thy treach'rous kind,
But faithleſs ſtill, and wav'ring as the wind!

O painted

O painted monſter, form'd mankind to cheat,
With pleaſing poiſon, and with ſoft deceit!
This rich, this am'rous, venerable knight,
Amidſt his eaſe, his ſolace, and delight,
Struck blind by thee, reſigns his days to grief,
And calls on death, the wretch's laſt relief.
The rage of jealouſy then ſeiz'd his mind,
For much he fear'd the faith of woman-kind.
His wife not ſuffer'd from his ſide to ſtray,
Was captive kept, he watch'd her night and day,
Abridg'd her pleaſures, and confin'd her ſway.
Full oft in tears did hapleſs May complain,
And ſigh'd full oft; but ſigh'd and wept in vain;
She look'd on Damian with a lover's eye;
For oh, 'twas fixt; ſhe muſt poſſeſs or die!
Nor leſs impatience vex'd her am'rous Squire,
Wild with delay, and burning with deſire.
Watch'd as ſhe was, yet could he not refrain
By ſecret writing to diſcloſe his pain:
The dame by ſigns reveal'd her kind intent,
Till both were conſcious what each other meant.
Ah, gentle knight, what would thy eyes avail,
Tho' they could ſee as far as ſhips can ſail?
'Tis better, ſure, when blind, deceiv'd to be,
Than be deluded when a man can ſee!
Argus himſelf, ſo cautious and ſo wiſe,
Was over-watch'd, for all his hundred eyes:
So many an honeſt huſband may, 'tis known,
Who, wiſely, never thinks the caſe his own.
The dame at laſt, by diligence and care,
Procur'd the key her knight was wont to bear;

She took the wards in wax before the fire,
And gave th' impreſſion to the truſty Squire.
By means of this, ſome wonder ſhall appear,
Which, in due place and ſeaſon, you may hear.
  Well ſung ſweet Ovid, in the days of yore,
What ſlight is that, which love will not explore?
And Pyramus and Thiſbe plainly ſhow
The feats true lovers, when they liſt, can do:
Tho' watch'd and captive, yet in ſpite of all,
They found the art of kiſſing through a wall.
  But now no longer from our tale to ſtray;
It hap'd, that once upon a ſummer's day,
Our rev'rend Knight was urg'd to am'rous play:
He rais'd his ſpouſe ere Matin-bell was rung,
And thus his morning canticle he ſung.
  Awake, my love, diſcloſe thy radiant eyes;
Ariſe, my wife, my beauteous lady, riſe!
Hear how the doves with penſive notes complain,
And in ſoft murmurs tell the trees their pain:
The winter's paſt; the clouds and tempeſts fly;
The ſun adorns the fields, and brightens all the ſky.
Fair without ſpot, whoſe ev'ry charming part
My boſom wounds, and captivates my heart;
Come, and in mutual pleaſures let's engage,
Joy of my life, and comfort of my age.
  This heard, to Damian ſtraight a ſign ſhe made,
To haſte before; the gentle Squire obey'd:
Secret and undeſcry'd he took his way,
And ambuſh'd cloſe behind an arbour lay.
  It was not long ere January came,
And hand in hand with him his lovely dame;

Blind

Blind as he was, not doubting all was ſure,
He turn'd the key, and made the gate ſecure.
Here let us walk, he ſaid, obſerv'd by none,
Conſcious of pleaſures to the world unknown:
So may my ſoul have joy, as thou, my wife,
Art far the deareſt ſolace of my life;
And rather would I chuſe, by heav'n above,
To die this inſtant, than to loſe thy love.
Reflect what truth was in my paſſion ſhewn,
When, unendow'd, I took thee for my own,
And ſought no treaſure but thy heart alone.
Old as I am, and now depriv'd of ſight,
Whilſt thou art faithful to thy own true Knight,
Nor age, nor blindneſs, rob me of delight.
Each other loſs with patience I can bear,
The loſs of thee is what I only fear.
Conſider then, my lady and my wife,
The ſolid comforts of a virtuous life.
As firſt, the love of Chriſt himſelf you gain;
Next, your own honour undefil'd maintain;
And laſtly, that which ſure your mind muſt move,
My whole eſtate ſhall gratify your love:
Make your own terms, and ere to-morrow's ſun
Diſplays his light, by heav'n it ſhall be done.
I ſeal the contract with a holy kiſs,
And will perform, by this—my dear, and this—
Have comfort, ſpouſe, nor think thy Lord unkind;
'Tis love, not jealouſy, that fires my mind.
For when thy charms my ſober thoughts engage,
And join'd to them my own unequal age,

From thy dear ſide I have no pow'r to part,
Such ſecret tranſports warm my melting heart.
For who that once poſſeſt thoſe heav'nly charms,
Could live one moment abſent from thy arms?
He ceas'd, and May with modeſt grace reply'd;
(Weak was her voice, as while ſhe ſpoke ſhe cry'd;)
Heav'n knows, (with that a tender ſigh ſhe drew)
I have a ſoul to ſave as well as you;
And, what no leſs you to my charge commend,
My deareſt honour, will to death defend.
To you in holy Church I gave my hand,
And join'd my heart in wedlock's ſacred band:
Yet after this, if you diſtruſt my care,
Then hear, my Lord, and witneſs what I ſwear:
Firſt may the yawning earth her boſom rend,
And let me hence to hell alive deſcend;
Or die the death I dread no leſs than hell,
Sew'd in a ſack, and plung'd into a well:
Ere I my fame by one lewd act diſgrace,
Or once renounce the honour of my race.
For know, Sir Knight, of gentle blood I came,
I loath a whore, and ſtartle at the name.
But jealous men on their own crimes reflect,
And learn from thence their ladies to ſuſpect:
Elſe why theſe needleſs cautions, Sir, to me?
Theſe doubts and fears of female conſtancy!
This chime ſtill rings in ev'ry lady's ear,
The only ſtrain a wife muſt hope to hear.
Thus while ſhe ſpoke a ſidelong glance ſhe caſt,
Where Damian kneeling, worſhip'd as ſhe paſt:

She ſaw him watch the motions of her eye,
And ſingled out a pear-tree planted nigh:
'Twas charg'd with fruit that made a goodly ſhow,
And hung with dangling pears was ev'ry bough.
Thither th' obſequious Squire addreſs'd his pace,
And climbing, in the ſummit took his place;
The Knight and Lady walk'd beneath in view,
Where let us leave them, and our tale purſue.
'Twas now the ſeaſon when the glorious ſun
His heav'nly progreſs through the Twins had run;
And Jove, exalted, his mild influence yields,
To glad the glebe, and paint the flow'ry fields:
Clear was the day, and Phoebus riſing bright,
Had ſtreak'd the azure firmament with light;
He pierc'd the glitt'ring clouds with golden ſtreams,
And warm'd the womb of earth with genial beams.
It ſo befel, in that fair morning-tide,
The Fairies ſported on the garden ſide,
And in the midſt their Monarch and his bride.
So featly tripp'd the light-foot ladies round,
The knights ſo nimbly o'er the green-ſword bound,
That ſcarce they bent the flow'rs, or touch'd the ground.
The dances ended, all the fairy train
For pinks and daiſies ſearch'd the flow'ry plain;
While on a bank reclin'd of riſing green,
Thus, with a frown, the King beſpoke his Queen.
'Tis too apparent, argue what you can,
The treachery you women uſe to man:
A thouſand authors have this truth made out,
And ſad experience leaves no room for doubt.

Heav'n

Heav'n reſt thy ſpirit, noble Solomon,
A wiſer monarch never ſaw the ſun:
All wealth, all honours, the ſupreme degree
Of earthly bliſs, was well beſtow'd on thee!
For ſagely haſt thou ſaid: Of all mankind,
One only juſt, and righteous, hope to find:
But ſhould'ſt thou ſearch the ſpacious world around,
Yet one good woman is not to be found.
Thus ſays the King who knew your wickedneſs;
The ſon of Sirach teſtifies no leſs.
So may ſome wildfire on your bodies fall,
Or ſome devouring plague conſume you all;
As well you view the leacher in the tree,
And well this honourable Knight you ſee:
But ſince he's blind and old (a helpleſs caſe)
His Squire ſhall cuckold him before your face.
Now by my own dread majeſty I ſwear,
And by this awful ſceptre which I bear,
No impious wretch ſhall 'ſcape unpuniſh'd long,
That in my preſence offers ſuch a wrong.
I will this inſtant undeceive the Knight,
And, in the very act, reſtore his ſight:
And ſet the ſtrumpet here in open view,
A warning to theſe Ladies, and to you,
And all the faithleſs ſex, for ever to be true.
And will you ſo, reply'd the Queen, indeed?
Now, by my mother's ſoul it is decreed,
She ſhall not want an anſwer at her need.
For her, and for her daughters, I'll engage,
And all the ſex in each ſucceeding age;

Art ſhall be theirs to varniſh an offence,
And fortify their crimes with confidence.
Nay, were they taken in a ſtrict embrace,
Seen with both eyes, and pinion'd on the place;
All they ſhall need is to proteſt and ſwear,
Breathe a ſoft ſigh, and drop a tender tear;
Till their wiſe huſbands, gull'd by arts like theſe,
Grow gentle, tractable, and tame as geeſe.
What though this ſland'rous Jew, this Solomon,
Call'd women fools, and knew full many a one;
The wiſer wits of later times declare,
How conſtant, chaſte, and virtuous women are:
Witneſs the martyrs, who reſign'd their breath,
Serene in torments, unconcern'd in death;
And witneſs next what Roman authors tell,
How Arria, Portia, and Lucretia fell.
But ſince the ſacred leaves to all are free,
And men interpret texts, why ſhould not we?
By this no more was meant, than to have ſhown,
That ſov'reign goodneſs dwells in him alone
Who only Is, and is but only One.
But grant the worſt; ſhall women then be weigh'd
By ev'ry word that Solomon has ſaid?
What though this King (as ancient ſtory boaſts)
Built a fair temple to the Lord of Hoſts;
He ceas'd at laſt his Maker to adore,
And did as much for Idol gods, or more.
Beware what laviſh praiſes you confer
On a rank leacher and idolater;
Whoſe reign indulgent God, ſays Holy Writ,
Did but for David's righteous ſake permit;

David, the monarch after heav'n's own mind,
Who lov'd our ſex, and honour'd all our kind.
Well, I'm a Woman, and as ſuch muſt ſpeak;
Silence would ſwell me, and my heart would break.
Know then, I ſcorn your dull authorities,
Your idle wits, and all their learned lies.
By heav'n, thoſe authors are our ſex's foes,
Whom, in our right, I muſt and will oppoſe.
Nay (quoth the King) dear Madam, be not wroth:
I yield it up; but ſince I gave my oath,
That this much-injur'd Knight again ſhould ſee;
It muſt be done---I am a King, ſaid he,
And one, whoſe faith has ever ſacred been---
And ſo has mine (ſhe ſaid)---I am a Queen:
Her anſwer ſhe ſhall have, I undertake;
And thus an end of all diſpute I make.
Try when you liſt; and you ſhall find, my Lord,
It is not in our ſex to break our word.
We leave them here in this heroic ſtrain,
And to the Knight our ſtory turns again;
Who in the garden with his lovely May,
Sung merrier than the Cuckow or the Jay:
This was his ſong; "O kind and conſtant be,
"Conſtant and kind I'll ever prove to thee."
Thus ſinging as he went, at laſt he drew
By eaſy ſteps, to where the Pear-tree grew:
The longing dame look'd up, and ſpy'd her Love,
Full fairly perch'd among the boughs above.
She ſtopp'd, and ſighing: Oh good Gods, ſhe cry'd,
What pangs, what ſudden ſhoots diſtend my ſide?

O for

O for that tempting fruit, ſo freſh, ſo green;
Help, for the love of heav'n's immortal Queen!
Help, deareſt lord, and ſave at once the life
Of thy poor infant, and thy longing wife!
Sore ſigh'd the Knight to hear his Lady's cry,
But could not climb, and had no ſervant nigh:
Old as he was, and void of eye-ſight too,
What could, alas! a helpleſs huſband do?
And muſt I languiſh then, ſhe ſaid, and die,
Yet view the lovely fruit before my eye?
At leaſt, kind Sir, for charity's ſweet ſake,
Vouchſafe the trunk between your arms to take;
Then from your back I might aſcend the tree;
Do you but ſtoop, and leave the reſt to me.
With all my ſoul, he thus reply'd again,
I'd ſpend my deareſt blood to eaſe thy pain.
With that, his back againſt the trunk he bent,
She ſeiz'd a twig, and up the tree ſhe went.
Now prove your patience, gentle Ladies all!
Nor let on me your heavy anger fall:
'Tis truth I tell, tho' not in phraſe refin'd;
Tho' blunt my tale, yet honeſt is my mind.
What feats the lady in the tree might do,
I paſs, as gambols never known to you;
But ſure it was a merrier fit, ſhe ſwore,
Than in her life ſhe ever felt before.
In that nice moment, lo! the wond'ring knight
Look'd out, and ſtood reſtor'd to ſudden ſight.
Straight on the tree his eager eyes he bent,
As one whoſe thoughts were on his ſpouſe intent;

But when he ſaw his boſom-wife ſo dreſs'd,
His rage was ſuch as cannot be expreſs'd:
Not frantic mothers when their infants die,
With louder clamours rend the vaulted ſky:
He cry'd, he roar'd, he ſtorm'd, he tore his hair;
Death! hell! and furies! what doſt thou do there!
What ails my Lord? the trembling dame reply'd;
I thought your patience had been better try'd:
Is this your love, ungrateful and unkind,
This my reward for having cur'd the blind?
Why was I taught to make my huſband ſee,
By ſtruggling with a man upon a Tree?
Did I for this the pow'r of magic prove?
Unhappy wife, whoſe crime was too much love!
If this be ſtruggling, by this holy light,
'Tis ſtruggling with a vengeance (quoth the Knight;)
So heav'n preſerve the ſight it has reſtor'd,
As with theſe eyes I plainly ſaw thee whor'd;
Whor'd by my ſlave----perfidious wretch! may hell
As ſurely ſeize thee, as I ſaw too well.
Guard me, good angels! cry'd the gentle May,
Pray heav'n, this magic work the proper way!
Alas, my love! 'tis certain, could you ſee,
You ne'er had us'd theſe killing words to me:
So help me, fates, as 'tis no perfect ſight,
But ſome faint glimm'ring of a doubtful light.
What I have ſaid (quoth he) I muſt maintain,
For by th' immortal pow'rs it *ſeem'd* too plain---
By all thoſe pow'rs, ſome frenzy ſeiz'd your mind,
(Reply'd the dame) are theſe the thanks I find?
Wretch that I am, that e'er I was ſo kind!

She ſaid; a riſing ſigh expreſs'd her woe,
The ready tears apace began to flow,
And as they fell ſhe wip'd from either eye
The drops (for women, when they liſt, can cry.)
The Knight was touch'd; and in his looks appear'd
Signs of remorſe, while thus his ſpouſe he chear'd:
Madam, 'tis paſt, and my ſhort anger o'er!
Come down, and vex your tender heart no more;
Excuſe me, dear, if aught amiſs was ſaid,
For, on my ſoul, amends ſhall ſoon be made:
Let my repentance your forgiveneſs draw,
By heav'n, I ſwore but what I *thought* I ſaw.
Ah my lov'd lord! 'twas much unkind (ſhe cry'd)
On bare ſuſpicion thus to treat your bride.
But till your ſight's eſtabliſh'd, for a while,
Imperfect objects may your ſenſe beguile.
Thus when from ſleep we firſt our eyes diſplay,
The balls are wounded with the piercing ray,
And duſky vapours riſe, and intercept the day:
So juſt recov'ring from the ſhades of night,
Your ſwimming eyes are drunk with ſudden light,
Strange phantoms dance around, and ſkim before your ſight.
Then, Sir, be cautious, nor too raſhly deem;
Heav'n knows how ſeldom things are what they ſeem!
Conſult your reaſon, and you ſoon ſhall find
'Twas you were jealous, not your wife unkind:
Jove ne'er ſpoke oracle more true than this,
None judge ſo wrong as thoſe who think amiſs.
With that ſhe leap'd into her Lord's embrace
With well diſſembled virtue in her face.

He hugg'd her cloſe, and kiſs'd her o'er and o'er,
Diſturb'd with doubts and jealouſies no more:
Both, pleas'd and bleſs'd, renew'd their mutual vows,
A fruitful wife, and a believing ſpouſe.
Thus ends our tale, whoſe moral next to make,
Let all wiſe huſbands hence example take;
And pray, to crown the pleaſure of their lives,
To be ſo well deluded by their wives.

THE

WIFE OF BATH

HER PROLOGUE.

FROM

CHAUCER.

THE

WIFE OF BATH.

FROM

CHAUCER.

BEHOLD the woes of matrimonial life,
And hear with rev'rence an experienc'd wife!
To dear-bought wiſdom give the credit due,
And think, for once, a woman tells you true.
In all theſe trials I have borne a part,
I was myſelf the ſcourge that caus'd the ſmart;
For, ſince fifteen, in triumph have I led
Five captive huſbands from the church to bed.
Chriſt ſaw a wedding once, the Scripture ſays,
And ſaw but one, 'tis thought, in all his days;
Whence ſome infer, whoſe conſcience is too nice,
No pious Chriſtian ought to marry twice.
But let them read, and ſolve me, if they can,
The words addreſs'd to the Samaritan:
Five times in lawful wedlock ſhe was join'd;
And ſure the certain ſtint was ne'er defin'd.
Encreaſe and multiply, was heav'n's command,
And that's a text I clearly underſtand.
This too, "Let men their ſires and mothers leave,
"And to their dearer wives for ever cleave."
More wives than one by Solomon were try'd,
Or elſe the wiſeſt of mankind's bely'd.

I've had myſelf full many a merry fit;
And truſt in heav'n I may have many yet.
For when my tranſitory ſpouſe, unkind,
Shall die, and leave his woeful wife behind,
I'll take the next good Chriſtian I can find.

Paul, knowing one could never ſerve our turn,
Declar'd 'twas better far to wed than burn.
There's danger in aſſembling fire and tow;
I grant 'em that, and what it means you know.
The ſame Apoſtle too has elſewhere own'd,
No precept for Virginity he found:
'Tis but a counſel—and we women ſtill
Take which we like, the counſel, or our will.

I envy not their bliſs, if he or ſhe
Think fit to live in perfect chaſtity;
Pure let them be, and free from taint or vice;
I, for a few ſlight ſpots, am not ſo nice.
Heav'n calls us diff'rent ways, on theſe beſtows
One proper gift, another grants to thoſe:
Not every man's oblig'd to ſell his ſtore,
And give up all his ſubſtance to the poor;
Such as are perfect, may, I can't deny;
But, by your leaves, Divines, ſo am not I.

Full many a Saint, ſince firſt the world began,
Liv'd an unſpotted maid, in ſpite of man:
Let ſuch (a God's name) with fine wheat be fed,
And let us honeſt wives eat barley bread.
For me, I'll keep the poſt aſſign'd by heav'n,
And uſe the copious talent it has giv'n:
Let my good ſpouſe pay tribute, do me right,
And keep an equal reck'ning ev'ry night:

His proper body is not his, but mine;
For ſo ſaid Paul, and Paul's a ſound divine.
Know then, of thoſe five huſbands I have had,
Three were juſt tolerable, two were bad.
The three were old, but rich and fond beſide,
And toil'd moſt piteouſly to pleaſe their bride:
But ſince their wealth (the beſt they had) was mine,
The reſt, without much loſs, I could reſign.
Sure to be lov'd, I took no pains to pleaſe,
Yet had more Pleaſure far than they had Eaſe.
Preſents flow'd in apace: with ſhow'rs of gold,
They made their court, like Jupiter of old.
If I but ſmil'd, a ſudden youth they found,
And a new palſy ſeiz'd them when I frown'd.
Ye ſov'reign wives! give ear, and underſtand,
Thus ſhall ye ſpeak, and exerciſe command.
For never was it giv'n to mortal man,
To lie ſo boldly as we women can:
Forſwear the fact, tho' ſeen with both his eyes,
And call your maids to witneſs how he lies.
Hark, old Sir Paul! ('twas thus I us'd to ſay)
Whence is our neighbour's wife ſo rich and gay?
Treated, careſs'd, where'er ſhe's pleas'd to roam—
I ſit in tatters, and immur'd at home.
Why to her houſe doſt thou ſo oft repair?
Art thou ſo am'rous? and is ſhe ſo fair?
If I but ſee a couſin or a friend,
Lord! how you ſwell, and rage like any fiend!
But you reel home, a drunken beaſtly bear,
Then preach till midnight in your eaſy chair;

Cry, Wives are falſe, and every woman evil,
And give up all that's female to the devil.
If poor (you ſay) ſhe drains her huſband's purſe;
If rich, ſhe keeps her prieſt, or ſomething worſe;
If highly born, intolerably vain,
Vapours and pride by turns poſſeſs her brain,
Now gayly mad, now ſourly ſplenetic,
Freakiſh when well, and fretful when ſhe's ſick.
If fair, then chaſte ſhe cannot long abide,
By preſſing youth attack'd on ev'ry ſide:
If foul, her wealth the luſty lover lures,
Or elſe her wit ſome fool-gallant procures,
Or elſe ſhe dances with becoming grace,
Or ſhape excuſes the defects of face.
There ſwims no gooſe ſo grey, but ſoon or late,
She finds ſome honeſt gander for her mate.
Horſes (thou ſay'ſt) and aſſes men may try,
And ring ſuſpected veſſels ere they buy:
But wives, a random choice, untry'd they take,
They dream in courtſhip, but in wedlock wake;
Then, nor till then, the veil's remov'd away,
And all the woman glares in open day.
You tell me, to preſerve your wife's good grace,
Your eyes muſt always languiſh on my face,
Your tongue with conſtant flatt'ries feed my ear,
And tag each ſentence with, My life! my dear!
If by ſtrange chance, a modeſt bluſh be rais'd,
Be ſure my fine complexion muſt be prais'd.
My garments always muſt be new and gay,
And feaſts ſtill kept upon my wedding-day.

Then

Then muſt my nurſe be pleas'd, and fav'rite maid;
And endleſs treats, and endleſs viſits paid,
To a long train of kindred, friends, allies;
All this thou ſay'ſt, and all thou ſay'ſt are lies.
On Jenkin too you caſt a ſquinting eye:
What! can your 'prentice raiſe your jealouſy?
Freſh are his ruddy cheeks, his forehead fair,
And like the burniſh'd gold his curling hair.
But clear thy wrinkled brow, and quit thy ſorrow,
I'd ſcorn your 'prentice, ſhould you die to-morrow.
Why are thy cheſts all lock'd? on what deſign?
Are not thy worldly goods and treaſure mine?
Sir, I'm no fool: nor ſhall you, by St. John,
Have goods and body to yourſelf alone.
One you ſhall quit, in ſpite of both your eyes—
I heed not, I, the bolts, the locks, the ſpies.
If you had wit, you'd ſay, "Go where you will,
"Dear ſpouſe, I credit not the tales they tell:
"Take all the freedoms of a marry'd life;
"I know thee for a virtuous, faithful wife."
Lord! when you have enough, what need you care
How merrily ſoever others fare?
Tho' all the day I give and take delight,
Doubt not, ſufficient will be left at night.
'Tis but a juſt and rational deſire,
To light a taper at a neighbour's fire.
There's danger too, you think, in rich array,
And none can long be modeſt that are gay:
The Cat, if you but ſinge her tabby ſkin,
The chimney keeps, and ſits content within;

But

But once grown ſleek, will from her corner run,
Sport with her tail, and wanton in the ſun;
She licks her fair round face, and friſks abroad,
To ſhow her furr, and to be catterwaw'd.
Lo thus, my friends, I wrought to my deſires
Theſe three right ancient venerable ſires.
I told 'em, Thus you ſay, and thus you do,
And told 'em falſe, but Jenkin ſwore 'twas true.
I, like a dog, could bite as well as whine,
And firſt complain'd, whene'er the guilt was mine.
I tax'd them oft with wenching and amours,
When their weak legs ſcarce dragg'd 'em out of doors;
And ſwore the rambles that I took by night,
Were all to ſpy what damſels they bedight.
That colour brought me many hours of mirth;
For all this wit is giv'n us from our birth.
Heav'n gave to woman the peculiar grace
To ſpin, to weep, and cully human race.
By this nice conduct, and this prudent courſe,
By murm'ring, wheedling, ſtratagem, and force,
I ſtill prevail'd, and would be in the right,
Or curtain-lectures made a reſtleſs night.
If once my huſband's arm was o'er my ſide,
What! ſo familiar with your ſpouſe? I cry'd:
I levied firſt a tax upon his need;
Then let him—'twas a nicety indeed!
Let all mankind this certain maxim hold,
Marry who will, our ſex is to be ſold.
With empty hands no taſſels you can lure,
But fulſome love for gain we can endure;

For

For gold we love the impotent and old,
And heave, and pant, and kiſs, and cling, for gold.
Yet with embraces, curſes oft I mixt,
Then kiſs'd again, and chid and rail'd betwixt.
Well, I may make my will in peace, and die,
For not one word in man's arrears am I.
To drop a dear diſpute I was unable,
Ev'n tho' the Pope himſelf had ſat at table.
But when my point was gain'd, then thus I ſpoke,
" Billy, my dear, how ſheepiſhly you look?
" Approach, my ſpouſe, and let me kiſs thy cheek;
" Thou ſhould'ſt be always thus, reſign'd and meek!
" Of Job's great patience ſince ſo oft you preach,
" Well ſhould you practiſe, who ſo well can teach.
" 'Tis difficult to do, I muſt allow,
" But I, my deareſt, will inſtruct you how.
" Great is the bleſſing of a prudent wife,
" Who puts a period to domeſtic ſtrife.
" One of us two muſt rule, and one obey;
" And ſince in man right reaſon bears the ſway,
" Let that frail thing, weak woman, have her way.
" The wives of all my family have rul'd
" Their tender huſbands, and their paſſions cool'd.
" Fye, 'tis unmanly thus to ſigh and groan;
" What! would you have me to yourſelf alone?
" Why take me, Love! take all and ev'ry part!
" Here's your Revenge! you love it at your heart.
" Would I vouchſafe to ſell what nature gave,
" You little think what cuſtom I could have.
" But ſee! I'm all your own—nay hold—for ſhame!
" What means my dear—indeed—you are to blame."

Thus

Thus with my firſt three Lords I paſt my life;
A very woman, and a very wife.
What ſums from theſe old ſpouſes I could raiſe,
Procur'd young huſbands in my riper days.
Tho' paſt my bloom, not yet decay'd was I,
Wanton and wild, and chatter'd like a pye.
In country dances ſtill I bore the bell,
And ſung as ſweet as ev'ning Philomel.
To clear my quail-pipe, and refreſh my ſoul,
Full oft I drain'd the ſpicy nut-brown bowl;
Rich luſcious wines, that youthful blood improve,
And warm the ſwelling veins to feats of love:
For 'tis as ſure as cold ingenders hail,
A liqu'riſh mouth muſt have a lech'rous tail;
Wine lets no lover unrewarded go,
As all true gameſters by experience know.
But oh, good Gods! whene'er a thought I caſt
On all the joys of youth and beauty paſt,
To find in pleaſures I have had my part,
Still warms me to the bottom of my heart.
This wicked world was once my dear delight;
Now all my conqueſts, all my charms good night!
The flour conſum'd, the beſt that now I can,
Is e'en to make my market of the bran.
My fourth dear ſpouſe was not exceeding true;
He kept, 'twas thought, a private miſs or two:
But all that ſcore I paid—as how? you'll ſay,
Not with my body, in a filthy way:
But I ſo dreſs'd, and danc'd, and drank, and din'd;
And view'd a friend, with eyes ſo very kind,

As

As ſtung his heart, and made his marrow fry,
With burning rage, and frantick jealouſy.
His ſoul, I hope, enjoys eternal glory,
For here on earth I was his purgatory.
Oft, when his ſhoe the moſt ſeverely wrung,
He put on careleſs airs, and ſat and ſung.
How ſore I gall'd him, only heav'n could know,
And he that felt, and I that caus'd the woe.
He dy'd, when laſt from pilgrimage I came,
With other goſſips, from Jeruſalem;
And now lies buried underneath a Rood,
Fair to be ſeen, and rear'd of honeſt wood.
A tomb indeed, with fewer ſculptures grac'd,
Than that Mauſolus' pious widow plac'd,
Or where inſhrin'd the great Darius lay;
But coſt on graves is merely thrown away.
The pit fill'd up, with turf we cover'd o'er;
So bleſs the good man's ſoul, I ſay no more.
Now for my fifth lov'd Lord, the laſt and beſt;
(Kind heav'n afford him everlaſting reſt)
Full hearty was his love, and I can ſhew
The tokens on my ribs in black and blue;
Yet, with a knack, my heart he could have won,
While yet the ſmart was ſhooting in the bone.
How quaint an appetite in women reigns!
Free gifts we ſcorn, and love what coſts us pains:
Let men avoid us, and on them we leap;
A glutted market makes proviſion cheap.
In pure good will I took this jovial ſpark,
Of Oxford he, a moſt egregious clerk.

He boarded with a widow in the town,
A truſty goſſip, one dame Aliſon.
Full well the ſecrets of my ſoul ſhe knew,
Better than e'er our pariſh Prieſt could do.
To her I told whatever could befall:
Had but my huſband piſs'd againſt a wall,
Or done a thing that might have coſt his life,
She—and my niece—and one more worthy wife,
Had known it all: what moſt he would conceal,
To theſe I made no ſcruple to reveal.
Oft has he bluſh'd from ear to ear for ſhame,
That e'er he told a ſecret to his dame.
It ſo befel, in holy time of Lent,
That oft a day I to this goſſip went;
(My huſband, thank my ſtars, was out of town)
From houſe to houſe we rambled up and down,
This clerk, myſelf, and my good neighbour Alſe,
To ſee, be ſeen, to tell, and gather tales.
Viſits to ev'ry Church we daily paid,
And march'd in ev'ry holy Maſquerade,
The Stations duly, and the Vigils kept;
Not much we faſted, but ſcarce ever ſlept.
At Sermons too I ſhone in ſcarlet gay,
The waſting moth ne'er ſpoil'd my beſt array;
The cauſe was this, I wore it ev'ry day.
'Twas when freſh May her early bloſſoms yields,
This Clerk and I were walking in the fields.
We grew ſo intimate, I can't tell how,
I pawn'd my honour, and engag'd my vow,
If e'er I laid my huſband in his urn,
That he, and only he, ſhould ſerve my turn.

We

We ſtraight ſtruck hands, the bargain was agreed;
I ſtill have ſhifts againſt a time of need:
The mouſe that always truſts to one poor hole,
Can never be a mouſe of any ſoul.
I vow'd, I ſcarce could ſleep ſince firſt I knew him,
And durſt be ſworn he had bewitch'd me to him;
If e'er I ſlept, I dream'd of him alone,
And dreams foretel, as learned men have ſhown:
All this I ſaid; but dreams, Sirs, I had none:
I follow'd but my crafty Crony's lore,
Who bid me tell this lie—and twenty more.
Thus day by day, and month by month we paſt;
It pleas'd the Lord to take my ſpouſe at laſt.
I tore my gown, I ſoil'd my locks with duſt,
And beat my breaſts, as wretched widows—muſt.
Before my face my handkerchief I ſpread,
To hide the flood of tears I did—not ſhed.
The good man's coffin to the Church was born;
Around, the neighbours, and my clerk, too, mourn.
But as he march'd, good Gods! he ſhow'd a pair
Of legs and feet, ſo clean, ſo ſtrong, ſo fair!
Of twenty winters age he ſeem'd to be;
I (to ſay truth) was twenty more than he;
But vig'rous ſtill, a lively buxom dame;
And had a wond'rous gift to quench a flame.
A Conj'ror once, that deeply could divine,
Aſſur'd me, Mars in Taurus was my ſign.
As the ſtars order'd, ſuch my life has been:
Alas, alas, that ever love was ſin!
Fair Venus gave me fire, and ſprightly grace,
And Mars aſſurance, and a dauntleſs face.

By virtue of this pow'rful conſtellation,
I follow'd always my own inclination.
But to my tale: A month ſcarce paſs'd away,
With dance and ſong we kept the nuptial day.
All I poſſeſs'd I gave to his command,
My goods and chattels, money, houſe, and land:
But oft repented, and repent it ſtill;
He prov'd a rebel to my ſov'reign will:
Nay once by heav'n he ſtruck me on the face;
Hear but the fact, and judge yourſelves the caſe.
Stubborn as any Lioneſs was I;
And knew full well to raiſe my voice on high;
As true a rambler as I was before,
And would be ſo, in ſpite of all he ſwore.
He, againſt this right ſagely would adviſe,
And old examples ſet before my eyes;
Tell how the Roman matrons led their life,
Of Gracchus' mother, and Duilius' wife;
And cloſe the ſermon, as beſeem'd his wit,
With ſome grave ſentence out of Holy Writ.
Oft would he ſay, Who builds his houſe on ſands,
Pricks his blind horſe acroſs the fallow lands,
Or lets his wife abroad with pilgrims roam,
Deſerves a fool's-cap and long ears at home.
All this avail'd not; for whoe'er he be
That tells my faults, I hate him mortally:
And ſo do numbers more, I'll boldly ſay,
Men, women, clergy, regular, and lay.
My ſpouſe (who was, you know, to learning bred)
A certain treatiſe oft at ev'ning read,

Where

Where divers Authors (whom the dev'l confound
For all their lies) were in one volume bound.
Valerius, whole; and of St. Jerome, part;
Chryſippus and Tertullian, Ovid's Art,
Solomon's Proverbs, Eloïſa's loves;
And many more than ſure the Church approves.
More legends were there here, of wicked wives,
Than good, in all the Bible and Saints-lives.
Who drew the Lion vanquiſh'd? 'Twas a Man.
But could we women write as ſcholars can,
Men ſhould ſtand mark'd with far more wickedneſs
Than all the ſons of Adam could redreſs.
Love ſeldom haunts the breaſt where Learning lies,
And Venus ſets ere Mercury can riſe.
Thoſe play the ſcholars who can't play the men,
And uſe that weapon which they have, their pen;
When old, and paſt the reliſh of delight,
Then down they ſit, and in their dotage write,
That not one woman keeps her marriage-vow.
(This by the way, but to my purpoſe now.)
It chanc'd my huſband, on a winter's night,
Read in this book, aloud, with ſtrange delight,
How the firſt female (as the Scriptures ſhow)
Brought her own ſpouſe and all his race to woe.
How Samſon fell; and he whom Dejanire
Wrapt in th' envenom'd ſhirt, and ſet on fire.
How curs'd Eryphile her lord betray'd,
And the dire ambuſh Clytemneſtra laid.
But what moſt pleas'd him was the Cretan dame,
And huſband-bull—oh monſtrous! fie for ſhame!

He

He had by heart, the whole detail of woe
Xantippe made her good man undergo;
How oft ſhe ſcolded in a day, he knew,
How many piſs-pots on the ſage ſhe threw;
Who took it patiently, and wip'd his head;
Rain follows thunder: that was all he ſaid.
He read, how Arius to his friend complain'd,
A fatal Tree was growing in his land,
On which three wives ſucceſſively had twin'd
A ſliding nooſe, and waver'd in the wind.
Where grows this plant (reply'd the friend) oh where?
For better fruit did never orchard bear.
Give me ſome ſlip of this moſt bliſsful tree,
And in my garden planted it ſhall be.
Then how two wives their lords' deſtruction prove,
Through hatred one, and one through too much love;
That for her huſband mix'd a pois'nous draught,
And this for luſt an am'rous philtre bought:
The nimble juice ſoon ſeiz'd his giddy head,
Frantic at night, and in the morning dead.
How ſome with ſwords their ſleeping lords have ſlain,
And ſome have hammer'd nails into their brain,
And ſome have drench'd them with a deadly potion;
All this he read, and read with great devotion.
Long time I heard, and ſwell'd, and bluſh'd, and frown'd;
But when no end of theſe vile tales I found,
When ſtill he read, and laugh'd and read again,
And half the night was thus conſum'd in vain;
Provok'd to vengeance, three large leaves I tore,
And with one buffet fell'd him on the floor.

With

With that my huſband in a fury roſe,
And down he ſettled me with hearty blows.
I groan'd, and lay extended on my ſide;
Oh! thou haſt ſlain me for my wealth (I cry'd;)
Yet I forgive thee—take my laſt embrace—
He wept, kind ſoul! and ſtoop'd to kiſs my face;
I took him ſuch a box as turn'd him blue,
Then ſigh'd and cry'd, Adieu, my dear, adieu!
But after many a hearty ſtruggle paſt,
I condeſcended to be pleas'd at laſt.
Soon as he ſaid, My miſtreſs and my wife,
Do what you liſt, the term of all your life:
I took to heart the merits of the cauſe,
And ſtood content to rule by wholeſome laws;
Receiv'd the reins of abſolute command,
With all the government of houſe and land,
And empire o'er his tongue, and o'er his hand.
As for the volume that revil'd the dames,
'Twas torn to fragments, and condemn'd to flames.
Now heav'n on all my huſbands gone, beſtow
Pleaſures above, for tortures felt below:
That reſt they wiſh'd for, grant them in the grave,
And bleſs thoſe ſouls my conduct help'd to ſave!

THE FIRST BOOK OF STATIUS HIS THEBAIS.

TRANSLATED IN THE YEAR MDCCIII.

THE FIRST BOOK OF

STATIUS HIS THEBAIS.

TRANSLATED IN THE YEAR MDCCIII.

ARGUMENT.

OEDIPUS King of Thebes having by miſtake ſlain his father Laius, and married his mother Jocaſta; put out his own eyes, and reſign'd his realm to his ſons, Eteocles and Polynices. Being neglected by them, he makes his prayer to the Fury Tiſiphone, to ſow debate betwixt the brothers. They agree at laſt to reign ſingly, each a year by turns, and the firſt lot is obtained by Eteocles. Jupiter, in a council of the Gods, declares his reſolution of puniſhing the Thebans, and Argives alſo, by means of a marriage betwixt Polynices and one of the daughters of Adraſtus king of Argos. Juno oppoſes, but to no effect; and Mercury is ſent on a meſſage to the ſhades, to the ghoſt of Laius, who is to appear to Eteocles, and provoke him to break the agreement. Polynices in the mean time departs from Thebes by night, is overtaken by a ſtorm, and arrives at Argos; where he meets with Tydeus, who had fled from Calydon, having killed his brother. Adraſtus entertains them, having received an oracle from Apollo that his daughters ſhould be married to a Boar and a Lion, which he underſtands to be meant of theſe ſtrangers, by whom the hides of thoſe beaſts were worn, and who arriv'd at the time when he kept an annual feaſt in honour of that God. The riſe of this ſolemnity he relates to his gueſts, the loves of Phoebus and Pſamathe, and the ſtory of Choroebus. He enquires, and is made acquainted with their deſcent and quality: The ſacrifice is renewed, and the book concludes with a Hymn to Apollo.

The Tranſlator hopes he need not apologize for his Choice of this piece, which was made almoſt in his Childhood. But finding the Verſion better than he expected, he gave it ſome Correction a few years afterwards.

P. STATII THEBAIDOS

LIBER PRIMUS.

FRATERNAS acies, alternaque regna profanis
Decertata odiis, ſonteſque evolvere Thebas,
Pierius menti calor incidit. Unde jubetis
Ire, Deae? gentiſne canam primordia dirae?
Sidonios raptus, et inexorabile pactum
Legis Agenoreae? ſcrutantemque aequora Cadmum?
Longa retro ſeries, trepidum ſi Martis operti
Agricolam infandis condentem praelia ſulcis
Expediam, penituſque ſequar quo carmine muris
Juſſerit Amphion Tyrios accedere montes:
Unde graves irae cognata in moenia Baccho,
Quod ſaevae Junonis opus; cui ſumpſerit arcum
Infelix Athamas, cur non expaverit ingens
Ionium, ſocio caſura Palaemone mater.
Atque adeo jam nunc gemitus, et proſpera Cadmi
Praeteriiſſe finam: limes mihi carminis eſto
Oedipodae confuſa domus: quando Itala nondum

Signa,

THE FIRST BOOK OF STATIUS HIS THEBAIS.

FRATERNAL rage the guilty Thebes alarms,
Th' alternate reign deſtroy'd by impious arms,
Demand our ſong; a ſacred Fury fires
My raviſh'd breaſt, and all the Muſe inſpires.
O Goddeſs, ſay, ſhall I deduce my rhimes
From the dire nation in its early times,
Europa's rape, Agenor's ſtern decree,
And Cadmus ſearching round the ſpacious ſea?
How with the ſerpent's teeth he ſow'd the ſoil,
And reap'd an Iron harveſt of his toil?
Or how from joining ſtones the city ſprung,
While to his harp divine Amphion ſung?
Or ſhall I Juno's hate to Thebes reſound,
Whoſe fatal rage th' unhappy Monarch found?
The ſire againſt the ſon his arrows drew,
O'er the wide fields the furious mother flew,
And while her arms a ſecond hope contain,
Sprung from the rocks and plung'd into the main.
But wave whate'er to Cadmus may belong,
And fix, O Muſe! the barrier of thy ſong
At Oedipus—from his diſaſters trace
The long confuſions of his guilty race:

Nor

Signa, nec Arctoos auſim ſperare triumphos,
Biſque jugo Rhenum, bis adactum legibus Iſtrum,
Et conjurato dejectos vertice Dacos:
Aut defenſa prius vix pubeſcentibus annis
Bella Jovis. Tuque o Latiae decus addite famae,
Quem nova maturi ſubeuntem exorſa parentis
Aeternum ſibi Roma cupit: licet arctior omnes
Limes agat ſtellas, et te plaga lucida coeli
Pleïadum, Boreaeque, et hiulci fulminis expers
Sollicitet; licet ignipedum frenatur equorum
Ipſe tuis alte radiantem crinibus arcum
Imprimat, aut magni cedat tibi Jupiter aequa.
Parte poli; maneas hominum contentus habenis,
Undarum terraeque potens, et ſidera dones.
Tempus erit, cum Pierio tua fortior oeſtro
Facta canam: nunc tendo chelyn. ſatis arma referre
Aonia, et geminis ſceptrum exitiale tyrannis,
Nec furiis poſt fata modum, flammaſque rebelles
Seditione rogi, tumuliſque carentia regum

Funera,

Nor yet attempt to ſtretch thy bolder wing,
And mighty Caeſar's conqu'ring eagles ſing;
How twice he tam'd proud Iſter's rapid flood,
While Dacian mountains ſtream'd with barb'rous blood;
Twice taught the Rhine beneath his laws to roll,
And ſtretch'd his empire to the frozen Pole,
Or long before, with early valour ſtrove,
In youthful arms t' aſſert the cauſe of Jove.
And Thou, great Heir of all thy father's fame,
Encreaſe of glory to the Latian name,
Oh! bleſs thy Rome with an eternal reign,
Nor let deſiring worlds entreat in vain.
What though the ſtars contract their heav'nly ſpace,
And croud their ſhining ranks to yield thee place;
Though all the ſkies, ambitious of thy ſway,
Conſpire to court thee from our world away;
Though Phoebus longs to mix his rays with thine,
And in thy glories more ſerenely ſhine;
Though Jove himſelf no leſs content would be
To part his throne and ſhare his heav'n with thee;
Yet ſtay, great Caeſar! and vouchſafe to reign
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the watry main;
Reſign to Jove his empire of the ſkies,
And people heav'n with Roman deities.
The time will come, when a diviner flame
Shall warm my breaſt to ſing of Caeſar's fame:
Mean while permit, that my preluding Muſe
In Theban wars an humbler theme may chuſe:
Of furious hate ſurviving death, ſhe ſings,
A fatal throne to two contending Kings,

Funera, et egeſtas alternis mortibus urbes;
Caerula cum rubuit Lernaeo ſanguine Dirce,
Et Thetis arentes aſſuetum ſtringere ripas,
Horruit ingenti venientem Iſmenon acervo.
Quem prius heroum Clio dabis? immodicum irae
Tydea? laurigeri ſubitos an vatis hiatus?
Urget ut hoſtilem propellens caedibus amnem
Turbidus Hippomedon, plorandaque bella protervi
Arcados, atque alio Capaneus horrore canendus.
Impia jam merita ſcrutatus lumina dextra
Merſerat aeterna damnatum nocte pudorem
Oedipodes, longaque animam ſub morte tenebat.
Illum indulgentem tenebris, imaeque receſſu
Sedis, inaſpectos caelo, radiiſque penates
Servantem, tamen aſſiduis circumvolat alis
Saeva dies animi, ſcelerumque in pectore Dirae.
Tunc vacuos orbes, crudum ac miſerabile vitae
Supplicium, oſtentat coelo, manibuſque cruentis
Pulſat inane ſolum, ſaevaque ita voce precatur:

And fun'ral flames that, parting wide in air,
Expreſs the diſcord of the ſouls they bear:
Of towns diſpeopled, and the wand'ring ghoſts
Of Kings unbury'd in the waſted coaſts;
When Dirce's fountain bluſh'd with Grecian blood,
And Thetis, near Iſmenos' ſwelling flood,
With dread beheld the rolling ſurges ſweep,
In heaps, his ſlaughter'd ſons into the deep.
What Hero, Clio! wilt thou firſt relate?
The rage of Tydeus, or the Prophet's fate?
Or how, with hills of ſlain on ev'ry ſide,
Hippomedon repell'd the hoſtile tide?
Or how the Youth with ev'ry grace adorn'd
Untimely fell, to be for ever mourn'd?
Then to fierce Capaneus thy verſe extend,
And ſing with horror his prodigious end.
Now wretched Oedipus, depriv'd of ſight,
Led a long death in everlaſting night;
But while he dwells where not a cheerful ray
Can pierce the darkneſs, and abhors the day;
The clear reflecting mind preſents his ſin
In frightful views, and makes it day within;
Returning thoughts in endleſs circles roll,
And thouſand furies haunt his guilty ſoul,
The wretch then lifted up to th' unpitying ſkies
Thoſe empty orbs from whence he tore his eyes,
Whoſe wounds, yet freſh, with bloody hands he ſtrook,
While from his breaſt theſe dreadful accents broke.

NOTES.

VER. 65. *Or how the Youth*] Parthenopaeus. P.

Dî fontes animas, anguſtaque Tartara poenis
Qui regitis, tuque umbrifero Styx livida fundo,
Quam video, multumque mihi conſueta vocari
Annue Tiſiphone, perverſaque vota ſecunda,
Si bene quid merui, ſi me de matre cadentem
Foviſti gremio, et trajectum vulnere plantas
Firmaſti ; ſi ſtagna petî Cyrrhaea bicorni
Interfuſa jugo, poſſem cum degere falſo
Contentus Polybo, trifidaeque in Phocidos arce
Longaevum implicui regem, ſecuique trementis
Ora ſenis, dum quaero patrem : ſi Sphingos iniquae
Callidus ambages, te praemonſtrante, reſolvi ;
Si dulces Furias, et lamentabile matris
Connubium gaviſus inî ; noctemque nefandam
Saepe tuli, natoſque tibi (ſcis ipſa) paravi ;
Mox avidus poenae digitis caedentibus ultro
Incubui, miſeraque oculos in matre reliqui :
Exaudi, ſi digna precor, quaeque ipſa furenti
Subjiceres : orbum viſu regniſque parentem
Non regere, aut dictis moerentem flectere adorti
Quos genui, quocunque toro : quin ecce ſuperbi
(Pro dolor) et noſtro jamdudum funere reges,
Inſultant tenebris, gemituſque odere paternos.
Hiſne etiam funeſtus ego ? et videt iſta deorum
Ignavus genitor ? tu ſaltem debita vindex

Huc

Ye Gods! that o'er the gloomy regions reign,
Where guilty ſpirits feel eternal pain;
Thou, fable Styx! whoſe livid ſtreams are roll'd
Through dreary coaſts, which I though blind behold:
Tiſiphone, that oft' haſt heard my pray'r,
Aſſiſt, if Oedipus deſerve thy care!
If you receiv'd me from Jocaſta's womb,
And nurs'd the hope of miſchiefs yet to come:
If leaving Polybus, I took my way
To Cyrrha's temple, on that fatal day,
When by the ſon the trembling father dy'd,
Where the three roads the Phocian fields divide:
If I the Sphynx's riddles durſt explain,
Taught by thyſelf to win the promis'd reign:
If wretched I, by baleful Furies led,
With monſtrous mixture ſtain'd my mother's bed,
For hell and thee begot an impious brood,
And with full luſt thoſe horrid joys renew'd;
Then ſelf-condemn'd to ſhades of endleſs night,
Forc'd from theſe orbs the bleeding balls of ſight;
Oh hear! and aid the vengeance I require,
If worthy thee, and what thou might'ſt inſpire.
My ſons their old, unhappy ſire deſpiſe,
Spoil'd of his kingdom, and depriv'd of eyes;
Guideleſs I wander, unregarded mourn,
While theſe exalt their ſceptres o'er my urn;
Theſe ſons, ye Gods! who with flagitious pride
Inſult my darkneſs, and my groans deride.
Art thou a Father, unregarding Jove!
And ſleeps thy thunder in the realms above?

Huc ades, et totos in poenam ordire nepotes.
Indue quod madidum tabo diadema cruentis
Unguibus arripui, votiſque inſtincta paternis
I media in fratres, generis conſortia ferro
Diſſiliant: da Tartarei regina barathri
Quod cupiam vidiſſe nefas, nec tarda ſequetur
Mens juvenum; modo digna veni, mea pignora noſces.
Talia jactanti crudelis Diva ſeveros
Advertit vultus; inamoenum forte ſedebat
Cocyton juxta, reſolutaque vertice crines,
Lambere ſulfureas permiſerat anguibus undas.
Ilicet igne Jovis, lapſiſque citatior aſtris
Triſtibus exiliit ripis, diſcedit inane
Vulgus et occurſus dominae pavet; illa per umbras
Et caligantes animarum exanime campos,
Taenariae limen petit irremeabile portae.
Senſit adeſſe dies; piceo nox obvia nimbo
Lucentes turbavit equos. procul arduus Atlas
Horruit, et dubia coelum cervice remiſit.
Arripit extemplo Maleae de valle reſurgens
Notum iter ad Thebas: neque enim velocior ullas

Thou Fury, then, ſome laſting curſe entail,
Which o'er their children's children ſhall prevail:
Place on their heads that crown diſtain'd with gore,
Which theſe dire hands from my ſlain father tore;
Go! and a parent's heavy curſes bear;
Break all the bonds of nature, and prepare
Their kindred ſouls to mutual hate and war.
Give them to dare, what I might wiſh to ſee
Blind as I am, ſome glorious villany!
Soon ſhalt thou find, if thou but arm their hands,
Their ready guilt preventing thy commands:
Could'ſt thou ſome great, proportion'd miſchief frame,
They'd prove the father from whoſe loins they came.
The Fury heard, while on Cocytus' brink
Her ſnakes unty'd, ſulphureous waters drink;
But at the ſummons roll'd her eyes around,
And ſnatch'd the ſtarting ſerpents from the ground.
Not half ſo ſwiftly ſhoots along in air
The gliding light'ning, or deſcending ſtar.
Through crowds of airy ſhades ſhe wing'd her flight,
And dark dominions of the ſilent night;
Swift as ſhe paſs'd the flitting ghoſts withdrew,
And the pale ſpectres trembled at her view:
To th' iron gates of Tenarus ſhe flies,
There ſpreads her duſky pinions to the ſkies.
The day beheld, and ſick'ning at the ſight,
Veil'd her fair glories in the ſhades of night.
Affrighted Atlas, on the diſtant ſhore,
Trembled, and ſhook the heav'ns and gods he bore.
Now from beneath Malea's airy height
Aloft ſhe ſprung, and ſteer'd to Thebes her flight;

With

Itque reditque vias, cognataque Tartara mavult.
Centum illi ſtantes umbrabant ora ceraſtae,
Turba minor diri capitis: ſedet intus abactis
Ferrea lux oculis; qualis per nubila Phoebes
Atracea rubet arte labor: ſuffuſa veneno
Tenditur, ac ſanie gliſcit cutis: igneus atro
Ore vapor, quo longa ſitis, morbique, fameſque,
Et populis mors una venit. riget horrida tergo
Palla et coerulei redeunt in pectore nodi.
Atropos hos, atque ipſa novat Proſerpina cultus.
Tum geminas quatit illa manus: haec igne rogali
Fulgurat, haec vivo manus aëra verberat hydro.
Ut ſtetit, abrupta qua plurimus arce Cithaeron
Occurrit coelo, fera ſibila crine virenti
Congeminat, ſignum terris, unde omnis Achaei
Ora maris late, Pelopeiaque regna reſultant.
Audiit et medius coeli Parnaſſus et aſper
Eurotas, dubiamque jugo fragor impulit Oeten
In latus, et geminis vix fluctibus obſtitit Iſthmos.
Ipſa ſuum genitrix, curvo delphine vagantem
Arripuit frenis, gremioque Palaemona preſſit.
Atque ea Cadmeo praeceps ubi limine primum
Conſtitit, aſſuetaque infecit nube penates,

Protinus

With eager ſpeed the well-known journey took,
Nor here regrets the hell ſhe late forſook.
A hundred ſnakes her gloomy viſage ſhade,
A hundred ſerpents guard her horrid head,
In her ſunk eye-balls dreadful meteors glow:
Such rays from Phoebe's bloody circle flow,
When lab'ring with ſtrong charms, ſhe ſhoots from high
A fiery gleam, and reddens all the ſky.
Blood ſtain'd her cheeks, and from her mouth there came
Blue ſteaming poiſons, and a length of flame.
From ev'ry blaſt of her contagious breath
Famine and drought proceed, and plagues, and death.
A robe obſcene was o'er her ſhoulders thrown,
A dreſs by Fates and Furies worn alone.
She toſs'd her meagre arms; her better hand
In waving circles whirl'd a fun'ral brand:
A ſerpent from her left was ſeen to rear
His flaming creſt, and laſh the yielding air.
But when the Fury took her ſtand on high,
Where vaſt Cithaeron's top ſalutes the ſky,
A hiſs from all the ſnaky tire went round:
The dreadful ſignal all the rocks rebound,
And through th' Achaian cities ſend the ſound.
Oete, with high Parnaſſus, heard the voice;
Eurota's banks remurmur'd to the noiſe;
Again Leucothoë ſhook at theſe alarms,
And preſs'd Palaemon cloſer in her arms.
Headlong from thence the glowing Fury ſprings,
And o'er the Theban palace ſpreads her wings,
Once more invades the guilty dome, and ſhrouds
Its bright pavilions in a veil of clouds.

Straight

Protinus attoniti fratrum ſub pectore motus,
Gentileſque animos ſubiit furor, aegraque laetis
Invidia, atque parens odii metus: inde regendi
Saevus amor: ruptaeque vices, juriſque ſecundi
Ambitus impatiens, et ſummo dulcius unum
Stare loco, ſociiſque comes diſcordia regnis.
Sic ubi delectos per torva armenta juvencos
Agricola impoſito ſociare affectat aratro:
Illi indignantes quîs nondum vomere multo
Ardua nodoſos cervix deſcendit in armos,
In diverſa trahunt, atque aequis vincula laxant
Viribus, et vario confundunt limite ſulcos:
Haud ſecus indomitos praeceps diſcordia fratres
Aſperat. alterni placuit ſub legibus anni
Exilio mutare ducem. ſic jure maligno
Fortunam tranſire jubent, ut ſceptra tenentem
Foedere praecipiti ſemper novus angeret heres.
Haec inter fratres pietas erat: haec mora pugnae
Sola, nec in regem perduratura ſecundum.
Et nondum craſſo laquearia fulva metallo,
Montibus aut alte Graiis effulta nitebant

NOTES.

VER. 173. *Gentiliſque animos ſubit furor*, ſeems a better reading than *Gentileſque*. P.

Atria,

Straight with the rage of all their race poſſeſs'd,
Stung to the ſoul, the brothers ſtart from reſt,
And all their Furies wake within their breaſt.
Their tortur'd minds repining Envy tears,
And Hate, engender'd by ſuſpicious fears;
And ſacred Thirſt of ſway; and all the ties
Of Nature broke; and royal Perjuries;
And impotent Deſire to reign alone,
That ſcorns the dull reverſion of a throne;
Each would the ſweets of ſov'reign rule devour,
While Diſcord waits upon divided pow'r.
As ſtubborn ſteers by brawny plowmen broke,
And join'd reluctant to the galling yoke,
Alike diſdain with ſervile necks to bear
Th' unwonted weight, or drag the crooked ſhare,
But rend the reins, and bound a diff'rent way,
And all the furrows in confuſion lay:
Such was the diſcord of the royal pair,
Whom fury drove precipitate to war.
In vain the chiefs contriv'd a ſpecious way,
To govern Thebes by their alternate ſway:
Unjuſt decree! while this enjoys the ſtate,
That mourns in exile his unequal fate,
And the ſhort monarch of a haſty year
Foreſees with anguiſh his returning heir.
Thus did the league their impious arms reſtrain,
But ſcarce ſubſiſted to the ſecond reign.
Yet then, no proud aſpiring piles were rais'd,
No fretted roofs with poliſh'd metals blaz'd;
No labour'd columns in long order plac'd,
No Grecian ſtone the pompous arches grac'd;

Atria, congeſtos ſatis explicitura clientes.
Non impacatis regum ad vigilantia ſomnis
Pila, nec alterna ferri ſtatione gementes
Excubiae, nec cura mero committere gemmas,
Atque aurum violare cibis, ſed nuda poteſtas
Armavit fratres: pugna eſt de paupere regno.
Dumque uter anguſtae ſquallentia jugera Dirces
Verteret, aut Tyrii ſolio non altus ovaret
Exulis, ambigitur; periit jus, faſque, bonumque,
Et vitae, mortiſque pudor. Quo tenditis iras,
Ah miſeri? quid ſi peteretur crimine tanto
Limes uterque poli, quem Sol emiſſus Eöo
Cardine, quem porta vergens proſpectat Ibera?
Quaſque procul terras obliquo ſidere tangit
Avius, aut Borea gelidas, madidive tepentes
Igne Noti? quid ſi Tyriae Phrygiaeve ſub unum
Convectentur opes? loca dira, arceſque nefandae
Suffecere odio, furtiſque immanibus emptum eſt
Oedipodae ſediſſe loco. Jam ſorte carebat
Dilatus Polynicis honos, quis tum tibi, ſaeve,
Quis fuit ille dies? vacua cum ſolus in aula
Reſpiceres jus omne tuum, cunctoſque minores
Et nuſquam par ſtare caput? Jam murmura ſerpunt
Plebis Echioniae, tacitumque a principe vulgus
Diffidet, et (qui mos populis) venturus amatur.
Atque aliquis, cui mens humili laeſiſſe veneno
Summa, nec impoſitos unquam cervice volenti

Ferre

No nightly bands in glitt'ring armour wait
Before the ſleepleſs Tyrant's guarded gate;
No chargers then were wrought in burniſh'd gold,
Nor ſilver vaſes took the forming mold;
Nor gems on bowls emboſs'd were ſeen to ſhine,
Blaze on the brims, and ſparkle in the wine—
Say, wretched rivals! what provokes your rage?
Say, to what end your impious arms engage?
Not all bright Phoebus views in early morn,
Or when his ev'ning beams the weſt adorn,
When the ſouth glows with his meridian ray,
And the cold north receives a fainter day;
For crimes like theſe, not all thoſe realms ſuffice,
Were all thoſe realms the guilty victor's prize!
But fortune now (the lots of empire thrown)
Decrees to proud Eteocles the crown:
What joys, oh Tyrant! ſwell'd thy ſoul that day,
When all were ſlaves thou could'ſt around ſurvey,
Pleas'd to behold unbounded pow'r thy own,
And ſingly fill a fear'd and envy'd throne!
But the vile Vulgar, ever diſcontent,
Their growing fears in ſecret murmurs vent;
Still prone to change, tho' ſtill the ſlaves of ſtate,
And ſure the monarch whom they have, to hate;
New lords they madly make, then tamely bear,
And ſoftly curſe the Tyrants whom they fear.
And one of thoſe who groan beneath the ſway
Of Kings impos'd, and grudgingly obey,
(Whom envy to the great, and vulgar ſpight
With ſcandal arm'd, th' ignoble mind's delight)

Ferre duces: Hancne Ogygiis, ait, aſpera rebus
Fata tulere vicem? toties mutare timendos,
Alternoque jugo dubitantia ſubdere colla!
Partiti verſant populorum fata, manuque
Fortunam fecere levem. ſemperne viciſſim
Exulibus ſervire dabor? tibi, ſumme deorum,
Terrarumque ſator, ſociis hanc addere mentem
Sedit? an inde vetus Thebis extenditur omen,
Ex quo Sidonii nequicquam blanda juvenci
Pondera, Carpatheo juſſus ſale quaerere Cadmus
Exul Hyanteos invenit regna per agros:
Fraternaſque acies foetae telluris hiatu,
Augurium, ſeros dimiſit aduſque nepotes?
Cernis ut erectum torva ſub fronte minetur
Saevior aſſurgens dempto conſorte poteſtas?
Quas gerit ore minas? quanto premit omnia faſtu?
Hicne unquam privatus erit? tamen ille precanti
Mitis, et affatu bonus et patientior aequi,
Quid mirum? non ſolus erat. nos vilis in omnes
Prompta manus caſus domino cuicunque parati.

Qualiter

Exclaim'd—O Thebes! for thee what fates remain,
What woes attend this inauſpicious reign?
Muſt we, alas! our doubtful necks prepare,
Each haughty maſter's yoke by turns to bear,
And ſtill to change whom chang'd we ſtill muſt fear?
Theſe now controul a wretched people's fate,
Theſe can divide, and theſe reverſe the ſtate:
Ev'n Fortune rules no more:—O ſervile land,
Where exil'd tyrants ſtill by turns command!
Thou ſire of Gods and men, imperial Jove!
Is this th' eternal doom decreed above?
On thy own offspring haſt thou fix'd this fate,
From the firſt birth of our unhappy ſtate;
When baniſh'd Cadmus, wand'ring o'er the main,
For loſt Europa ſearch'd the world in vain,
And fated in Boeotian fields to found
A riſing empire on a foreign ground,
Firſt rais'd our walls on that ill-omen'd plain,
Where earth-born brothers were by brothers ſlain?
What lofty looks th' unrival'd monarch bears!
How all the tyrant in his face appears!
What ſullen fury clouds his ſcornful brow!
Gods! how his eyes with threat'ning ardor glow!
Can this imperious lord forget to reign,
Quit all his ſtate, deſcend, and ſerve again?
Yet, who, before, more popularly bow'd?
Who more propitious to the ſuppliant crowd?
Patient of right, familiar in the throne?
What wonder then? he was not then alone.
O wretched we, a vile, ſubmiſſive train,
Fortune's tame fools, and ſlaves in ev'ry reign!

Qualiter hinc gelidus Boreas, hinc nubifer Eurus
Vela trahunt, nutat mediae fortuna carinae.
Heu dubio ſuſpenſa metu, tolerandaque nullis
Aſpera ſors populis! hic imperat: ille minatur.
At Jovis imperiis rapidi ſuper atria coeli
Lectus concilio divûm convenerat ordo
Interiore polo. ſpatiis hinc omnia juxta,
Primaeque occiduaeque domus, effuſa ſub omni
Terra atque unda die. mediis ſeſe arduus infert
Ipſe deis, placido quatiens tamen omnia vultu,
Stellantique locat ſolio. nec protinus auſi
Coelicolae, veniam donec pater ipſe ſedendi
Tranquilla jubet eſſe manu. mox turba vagorum
Semideûm, et ſummis cognati nubibus Amnes,
Et compreſſa metu ſervantes murmura Venti,
Aurea tecta replent; mixta convexa deorum
Majeſtate tremunt: radiant majore ſereno
Culmina, et arcano florentes lumine poſtes.

NOTES.

VER. 281.] *placido quatiens tamen omnia vultu*, is the common reading; I believe it ſhould be *nutu*, with reference to the word *quatiens*. P.

Poſtquam

As when two winds with rival force contend,
This way and that, the wav'ring ſails they bend,
While freezing Boreas, and black Eurus blow,
Now here, now there, the reeling veſſel throw:
Thus on each ſide, alas! our tott'ring ſtate
Feels all the fury of reſiſtleſs fate,
And doubtful ſtill, and ſtill diſtracted ſtands,
While that prince threatens, and while this commands.
And now th' almighty Father of the Gods
Convenes a council in the bleſt abodes:
Far in the bright receſſes of the ſkies,
High o'er the rolling heav'ns, a manſion lies,
Whence, far below, the Gods at once ſurvey
The realms of riſing and declining day,
And all th' extended ſpace of earth, and air, and ſea.
Full in the midſt, and on a ſtarry Throne,
The Majeſty of heav'n ſuperior ſhone;
Serene he look'd, and gave an aweful nod,
And all the trembling ſpheres confeſs'd the God.
At Jove's aſſent, the deities around
In ſolemn ſtate the conſiſtory crown'd.
Next a long order of inferior pow'rs
Aſcend from hills, and plains, and ſhady bow'rs;
Thoſe from whoſe urns the rolling rivers flow;
And thoſe that give the wand'ring winds to blow:
Here all their rage, and ev'n their murmurs ceaſe,
And ſacred ſilence reigns, and univerſal peace.
A ſhining ſynod of majeſtic Gods
Gilds with new luſtre the divine abodes;
Heav'n ſeems improv'd with a ſuperior ray,
And the bright arch reflects a double day.

The

Poſtquam juſſa quies, ſiluitque exterritus orbis,
Incipit ex alto: (grave et immutabile ſanctis
Pondus adeſt verbis, et vocem fata ſequuntur)
Terrarum delicta, nec exuperabile diris
Ingenium mortale queror. quonam uſque nocentum
Exigar in poenas? taedet ſaevire coruſco
Fulmine; jampridem Cyclopum operoſa fatiſcunt
Brachia, et Aeoliis deſunt incudibus ignes.
Atque ideo tuleram falſo rectore ſolutos
Solis equos, coelumque rotis errantibus uri,
Et Phaëtontaea mundum ſquallere favilla.
Nil actum eſt: neque tu valida quod cuſpide late
Ire per illicitum pelago, germane, dediſti.
Nunc geminas punire domos, quîs ſanguinis autor
Ipſe ego, deſcendo. Perſeos alter in Argos
Scinditur, Aonias fluit hic ab origine Thebas.
Mens cunctis impôſta manet. Quis funera Cadmi
Neſciat? et toties excitam a ſedibus imis
Eumenidum bellâſſe aciem? mala gaudia matrum,
Erroreſque feros nemorum, et reticenda deorum
Crimina? vix lucis ſpatio, vix noctis abactae
Enumerare queam mores, gentemque profanam.

Scandere

The Monarch then his ſolemn ſilence broke,
The ſtill creation liſten'd while he ſpoke,
Each ſacred accent bears eternal weight,
And each irrevocable word is Fate.
How long ſhall man the wrath of heav'n defy,
And force unwilling vengeance from the ſky!
Oh race confed'rate into crimes, that prove
Triumphant o'er th' eluded rage of Jove!
This weary'd arm can ſcarce the bolt ſuſtain,
And unregarded thunder rolls in vain:
Th' o'erlabour'd Cyclops from his taſk retires;
Th' Aeolian forge exhauſted of its fires.
For this, I ſuffer'd Phoebus' ſteeds to ſtray,
And the mad ruler to miſguide the day;
When the wide earth to heaps of aſhes turn'd,
And heav'n itſelf the wand'ring chariot burn'd.
For this, my brother of the wat'ry reign
Releas'd th' impetuous ſluices of the main:
But flames conſum'd, and billows rag'd in vain.
Two races now, ally'd to Jove, offend;
To puniſh theſe, ſee Jove himſelf deſcend.
The Theban Kings their line from Cadmus trace,
From godlike Perſeus thoſe of Argive race.
Unhappy Cadmus' fate who does not know,
And the long ſeries of ſucceeding woe?
How oft the Furies, from the deeps of night,
Aroſe, and mix'd with men in mortal fight:
Th' exulting mother, ſtain'd with filial blood;
The ſavage hunter and the haunted wood?
The direful banquet why ſhould I proclaim,
And crimes that grieve the trembling Gods to name?

Scandere quin etiam thalamos hic impius haeres
Patris, et immeritae gremium inceſtare parentis
Appetiit, proprios monſtro revolutus in ortus.
Ille tamen Superis aeterna piacula ſolvit,
Projecitque diem: nec jam amplius aethere noſtro
Veſcitur: at nati (facinus ſine more!) cadentes
Calcavere oculos. jam jam rata vota tuliſti,
Dire ſenex; meruere tuae, meruere tenebrae
Ultorem ſperare Jovem. nova ſontibus arma
Injiciam regnis, totumque a ſtirpe revellam
Exitiale genus. belli mihi ſemina ſunto
Adraſtus ſocer, et ſuperis adjuncta ſiniſtris
Connubia. Hanc etiam poenis inceſſere gentem
Decretum: neque enim arcano de pectore fallax
Tantalus, et ſaevae periit injuria menſae.
  Sic pater omnipotens. Aſt illi ſaucia dictis,
Flammato verſans inopinum corde dolorem,
Talia Juno refert: Mene, o juſtiſſime divûm,
Me bello certare jubes? ſcis ſemper ut arces
Cyclopum, magnique Phoroneos inclyta fama
Sceptra viris, opibuſque juvem; licet improbus illic
Cuſtodem Phariae, ſomno letoque juvencae
Extinguas, ſeptis et turribus aureus intres.

Mentitis

Ere I recount the ſins of theſe profane,
The ſun would ſink into the weſtern main,
And riſing gild the radiant eaſt again.
Have we not ſeen (the blood of Laius ſhed)
The murd'ring ſon aſcend his parent's bed,
Through violated nature force his way,
And ſtain the ſacred womb where once he lay?
Yet now in darkneſs and deſpair he groans,
And for the crimes of guilty fate atones;
His ſons with ſcorn their eyeleſs father view,
Inſult his wounds, and make them bleed anew.
Thy curſe, oh Oedipus, juſt heav'n alarms,
And ſets th' avenging thunderer in arms.
I from the root thy guilty race will tear,
And give the nations to the waſte of war.
Adraſtus ſoon, with Gods averſe, ſhall join
In dire alliance with the Theban line;
Hence ſtrife ſhall riſe, and mortal war ſucceed;
The guilty realms of Tantalus ſhall bleed;
Fix'd is their doom; this all-remembring breaſt
Yet harbours vengeance for the tyrant's feaſt.
He ſaid; and thus the Queen of heav'n return'd;
(With ſudden Grief her lab'ring boſom burn'd)
Muſt I, whoſe cares Phoroneus' tow'rs defend,
Muſt I, oh Jove, in bloody wars contend?
Thou know'ſt thoſe regions my protection claim,
Glorious in arms, in riches, and in fame:
Tho' there the fair Egyptian heifer fed,
And there deluded Argus ſlept, and bled;
Tho' there the brazen tow'r was ſtorm'd of old,
When Jove deſcended in almighty gold:

Mentitis ignoſco toris: illam odimus urbem,
Quam vultu confeſſus adis: ubi conſcia magni
Signa tori, tonitrus agis, et mea fulmina torques.
Facta luant Thebae: cur hoſtes eligis Argos?
Quin age, ſi tanta eſt thalami diſcordia ſancti,
Et Samon, et veteres armis exſcinde Mycenas.
Verte ſolo Sparten. cur uſquam ſanguine feſto
Conjugis ara tuae, cumulo cur thuris Eoï
Laeta calet? melius votis Mareotica ſumat
Coptos, et aeriſoni lugentia flumina Nili.
Quod ſi priſca luunt autorum crimina gentes,
Subvenitque tuis ſera haec ſententia curis;
Percenſere aevi ſenium, quo tempore tandem
Terrarum furias abolere, et ſecula retro
Emendare ſat eſt? jamdudum ab ſedibus illis
Incipe, fluctivaga qua praeterlabitur unda
Sicanos longe relegens Alpheus amores.
Arcades hic tua (nec pudor eſt) delubra nefaſtis

Impoſuere

Yet I can pardon thoſe obſcurer rapes,
Thoſe baſhful crimes diſguis'd in borrow'd ſhapes;
But Thebes, where ſhining in celeſtial charms
Thou cam'ſt triumphant to a mortal's arms,
When all my glories o'er her limbs were ſpread,
And blazing light'nings danc'd around her bed;
Curs'd Thebes the vengeance it deſerves, may prove—
Ah why ſhould Argos feel the rage of Jove?
Yet ſince thou wilt thy ſiſter-queen controul,
Since ſtill the luſt of diſcord fires thy ſoul,
Go, raiſe my Samos, let Mycene fall,
And level with the duſt the Spartan wall;
No more let mortals Juno's pow'r invoke,
Her fanes no more with eaſtern incenſe ſmoke,
Nor victims ſink beneath the ſacred ſtroke;
But to your Iſis all my rites transfer,
Let altars blaze and temples ſmoke for her;
For her, through Egypt's fruitful clime renown'd,
Let weeping Nilus hear the timbrel ſound.
But if thou muſt reform the ſtubborn times,
Avenging on the ſons the father's crimes,
And from the long records of diſtant age
Derive incitements to renew thy rage;
Say, from what period then has Jove deſign'd
To date his vengeance; to what bounds confin'd?
Begin from thence, where firſt Alpheus hides
His wand'ring ſtream, and through the briny tides
Unmix'd to his Sicilian river glides.
Thy own Arcadians there the thunder claim,
Whoſe impious rites diſgrace thy mighty name;

Who

Impoſuere locis: illic Mavortius axis
Oenomai, Geticoque pecus ſtabulare ſub Aemo
Dignius: abruptis etiamnum inhumata procorum
Relliquiis trunca ora rigent. tamen hic tibi templi
Gratus honos. placet Ida nocens, mentitaque manes
Creta tuos. me Tantaleis conſiſtere tectis,
Quae tandem invidia eſt? belli deflecte tumultus,
Et generis miſereſce tui. ſunt impia late
Regna tibi, melius generos paſſura nocentes.
Finierat miſcens precibus convicia Juno,
At non ille gravis, dictis, quanquam aſpera, motus
Reddidit haec: Equidem haud rebar te mente ſecunda
Laturam, quodcunque tuos (licet aequus) in Argos
Conſulerem, neque me (detur ſi copia) fallit
Multa ſuper Thebis Bacchum, auſuramque Dionem
Dicere, ſed noſtri reverentia ponderis obſtat.
Horrendos etenim latices, Stygia aequora fratris
Obteſtor, manſurum et non revocabile verum,

Nil

Who raiſe thy temples where the chariot ſtood
Of fierce Oenomäus, defil'd with blood;
Where once his ſteeds their ſavage banquet found,
And human bones yet whiten all the ground.
Say, can thoſe honours pleaſe; and can'ſt thou love
Preſumptuous Crete that boaſts the tomb of Jove?
And ſhall not Tantalus's kingdoms ſhare
Thy wife and ſiſter's tutelary care?
Reverſe, O Jove, thy too ſevere decree,
Nor doom to war a race deriv'd from thee;
On impious realms and barb'rous Kings impoſe
Thy plagues, and curſe 'em with ſuch ſons as thoſe.
Thus, in reproach and pray'r, the Queen expreſs'd
The rage and grief contending in her breaſt;
Unmov'd remain'd the ruler of the ſky,
And from his throne return'd this ſtern reply:
'Twas thus I deem'd thy haughty ſoul would bear
The dire, though juſt, revenge which I prepare
Againſt a nation thy peculiar care:
No leſs Dione might for Thebes contend,
Nor Bacchus leſs his native town defend,
Yet theſe in ſilence ſee the fates fulfil
Their work, and rev'rence our Superior will.
For by the black infernal Styx I ſwear,
(That dreadful oath which binds the Thunderer)
'Tis fix'd; th' irrevocable doom of Jove;
No force can bend me, no perſuaſion move.

NOTES.

VER. 399. *with ſuch ſons as thoſe.*] Eteocles and Polynices. P.

Haſte

Nil fore quo dictis flectar. quare impiger ales
Portantes praecede Notos Cyllenia proles:
Aëra per liquidum, regniſque illapſus opacis
Dic patruo, Superas ſenior ſe tollat ad auras
Laïus, extinctum nati quem vulnere, nondum
Ulterior Lethes accepit ripa profundi
Lege Erebi: ferat haec diro mea juſſa nepoti:
Germanum exilio fretum, Argoliciſque tumentem
Hoſpitiis, quod ſponte cupit, procul impius aula
Arceat, alternum regni inficiatus honorem:
Hinc cauſae irarum: certo reliqua ordine ducam.
  Paret Atlantiades dictis genitoris, et inde
Summa pedum propere plantaribus illigat alis,
Obnubitque comas, et temperat aſtra galero.
Tum dextrae virgam inſeruit, qua pellere dulces
Aut ſuadere iterum ſomnos, qua nigra ſubire
Tartara, et exangues animare aſſueverat umbras.
Deſiluit; tenuique exceptus inhorruit aura.
Nec mora, ſublimes raptim per inane volatus
Carpit, et ingenti deſignat nubila gyro.
  Interea patriis olim vagus exul ab oris
Oedipodionides furto deſerta pererrat

Aoniae.

Haſte then, Cyllenius, through the liquid air;
Go, mount the winds, and to the ſhades repair;
Bid hell's black monarch my commands obey,
And give up Laius to the realms of day,
Whoſe ghoſt yet ſhiv'ring on Cocytus' ſand,
Expects its paſſage to the further ſtrand:
Let the pale ſire reviſit Thebes, and bear
Theſe pleaſing orders to the tyrant's ear;
That from his exil'd brother, ſwell'd with pride
Of foreign forces, and his Argive bride,
Almighty Jove commands him to detain
The promis'd empire, and alternate reign:
Be this the cauſe of more than mortal hate:
The reſt, ſucceeding times ſhall ripen into Fate.
The God obeys, and to his feet applies
Thoſe golden wings that cut the yielding ſkies.
His ample hat his beamy locks o'erſpread,
And veil'd the ſtarry glories of his head.
He ſeiz'd the wand that cauſes ſleep to fly,
Or, in ſoft ſlumbers ſeals the wakeful eye;
That drives the dead to dark Tartarean coaſts,
Or back to life compels the wand'ring ghoſts.
Thus, through the parting clouds, the ſon of May
Wings on the whiſtling winds his rapid way;
Now ſmoothly ſteers through air his equal flight,
Now ſprings aloft, and tow'rs th' ethereal height;
Then wheeling down the ſteep of heav'n he flies,
And draws a radiant circle o'er the ſkies.
Mean time the baniſh'd Polynices roves
(His Thebes abandon'd) through th' Aonian groves,

Aoniae. jam jamque animis male debita regna
Concipit, et longum ſignis cunctantibus annum
Stare gemit. tenet una dies nocteſque recurſans
Cura virum, ſi quando humilem decedere regno
Germanum, et ſemet Thebis, opibuſque potitum,
Cerneret, hac aevum cupiat pro luce paciſci.
Nunc queritur ceu tarda fugae diſpendia: ſed mox
Attollit flatus ducis, et ſediſſe ſuperbum
Dejecto ſe fratre putat. ſpes anxia mentem
Extrahit, et longo conſumit gaudia voto.
Tunc ſedet Inachias urbes, Danaëiaque arva,
Et caligantes abrupto ſole Mycenas,
Ferre iter impavidum. ſeu praevia ducit Erynnis,
Seu fors illa viae, ſive hac immota vocabat
Atropos. Ogygiis ululata furoribus antra
Deſerit, et pingues Bacchaeo ſanguine colles.
Inde plagam, qua molle ſedens in plana Cithaeron
Porrigitur, laſſumque inclinat ad aequora montem,
Praeterit. hinc arcte ſcopuloſo in limite pendens,
Infames Scyrone petras, Scyllaeque rura
Purpureo regnata ſeni, mitemque Corinthon
Linquit, et in mediis audit duo littora campis.

While future realms his wand'ring thoughts delight,
His daily viſion and his dream by night;
Forbidden Thebes appears before his eye,
From whence he ſees his abſent brother fly,
With tranſport views the airy rule his own,
And ſwells on an imaginary throne.
Fain would he caſt a tedious age away,
And live out all in one triumphant day.
He chides the lazy progreſs of the ſun,
And bids the year with ſwifter motion run.
With anxious hopes his craving mind is toſt,
And all his joys in length of wiſhes loſt.
The hero then reſolves his courſe to bend
Where ancient Danaus' fruitful fields extend,
And fam'd Mycene's lofty tow'rs aſcend,
(Where late the ſun did Atreus' crimes deteſt,
And diſappear'd in horror of the feaſt.)
And now by chance, by fate, or furies led,
From Bacchus' conſecrated caves he fled,
Where the ſhrill cries of frantic matrons ſound,
And Pentheus' blood enrich'd the riſing ground.
Then ſees Cithaeron tow'ring o'er the plain,
And thence declining gently to the main.
Next to the bounds of Niſus' realm repairs,
Where treach'rous Scylla cut the purple hairs:
The hanging cliffs of Scyron's rock explores,
And hears the murmurs of the diff'rent ſhores:
Paſſes the ſtrait that parts the foaming ſeas,
And ſtately Corinth's pleaſing ſite ſurveys.

Jamque per emeriti ſurgens conſinia Phoebi
Titanis, late mundo ſubvecta ſilenti
Rorifera gelidum tenuaverat aëra biga.
Jam pecudes volucreſque tacent; jam ſomnus avaris
Inſerpit curis, pronuſque per aëra nutat,
Grata laboratae referens oblivia vitae.
Sed nec puniceo rediturum nubila coelo
Promiſere jubar, nec rareſcentibus umbris
Longa repercuſſo nituere crepuſcula Phoebo.
Denſior a terris, et nulli pervia flammae
Subtexit nox atra polos. jam clauſtra rigentis
Aeoliae percuſſa ſonant, venturaque rauco
Ore minatur hiems, venti tranſverſa frementes
Confligunt, axemque emoto cardine vellunt,
Dum coelum ſibi quiſque rapit. ſed plurimus Auſter
Inglomerat noctem, et tenebroſa volumina torquet,
Defunditque imbres, ſicco quos aſper hiatu
Perſolidat Boreas. nec non abrupta tremiſcunt
Fulgura, et attritus ſubita face rumpitur aether.
Jam Nemea, jam Taenareis contermina lucis
Arcadiae capita alta madent: ruit agmine facto
Inachus, et gelidas ſurgens Eraſinus ad Arctos.
Pulverulenta prius, calcandaque flumina nullae
Aggeribus tenuere morae, ſtagnoque refuſa eſt
Funditus, et veteri ſpumavit Lerna veneno.

Frangitur

'Twas now the time when Phoebus yields to night,
And riſing Cynthia ſheds her ſilver light,
Wide o'er the world in ſolemn pomp ſhe drew
Her airy chariot hung with pearly dew;
All birds and beaſts lie huſh'd; ſleep ſteals away
The wild deſires of men, and toils of day,
And brings, deſcending through the ſilent air,
A ſweet forgetfulneſs of human care.
Yet no red clouds, with golden borders gay,
Promiſe the ſkies the bright return of day;
No faint reflections of the diſtant light
Streak with long gleams the ſcatt'ring ſhades of night:
From the damp earth impervious vapours riſe,
Encreaſe the darkneſs, and involve the ſkies.
At once the ruſhing winds with roaring ſound
Burſt from th' Aeolian caves, and rend the ground,
With equal rage their airy quarrel try,
And win by turns the kingdom of the ſky:
But with a thicker night black Auſter ſhrouds
The heav'ns, and drives on heaps the rolling clouds,
From whoſe dark womb a rattling tempeſt pours,
Which the cold north congeals to haily ſhow'rs.
From pole to pole the thunder roars aloud,
And broken light'nings flaſh from ev'ry cloud.
Now ſmoaks with ſhow'rs the miſty mountain-ground,
And floated fields lie undiſtinguiſh'd round.
Th' Inachian ſtreams with headlong fury run,
And Eraſinus rolls a deluge on:
The foaming Lerna ſwells above its bounds,
And ſpreads its ancient poiſons o'er the grounds:

Where

Frangitur omne nemus; rapiunt antiqua procellae
Brachia ſylvarum, nulliſque aſpecta per aevum
Solibus umbroſi patuere aeſtiva Lycaei.
Ille tamen modo ſaxa jugis fugientia ruptis
Miratur, modo nubigenas e montibus amnes
Aura pavens, paſſimque inſano turbine raptas
Paſtorum pecorumque domos. non ſegnius amens,
Incertuſque viae, per nigra ſilentia, vaſtum
Haurit iter: pulſat metus undique, et undique frater.
Ac velut hiberno deprenſus navita ponto,
Cui neque temo piger, neque amico ſidere monſtrat
Luna vias, medio coeli pelagique tumultu
Stat rationis inops: jam jamque aut ſaxa malignis
Expectat ſubmerſa vadis, aut vertice acuto
Spumantes ſcopulos erectae incurrere prorae:
Talis opaca legens nemorum Cadmeïus heros
Accelerat, vaſto metuenda umbone ferarum
Excutiens ſtabula, et prono virgulta refringit
Pectore: dat ſtimulos animo vis moeſta timoris.
Donec ab Inachiis victa caligine tectis
Emicuit lucem devexa in moenia fundens
Lariſſaeus apex. illò ſpe concitus omni
Evolat. hinc celſae Junonia templa Proſymnae

Laevus

Where late was duſt, now rapid torrents play,
Ruſh through the mounds, and bear the damms away:
Old limbs of trees from crackling foreſts torn,
Are whirl'd in air, and on the winds are born:
The ſtorm the dark Lycaean groves diſplay'd,
And firſt to light expos'd the ſacred ſhade.
Th' intrepid Theban hears the burſting ſky,
Sees yawning rocks in maſſy fragments fly,
And views aſtoniſh'd, from the hills afar,
The floods deſcending, and the wat'ry war,
That, driv'n by ſtorms and pouring o'er the plain,
Swept herds, and hinds, and houſes to the main.
Through the brown horrors of the night he fled,
Nor knows, amaz'd, what doubtful path to tread;
His brother's image to his mind appears,
Inflames his heart with rage, and wings his feet with fears.
So fares a ſailor on the ſtormy main,
When clouds conceal Boötes' golden wain,
When not a ſtar its friendly luſtre keeps,
Nor trembling Cynthia glimmers on the deeps;
He dreads the rocks, and ſhoals, and ſeas, and ſkies,
While thunder roars, and light'ning round him flies.
Thus ſtrove the chief, on ev'ry ſide diſtreſs'd,
Thus ſtill his courage, with his toils encreas'd;
With his broad ſhield oppos'd, he forc'd his way
Through thickeſt woods, and rous'd the beaſts of prey.
Till he beheld, where from Lariſſa's height
The ſhelving walls reflect a glancing light:
Thither with haſte the Theban hero flies;
On this ſide Lerna's pois'nous water lies,
On that Proſymna's grove and temple riſe:

He

Laevus habet, hinc Herculeo ſignata vapore
Lernaei ſtagna atra vadi. tandemque recluſis
Infertur portis. actutum regia cernit
Veſtibula. hic artus imbri, ventoque rigentes
Projicit, ignotaeque acclinis poſtibus aulae
Invitat tenues ad dura cubilia ſomnos.
Rex ibi tranquillae medio de limite vitae
In ſenium vergens populos Adraſtus habebat,
Dives avis, et utroque Jovem de ſanguine ducens.
Hic ſexûs melioris inops, ſed prole virebat
Foeminea, gemino natarum pignore fultus.
Cui Phoebus generos (monſtrum exitiabile dictu!
Mox adaperta fides) aevo ducente canebat
Setigerumque ſuum, et fulvum adventare leonem.
Haec volvens, non, ipſe pater, non docte futuri
Amphiaraë, vides; etenim vetat autor Apollo.
Tantum in corde ſedens aegreſcit cura parentis.
Ecce autem antiquam fato Calydona relinquens
Olenius Tydeus (fraterni ſanguinis illum
Conſcius horror agit) eadem ſub nocte ſopora
Luſtra terit, ſimileſque Notos dequeſtus et imbres,
Infuſam tergo glaciem, et liquentia nimbis
Ora, comaſque gerens, ſubit uno tegmine, cujus
Fuſus humo gelida, partem prior hoſpes habebat.—
Hic primum luſtrare oculis, cultuſque virorum
Telaque magna vacat, tergo videt hujus inanem

Impexis

He paſs'd the gates which then unguarded lay,
And to the regal palace bent his way;
On the cold marble, ſpent with toil, he lies,
And waits till pleaſing ſlumbers ſeal his eyes.
Adraſtus here his happy people ſways,
Bleſt with calm peace in his declining days,
By both his parents of deſcent divine,
Great Jove and Phoebus grac'd his noble line:
Heav'n had crown'd his wiſhes with a ſon,
But two fair daughters heir'd his ſtate and throne.
To him Apollo (wond'rous to relate!
But who can pierce into the depths of fate?)
Had ſung—— "Expect thy ſons on Argos' ſhore,
"A yellow lion and a briſtly boar."
This long revolv'd in his paternal breaſt,
Sate heavy on his heart, and broke his reſt;
This, great Amphiaraus, lay hid from thee,
Tho' ſkill'd in fate, and dark futurity.
The father's care and prophet's art were vain,
For thus did the predicting God ordain.
Lo hapleſs Tydeus, whoſe ill-fated hand
Had ſlain his brother, leaves his native land,
And ſeiz'd with horror in the ſhades of night,
Through the thick deſerts headlong urg'd his flight:
Now by the fury of the tempeſt driv'n,
He ſeeks a ſhelter from th' inclement heav'n,
'Till, led by fate, the Theban's ſteps he treads,
And to fair Argos' open court ſucceeds.
When thus the chiefs from diff'rent lands reſort
T' Adraſtus' realms, and hoſpitable court;

Impexis utrinque jubis horrere leonem,
Illius in ſpeciem, quem per Theumeſia Tempe
Amphitryoniades fractum juvenilibus armis
Ante Cleonaei veſtitur praelia monſtri.
Terribiles contra ſetis, ac dente recurvo
Tydea per latos humeros ambire laborant
Exuviae, Calydonis honos. ſtupet omine tanto
Defixus ſenior, divina oracula Phoebi
Agnoſcens, monituſque datos vocalibus antris.
Obtutu gelida ora premit, laetuſque per artus
Horror iit. ſenſit manifeſto numine ductos
Affore, quos nexis ambagibus augur Apollo
Portendi generos, vultu fallente ferarum,
Ediderat. tunc ſic tendens ad ſidera palmas:
Nox, quae terrarum coelique amplexa labores
Ignea multivago tranſmittis ſidera lapſu,
Indulgens reparare animum, dum proximus aegris
Infundat Titan agiles animantibus ortus,
Tu mihi perplexis quaeſitam erroribus ultro
Advehis alma fidem, veteriſque exordia fati
Detegis. aſſiſtas operi, tuaque omina firmes!
Semper honoratam dimenſis orbibus anni
Te domus iſta colet: nigri tibi, diva, litabunt
Electa cervice greges, luſtraliaque exta
Lacte novo perfuſus edet Vulcanius ignis.

Salve,

The king ſurveys his gueſts with curious eyes,
And views their arms and habit with ſurprize.
A lion's yellow ſkin the Theban wears,
Horrid his mane, and rough with curling hairs;
Such once employ'd Alcides' youthful toils,
Ere yet adorn'd with Nemea's dreadful ſpoils.
A boar's ſtiff hide, of Calydonian breed,
Oenides' manly ſhoulders overſpread.
Oblique his tuſks, erect his briſtles ſtood,
Alive, the pride and terror of the wood.
Struck with the fight, and fix'd in deep amaze,
The King th' accompliſh'd oracle ſurveys,
Reveres Apollo's vocal caves, and owns
The guiding Godhead, and his future ſons.
O'er all his boſom ſecret tranſports reign,
And a glad horror ſhoots through ev'ry vein.
To heav'n he lifts his hands, erects his ſight,
And thus invokes the ſilent Queen of night.
Goddeſs of ſhades, beneath whoſe gloomy reign
Yon' ſpangled arch glows with the ſtarry train:
You who the cares of heav'n and earth allay,
Till nature quicken'd by th' inſpiring ray
Wakes to new vigour with the riſing day.
Oh thou who freeſt me from my doubtful ſtate,
Long loſt and wilder'd in the maze of Fate!
Be preſent ſtill, oh Goddeſs! in our aid;
Proceed, and firm thoſe omens thou haſt made.
We to thy name our annual rites will pay,
And on thy altars ſacrifices lay;
The ſable flock ſhall fall beneath the ſtroke,
And fill thy temples with a grateful ſmoke.

Salve, priſca fides tripodum, obſcurique receſſus;
Deprendi, Fortuna, deos. ſic fatus; et ambos
Innectens manibus, tecta ulterioris ad aulae
Progreditur. canis etiamnum altaribus ignes,
Sopitum cinerem, et tepidi libamina ſacri
Servabant; adolere focos, epulaſque recentes
Inſtaurare jubet. dictis parere miniſtri
Certatim accelerant. vario ſtrepit icta tumultu
Regia: pars oſtro tenues, auroque ſonantes
Emunire toros, altoſque inferre tapetas;
Pars teretes levare manu, ac diſponere menſas:
Aſt alii tenebras et opacam vincere noctem
Aggreſſi, tendunt auratis vincula lychnis.
His labor inſerto torrere exanguia ferro
Viſcera caeſarum pecudum: his, cumulare caniſtris
Perdomitam ſaxo Cererem. laetatur Adraſtus
Obſequio fervere domum. jamque ipſe ſuperbis
Fulgebat ſtratis, ſolioque effultus eburno.
Parte alia juvenes ſiccati vulnera lymphis
Diſcumbunt: ſimul ora notis foedata tuentur,
Inque vicem ignoſcunt. tunc rex longaevus Aceſten
(Natarum haec altrix, eadem et fidiſſima cuſtos
Lecta ſacrum juſtae Veneri occultare pudorem)
Imperat acciri, tacitaque immurmurat aure.
Nec mora praeceptis; cum protinus utraque virgo
Arcano egreſſae thalamo (mirabile viſu)
Pallados armiſonae, pharetrataeque ora Dianae
Aequa ferunt, terrore minus. nova deinde pudori

Viſa

Hail, faithful Tripos! hail, ye dark abodes
Of awful Phoebus: I confeſs the Gods!
Thus, ſeiz'd with ſacred fear, the monarch pray'd;
Then to his inner court the gueſts convey'd;
Where yet thin fumes from dying ſparks ariſe,
And duſt yet white upon each altar lies,
The relicks of a former ſacrifice.
The King once more the ſolemn rites requires,
And bids renew the feaſts, and wake the fires.
His train obey, while all the courts around
With noiſy care and various tumult ſound.
Embroider'd purple clothes the golden beds;
This ſlave the floor, and that the table ſpreads;
A third diſpels the darkneſs of the night,
And fills depending lamps with beams of light;
Here loaves in caniſters are pil'd on high,
And there in flames the ſlaughter'd victims fly.
Sublime in regal ſtate Adraſtus ſhone,
Stretch'd on rich carpets on his iv'ry throne;
A lofty couch receives each princely gueſt;
Around, at aweful diſtance, wait the reſt.
And now the king, his royal feaſt to grace,
Aceſtis calls, the guardian of his race,
Who firſt their youth in arts of virtue train'd,
And their ripe years in modeſt grace maintain'd.
Then ſoftly whiſper'd in her faithful ear,
And bade his daughters at the rites appear.
When from the cloſe apartments of the night,
The royal Nymphs approach divinely bright;
Such was Diana's, ſuch Minerva's face;
Nor ſhine their beauties with ſuperior grace,

Viſa virûm facies: pariter, pallorque, ruborque
Purpureas hauſere genas: oculique verentes
Ad ſanctum rediere patrem. Poſtquam ordine menſae
Victa fames, ſignis perfectam auroque nitentem
Iäſides pateram famulos ex more popoſcit,
Qua Danaus libare deis ſeniorque Phoroneus
Aſſueti. tenet haec operum caelata figuras:
Aureus anguicomam praefecto Gorgona collo
Ales habet. jam jamque vagas (ita viſus) in auras
Exilit: illa graves oculos, languentiaque ora
Pene movet, vivoque etiam palleſcit in auro.
Hinc Phrygius fulvis venator tollitur alis:
Gargara deſidunt ſurgenti, et Troja recedit.
Stant moeſti comites, fruſtraque ſonantia laxant
Ora canes, umbramque petunt, et nubila latrant.
Hanc undante mero fundens, vocat ordine cunctos
Coelicolas: Phoebum ante alios, Phoebum omnis ad aras
Laude ciet comitum, famulûmque, evincta pudica
Fronde, manus: cui feſta dies, largoque refecti
Thure, vaporatis lucent altaribus ignes.
Forſitan, o juvenes, quae ſint ea ſacra, quibuſque

Prae-

But that in theſe a milder charm endears,
And leſs of terror in their looks appears.
As on the heroes firſt they caſt their eyes,
O'er their fair cheeks the glowing bluſhes riſe,
Their downcaſt looks a decent ſhame confeſs'd,
Then on their father's rev'rend features reſt.
The banquet done, the monarch gives the ſign
To fill the goblet high with ſparkling wine,
Which Danaus us'd in ſacred rites of old,
With ſculpture grac'd, and rough with riſing gold.
Here to the clouds victorious Perſeus flies,
Meduſa ſeems to move her languid eyes,
And, ev'n in gold, turns paler as ſhe dies.
There from the chace Jove's tow'ring eagle bears,
On golden wings, the Phrygian to the ſtars:
Still as he riſes in th' ethereal height,
His native mountains leſſen to his ſight;
While all his ſad companions upward gaze,
Fix'd on the glorious ſcene in wild amaze;
And the ſwift hounds, affrighted as he flies,
Run to the ſhade, and bark againſt the ſkies.
This golden bowl with gen'rous juice was crown'd,
The firſt libations ſprinkled on the ground,
By turns on each celeſtial pow'r they call;
With Phoebus' name reſounds the vaulted hall.
The courtly train, the ſtrangers, and the reſt,
Crown'd with chaſte laurel, and with garlands dreſs'd,
While with rich gums the fuming altars blaze,
Salute the God in num'rous hymns of praiſe.
Then thus the King: Perhaps, my noble gueſts,
Theſe honour'd altars, and theſe annual feaſts

Praecipuum cauſis Phoebi obteſtemur honorem,
Rex ait, exquirunt animi. non inſcia ſuaſit
Relligio: magnis exercita cladibus olim
Plebs Argiva litant: animos advertite, pandam:
Poſtquam coerulei ſinuoſa volumina monſtri,
Terrigenam Pythona, deus ſeptem orbibus atris
Amplexum Delphos, ſquamiſque annoſa terentem
Robora; Caſtaliis dum fontibus ore triſulco
Fuſus hiat, nigro ſitiens alimenta veneno,
Perculit, abſumptis numeroſa in vulnera telis,
Cyrrhaeique dedit centum per jugera campi
Vix tandem explicitum, nova deinde piacula caedi
Perquirens, noſtri tecta haud opulenta Crotopi
Attigit. huic primis, et pubem ineuntibus annis,
Mira decore pio, ſervabat nata penates
Intemerata toris. felix, ſi Delia nunquam
Furta, nec occultum Phoebo ſociaſſet amorem.
Namque ut paſſa deum Nemeaei ad fluminis undam,
Bis quinos plena cum fronte reſumeret orbes
Cynthia, ſidereum Latonae foeta nepotem
Edidit: ac poenae metuens (neque enim ille coactis
Donaſſet thalamis veniam pater) avia rura
Eligit: ac natum ſepta inter ovilia furtim
Montivago pecoris cuſtodi mandat alendum.

Non

To bright Apollo's awful name deſign'd,
Unknown, with wonder may perplex your mind.
Great was the cauſe; our old ſolemnities
From no blind zeal or fond tradition riſe;
But ſav'd from death, our Argives yearly pay
Theſe grateful honours to the God of Day.
When by a thouſand darts the Python ſlain
With orbs unroll'd lay cov'ring all the plain,
(Transfix'd as o'er Caſtalia's ſtreams he hung,
And ſuck'd new poiſons with his triple tongue)
To Argos' realms the victor god reſorts,
And enters old Crotopus' humble courts.
This rural prince one only daughter bleſt,
That all the charms of blooming youth poſſeſs'd;
Fair was her face, and ſpotleſs was her mind,
Where filial love with virgin ſweetneſs join'd.
Happy! and happy ſtill ſhe might have prov'd,
Were ſhe leſs beautiful, or leſs belov'd!
But Phoebus lov'd, and on the flow'ry ſide
Of Nemea's ſtream, the yielding fair enjoy'd:
Now, ere ten moons their orb with light adorn,
Th' illuſtrious offspring of the God was born,
The Nymph, her father's anger to evade,
Retires from Argos to the ſylvan ſhade;
To woods and wilds the pleaſing burden bears,
And truſts her infant to a ſhepherd's cares.
How mean a fate, unhappy child! is thine?
Ah how unworthy thoſe of race divine?
On flow'ry herbs in ſome green covert laid,
His bed the ground, his canopy the ſhade,

Non tibi digna, puer, generis canabula tanti
Gramineos dedit herba toros, et vimine querno
Texta domus: clauſa arbutei ſub cortice libri
Membra tepent, ſuadetque leves cava fiſtula ſomnos,
Et pecori commune ſolum. ſed fata nec illum
Conceſſere larem: viridi nam ceſpite terrae
Projectum temere, et patulo coelum ore trahentem
Dira canum rabies morſu depaſta cruento
Disjicit. hic vero attonitas ut nuntius aures
Matris adit, pulſi ex animo genitorque, pudorque,
Et metus. ipſa ultro ſaevis plangoribus amens
Tecta replet, vacuumque ferens velamine pectus
Occurrit confeſſa patri. nec motus, at atro
Imperat, infandum! cupientem occumbere leto.
Sero memor thalami, moeſtae ſolatia morti,
Phoebe, paras. monſtrum infandis Acheronte ſub imo
Conceptum Eumenidum thalamis: cui virginis ora,
Pectoraque, aeternum ſtridens a vertice ſurgit
Et ferrugineam frontem diſcriminat anguis:
Haec tam dira lues nocturno ſquallida paſſu
Illabi thalamis, animaſque a ſtirpe recentes
Abripere altricum gremiis, morſuque cruento
Deveſci et multum patrio pingueſcere luctu.
Haud tulit armorum praeſtans animique Choroebus;
Seque ultro lectis juvenum, qui robore primi
Famam poſthabita faciles extendere vita,

Obtulit.

He mixes with the bleating lambs his cries,
While the rude ſwain his rural muſic tries
To call ſoft ſlumbers on his infant eyes.
Yet ev'n in thoſe obſcure abodes to live,
Was more, alas! than cruel fate would give,
For on the graſſy verdure as he lay,
And breath'd the freſhneſs of the early day,
Devouring dogs the helpleſs infant tore,
Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapp'd the gore.
Th' aſtoniſh'd mother, when the rumour came,
Forgets her father, and neglects her fame,
With loud complaints ſhe fills the yielding air,
And beats her breaſt, and rends her flowing hair;
Then wild with anguiſh to her ſire ſhe flies:
Demands the ſentence, and contented dies.
But touch'd with ſorrow for the dead too late,
The raging God prepares t' avenge her fate.
He ſends a monſter, horrible and fell,
Begot by furies in the depths of hell.
The peſt a virgin's face and boſom bears;
High on a crown a riſing ſnake appears,
Guards her black front, and hiſſes in her hairs:
About the realm ſhe walks her dreadful round,
When night with ſable wings o'erſpreads the ground,
Devours young babes before their parents eyes,
And feeds and thrives on public miſeries.
But gen'rous rage the bold Choroebus warms,
Choroebus, fam'd for virtue, as for arms;
Some few like him, inſpir'd with martial flame,
Thought a ſhort life well loſt for endleſs fame.

Obtulit. illa novas ibat populata penates
Portarum in bivio. lateri duo corpora parvûm
Dependent, et jam unca manus vitalibus haeret,
Ferratique ungues tenero ſub corde tepeſcunt.
Obvius huic latus omne virûm ſtipante corona,
It juvenis, ferrumque ingens ſub pectore diro
Condidit; atque imas animae mucrone coruſco
Scrutatus latebras, tandem ſua monſtra profundo
Reddit habere Jovi. juvat ire, et viſere juxta
Liventes in morte oculos, uterique nefandam
Proluviem, et craſſo ſquallentia pectora tabo,
Qua noſtrae cecidere animae. ſtupet Inacha pubes,
Magnaque poſt lachrymas etiamnum gaudia pallent,
Hi trabibus duris, ſolatia vana dolori,
Proterere exanimes artus, afproſque molares
Deculcare genis; nequit iram explere poteſtas.
Illam et nocturno circum ſtridore volantes
Impaſtae fugiſtis aves, rabidamque canum vim,
Oraque ſicca ferunt trepidorum inhiâſſe luporum.
Saevior in miſeros fatis ultricis ademptae
Delius inſurgit, ſummaque biverticis umbra
Parnaſſi reſidens, arcu crudelis iniquo
Peſtifera arma jacit, campoſque, et celſa Cyclopum
Tecta, ſuperjecto nebularum incendit amictu.
Labuntur dulces animae: Mors fila ſororum
Enſe metit, captamque tenens fert manibus urbem.
Quaerenti quae cauſa duci, quis ab aethere laevus
Ignis, et in totum regnaret Sirius annum,

Idem

Theſe, where two ways in equal parts divide,
The direful monſter from afar deſcry'd;
Two bleeding babes depending at her ſide;
Whoſe panting vitals, warm with life, ſhe draws,
And in their hearts embrues her cruel claws.
The youths ſurround her with extended ſpears;
But brave Choroebus in the front appears,
Deep in her breaſt he plung'd his ſhining ſword,
And hell's dire monſter back to hell reſtor'd.
Th' Inachians view the ſlain with vaſt ſurprize,
Her twiſting volumes and her rolling eyes,
Her ſpotted breaſt, and gaping womb embru'd
With livid poiſon, and our childrens blood.
The croud in ſtupid wonder fix'd appear,
Pale ev'n in joy, nor yet forget to fear.
Some with vaſt beams the ſqualid corpſe engage,
And weary all the wild efforts of rage.
The birds obſcene, that nightly flock'd to taſte,
With hollow ſcreeches fled the dire repaſt;
And rav'nous dogs, allur'd by ſcented blood,
And ſtarving wolves, ran howling to the wood.
But fir'd with rage, from cleft Parnaſſus' brow
Avenging Phoebus bent his deadly bow,
And hiſſing flew the feather'd fates below:
A night of ſultry clouds involv'd around
The tow'rs, the fields, and the devoted ground:
And now a thouſand lives together fled,
Death with his ſcythe cut off the fatal thread,
And a whole province in his triumph led.
But Phoebus aſk'd why noxious fires appear,
And raging Sirius blaſts the ſickly year;

Demands

Idem autor Paean rurſus jubet ire cruento
Inferias monſtro jùvenes, qui caede potiti.
Fortunate animi, longumque in ſaecula digne
Promeriture diem! non tu pia degener arma
Occulis, aut certae trepidas occurrere morti.
Cominus ora ferens, Cyrrhaei in limine templi
Conſtitit, et ſacras ita vocibus aſperat iras:
Non miſſus, Thymbraee, tuos ſupplexve penates
Advenio: mea me pietas, et conſcia virtus
Has egere vias. ego ſum qui caede ſubegi,
Phoebe, tuum mortale nefas; quem nubibus atris,
Et ſquallente die, nigra quem tabe ſiniſtri
Quaeris, inique, poli. quod ſi monſtra effera magnis
Cara adeo Superis, jacturaque vilior orbis,
Mors hominum, et ſaevo tanta inclementia coelo eſt;
Quid meruere Argi? me, me, divûm optime, ſolum
Objeciſſe caput fatis praeſtabit, an illud
Lene magis cordi, quod deſolata domorum
Tecta vides? ignique datis cultoribus omnis
Lucet ager? ſed quid fando tua tela manuſque
Demoror? expectant matres, ſupremaque fundunt
Vota mihi. ſatis eſt: merui ne parcere velles.
Proinde move pharetras, arcuſque intende ſonoros,
Inſignemque animam leto demitte: ſed illum
Pallidus Inachiis qui deſuper imminet Argis,
Dum morior, depelle globum. Fors aequa merentes
Reſpicit.

Demands their lives by whom his monſter fell,
And dooms a dreadful ſacrifice to hell.
Bleſt be thy duſt, and let eternal fame
Attend thy Manes, and preſerve thy name,
Undaunted hero! who divinely brave,
In ſuch a cauſe diſdain'd thy life to ſave;
But view'd the ſhrine with a ſuperior look,
And its upbraided Godhead thus beſpoke:
With piety, the ſoul's ſecureſt guard,
And conſcious virtue, ſtill its own reward,
Willing I come, unknowing how to fear;
Nor ſhalt thou, Phoebus, find a ſuppliant here.
Thy monſter's death to me was ow'd alone,
And 'tis a deed too glorious to diſown.
Behold him here, for whom, ſo many days,
Impervious clouds conceal'd thy ſullen rays;
For whom, as Man no longer claim'd thy care,
Such numbers fell by peſtilential air!
But if th' abandon'd race of human kind
From Gods above no more compaſſion find;
If ſuch inclemency in heav'n can dwell,
Yet why muſt unoffending Argos feel
The vengeance due to this unlucky ſteel?
On me, on me, let all thy fury fall,
Nor err from me, ſince I deſerve it all:
Unleſs our deſert cities pleaſe thy ſight,
Or fun'ral flames reflect a grateful light.
Diſcharge thy ſhafts, this ready boſom rend,
And to the ſhades a ghoſt triumphant ſend;
But for my Country let my fate atone,
Be mine the vengeance, as the crime my own.

Merit

Reſpicit. ardentem tenuit reverentia caedis
Latoïden, triſtemque viro ſummiſſus honorem
Largitur vitae. noſtro mala nubila coelo
Diffugiunt. at tu ſtupefacti a limine Phoebi
Exoratus abis. inde haec ſtata ſacra quotannis
Solemnes recolunt epulae, Phoebeiaque placat
Templa novatus honos: has forte inviſitis aras.
Vos quae progenies? quanquam Calydonius Oeneus
Et Parthaoniae (dudum ſi certus ad aures
Clamor iit) tibi jura domûs; tu pande quis Argos
Advenias? quando haec variis ſermonibus hora eſt.
  Dejecit moeſtos extemplo Iſmenius heros
In terram vultus, taciteque ad Tydea laeſum
Obliquare oculos. tum longa ſilentia movit:
Non ſuper hos divûm tibi ſum quaerendus honores
Unde genus, quae terra mihi: quis defluat ordo
Sanguinis antiqui, piget inter ſacra fateri.
Sed ſi praecipitant miſerum cognoſcere curae,
Cadmus origo patrum, tellus Mavortia Thebae,
Et genetrix Jocaſta mihi. tum motus Adraſtus
Hoſpitiis (agnovit enim) quid nota recondis?

Scimus,

Merit diſtreſs'd, impartial heav'n relieves:
Unwelcome life relenting Phoebus gives;
For not the vengeful pow'r, that glow'd with rage,
With ſuch amazing virtue durſt engage.
The clouds diſpers'd, Apollo's wrath expir'd,
And from the wond'ring God th' unwilling youth retir'd.
Thence we theſe altars in his temple raiſe,
And offer annual honours, feaſts, and praiſe;
Theſe ſolemn feaſts propitious Phoebus pleaſe:
Theſe honours, ſtill renew'd, his ancient wrath appeaſe.
But ſay, illuſtrious gueſt (adjoin'd the King)
What name you bear, from what high race you ſpring?
The noble Tydeus ſtands confeſs'd, and known
Our neighbour Prince, and heir of Calydon.
Relate your fortunes, while the friendly night
And ſilent hours to various talk invite.
The Theban bends on earth his gloomy eyes,
Confus'd, and ſadly thus at length replies:
Before theſe altars how ſhall I proclaim
(Oh gen'rous prince) my nation, or my name,
Or through what veins our ancient blood has roll'd?
Let the ſad tale for ever reſt untold!
Yet if propitious to a wretch unknown,
You ſeek to ſhare in ſorrows not your own;
Know then from Cadmus I derive my race,
Jocaſta's ſon, and Thebes my native place.
To whom the King (who felt his gen'rous breaſt
Touch'd with concern for his unhappy gueſt)
Replies:—Ah why forbears the ſon to name
His wretched father known too well by fame?

Scimus, ait; nec ſic averſum fama Mycenis
Volvit iter. regnum, et furias, oculoſque pudentes
Novit, et Arctoïs ſi quis de ſolibus horret,
Quique bibit Gangen, aut nigrum occaſibus intrat
Oceanum, et ſi quos incerto littore Syrtes
Deſtituunt, ne perge queri, caſuſque priorum
Annumerare tibi. noſtro quoque ſanguine multum
Erravit pietas. nec culpa nepotibus obſtat.
Tu modo diſſimilis rebus mereare ſecundis
Excuſare tuos. ſed jam temone ſupino
Languet Hyperboreae glacialis portitor urſae.
Fundite vina focis, ſervatoremque parentum
Latoïden votis iterumque iterumque canamus.
Phoebe parens, ſeu te Lyciae Pataraea nivoſis
Exercent dumeta jugis, ſeu rore pudico
Caſtaliae flavos amor eſt tibi mergere crines;
Seu Trojam Thymbraeus habes, ubi fama volentem
Ingratis Phrygios humeris ſubiiſſe molares:
Seu juvat Aegaeum feriens Latonius umbra
Cynthus, et aſſiduam pelago non quaerere Delon:
Tela tibi, longeque feros lentandus in hoſtes
Arcus, et aetherii dono ceſſere parentes
Aeternum florere genas. tu doctus iniquas

Par-

Fame, that delights around the world to ſtray,
Scorns not to take our Argos in her way.
Ev'n thoſe who dwell where ſuns at diſtance roll,
In northern wilds, and freeze beneath the pole;
And thoſe who tread the burning Libyan lands,
The faithleſs Syrtes and the moving ſands;
Who view the weſtern ſea's extremeſt bounds,
Or drink of Ganges in their eaſtern grounds;
All theſe the woes of Oedipus have known,
Your fates, your furies, and your haunted town.
If on the ſons the parents crimes deſcend,
What Prince from thoſe his lineage can defend?
Be this thy comfort, that 'tis thine t' efface
With virtuous acts thy anceſtor's diſgrace,
And be thyſelf the honour of thy race.
But ſee! the ſtars begin to ſteal away,
And ſhine more faintly at approaching day;
Now pour the wine; and in your tuneful lays
Once more reſound the great Apollo's praiſe.
O father Phoebus! whether Lycia's coaſt
And ſnowy mountain, thy bright preſence boaſt;
Whether to ſweet Caſtalia thou repair,
And bathe in ſilver dews thy yellow hair;
Or pleas'd to find fair Delos float no more,
Delight in Cynthus, and the ſhady ſhore;
Or chuſe thy ſeat in Ilion's proud abodes,
The ſhining ſtructures rais'd by lab'ring Gods:
By thee the bow and mortal ſhafts are born;
Eternal charms thy blooming youth adorn:

Parcarum praenôſſe minas, fatumque quod ultra eſt,
Et ſummo placitura Jovi. quis letifer annus,
Bella quibus populis, mutent quae ſceptra cometae.
Tu Phryga ſubmittis citharae. tu matris honori
Terrigenam Tityon Stygiis extendis arenis.
Te viridis Python, Thebanaque mater ovantem,
Horruit in pharetris. ultrix tibi torva Megaera
Jejunum Phlegyam ſubter cava ſaxa jacentem
Aeterno premit accubitu, dapibuſque profanis
Inſtimulat: ſed miſta famem faſtidia vincunt.
Adſis o, memor hoſpitii, Junoniaque arva
Dexter ames; ſeu te roſeum Titana vocari
Gentis Achaemeniae ritu, ſeu praeſtat Oſirin
Frugiferum, ſeu Perſei ſub rupibus antri
Indignata ſequi torquentem cornua Mitram.

Skill'd in the laws of ſecret fate above,
And the dark counſels of almighty Jove,
'Tis thine the ſeeds of future war to know,
The change of Sceptres, and impending woe;
When direful meteors ſpread through glowing air
Long trails of light, and ſhake their blazing hair.
Thy rage the Phrygian felt, who durſt aſpire
T' excel the muſic of thy heav'nly lyre;
Thy ſhafts aveng'd lewd Tytyus' guilty flame,
Th' immortal victim of my mother's fame;
Thy hand ſlew Python, and the dame who loſt
Her num'rous offspring for a fatal boaſt.
In Phlegyas' doom thy juſt revenge appears,
Condemn'd to Furies and eternal fears;
He views his food, but dreads, with lifted eye,
The mouldring rock that trembles from on high.
Propitious hear our pray'r, O Pow'r divine!
And on thy hoſpitable Argos ſhine,
Whether the ſtile of Titan pleaſe thee more,
Whoſe purple rays th' Achaemenes adore;
Or great Oſiris, who firſt taught the ſwain
In Pharian fields to ſow the golden grain;
Or Mitra, to whoſe beams the Perſian bows,
And pays, in hollow rocks, his awful vows;
Mitra, whoſe head the blaze of light adorns,
Who graſps the ſtruggling heifer's lunar horns.

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THE FABLE OF DRYOPE.

FROM THE NINTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

DRYOPE IN ARBOREM.

DIXIT: et, admonitu veteris commota miniſtrae,
Ingemuit; quam ſic nurus eſt adfata dolentem:
Te tamen, o genitrix, alienae ſanguine veſtro
Rapta movet facies. quid ſi tibi mira ſororis
Feta meae referam? quamquam lacrymaeque dolorque
Impediunt, prohibentque loqui. fuit unica matri
(Me pater ex alia genuit) notiſſima forma
Oechalidum Dryope: quam virginitate carentem,
Vimque Dei paſſam, Delphos Delonque tenentis,
Excipit Andraemon; et habetur conjuge felix.
Eſt lacus, acclivi devexo margine formam
Littoris efficiens: ſummum myrteta coronant.
Veneret huc Dryope fatorum neſcia; quoque
Indignere magis, Nymphis latura coronas.
Inque ſinu puerum, qui nondum impleverat annum,
Dulce ferebat onus; tepidique ope lactis alebat.
Haud procul a ſtagno, Tyrios imitata colores,
In ſpem baccarum florebat aquatica lotos.

Carpſerat

NOTES.

DRYOPE.] Upon occaſion of the death of Hercules, his Mother Alcmena recounts her misfortunes to Iole, who anſwers with a relation of thoſe of her own family, in particular the Transformation of her ſiſter Dryope, which is the ſubject of the enſuing Fable. P.

THE FABLE OF DRYOPE.

SHE ſaid, and for her loſt Galanthis ſighs,
When the fair Conſort of her ſon replies.
Since you a ſervant's raviſh'd form bemoan,
And kindly ſigh for ſorrows not your own,
Let me (if tears and grief permit) relate
A nearer woe, a ſiſter's ſtranger fate.
No nymph of all Oechalia could compare
For beauteous form with Dryope the fair,
Her tender mother's only hope and pride,
(Myſelf the offspring of a ſecond bride.)
This Nymph compreſs'd by him who rules the day,
Whom Delphi and the Delian iſle obey,
Andraemon lov'd; and, bleſs'd in all thoſe charms
That pleas'd a God, ſucceeded to her arms.
A lake there was, with ſhelving banks around,
Whoſe verdant ſummit fragrant myrtles crown'd.
Theſe ſhades, unknowing of the fates, ſhe ſought,
And to the Naiads flow'ry garlands brought;
Her ſmiling babe (a pleaſing charge) ſhe preſt
Within her arms, and nouriſh'd at her breaſt.
Not diſtant far a watry Lotos grows,
The ſpring was new, and all the verdant boughs
Adorn'd with bloſſoms promis'd fruits that vie
In glowing colours with the Tyrian dye:

Carpſerat hinc Dryope, quos oblectamina nato
Porrigeret, flores: et idem factura videbar;
Namque aderam. vidi guttas e flore cruentas
Decidere; et tremulo ramos horrore moveri.
Scilicet, ut referunt tardi nunc denique agreſtes,
Lotis in hanc Nymphe, fugiens obſcoena Priapi,
Contulerat verſos, ſervato nomine, vultus.
Neſcierat ſoror hoc; quae cum perterrita retro
Ire, et adoratis vellet diſcedere Nymphis,
Haeſurunt radice pedes. convellere pugnat:
Nec quidquam, niſi ſumma, movet. ſuccreſcit ab imo,
Totaque paulatim lentus premit inguina cortex.
Ut vidit, conata manu laniare capillos,
Fronde manum implevit, frondes caput omne tenebant.
At puer Amphiſſos (namque hoc avus Eurytus illi
Addiderat nomen) materna rigeſcere ſentit
Ubera: nec ſequitur ducentem lacteus humor.
Spectatrix aderam fati crudelis; opemque

Non

Of theſe ſhe crop'd to pleaſe her infant ſon,
And I myſelf the ſame raſh act had done:
But lo! I ſaw (as near her ſide I ſtood)
The violated bloſſoms drop with blood;
Upon the tree I caſt a frightful look;
The trembling tree with ſudden horror ſhook.
Lotis the nymph (if rural tales be true)
As from Priapus' lawleſs luſt ſhe flew,
Forſook her form; and fixing here became
A flow'ry plant, which ſtill preſerves her name.
This change unknown, aſtoniſh'd at the ſight
My trembling ſiſter ſtrove to urge her flight:
And firſt the pardon of the nymphs implor'd
And thoſe offended ſylvan pow'rs ador'd:
But when ſhe backward would have fled, ſhe found
Her ſtiff'ning feet were rooted in the ground:
In vain to free her faſten'd feet ſhe ſtrove,
And, as ſhe ſtruggles, only moves above;
She feels th' encroaching bark around her grow
By quick degrees, and cover all below:
Surpriz'd at this, her trembling hand ſhe heaves
To rend her hair; her hand is fill'd with leaves:
Where late was hair the ſhooting leaves are ſeen
To riſe, and ſhade her with a ſudden green.
The child Amphiſſus, to her boſom preſt,
Perceiv'd a colder and a harder breaſt,
And found the ſprings, that ne'er till then deny'd
Their milky moiſture, on a ſudden dry'd.
I ſaw, unhappy! what I now relate,
And ſtood the helpleſs witneſs of thy fate,

Non poteram tibi ferre, ſoror: quantumque valebam,
Creſcentem truncum ramoſque amplexa, morabar:
Et (fateor) volui ſub eodem cortice condi.
Ecce vir Andraemon, genitorque miſerrimus, adſunt;
Et quaerunt Dryopen: Dryopen quaerentibus illis
Oſtendi loton. tepido dant oſcula ligno:
Adfuſique ſuae radicibus arboris haerent.
Nil niſi jam faciem, quod non foret arbor, habebas,
Cara ſoror. lacrymae verſo de corpore factis
Irrorant foliis: ac, dum licet, oraque praeſtant
Vocis iter, tales effundit in aëra queſtus:
Si qua fides miſeris, hoc me per numina juro
Non meruiſſe nefas. patior ſine crimine poenam.
Viximus innocuae: ſi mentior, arida perdam,
Quas habeo, frondes; et caeſa ſecuribus urar.
Hunc tamen infantem maternis demite ramis,
Et date nutrici; noſtraque ſub arbore ſaepe
Lac facitote bibat; noſtraque ſub arbore ludat.
Cumque loqui poterit, matrem facitote ſalutet,
Et triſtis dicat, Latet hoc ſub ſtipite mater.
Stagna tamen timeat; nec carpat ab arbore flores:

Embrac'd thy boughs, thy riſing bark delay'd,
There wiſh'd to grow, and mingle ſhade with ſhade.
Behold Andraemon and th' unhappy ſire
Appear, and for their Dryope enquire;
A ſpringing tree for Dryope they find,
And print warm kiſſes on the panting rind.
Proſtrate, with tears their kindred plant bedew,
And cloſe embrace as to the roots they grew.
The face was all that now remain'd of thee,
No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree;
Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear,
From ev'ry leaf diſtils a trickling tear,
And ſtraight a voice, while yet a voice remains,
Thus through the trembling boughs in ſighs complains.
If to the wretched any faith be given,
I ſwear by all th' unpitying pow'rs of heav'n,
No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred;
In mutual innocence our lives we led:
If this be falſe, let theſe new greens decay,
Let ſounding axes lop my limbs away,
And crackling flames on all my honours prey.
But from my branching arms this infant bear,
Let ſome kind nurſe ſupply a mother's care:
And to his mother let him oft be led,
Sport in her ſhades, and in her ſhades be fed;
Teach him, when firſt his infant voice ſhall frame
Imperfect words, and liſp his mother's name,
To hail this tree, and ſay with weeping eyes,
Within this plant my hapleſs parent lies:
And when in youth he ſeeks the ſhady woods,
Oh! let him fly the cryſtal lakes and floods,

Nor

Et frutices omnes corpus putat eſſe Dearum.
Care, vale, conjux, et tu germana, paterque!
Quîs ſiqua eſt pietas, ab acutae vulnere falcis;
A pecoris morſu frondes defendite noſtras.
Et quoniam mihi fas ad vos incumbere non eſt,
Erigite huc artus, et ad oſcula noſtra venite,
Dum tangi poſſunt, parvumque attollite natum.
Plura loqui nequeo. nam jam per candida mollis
Colla liber ſerpit; ſummoque cacumine condor.
Ex oculis removete manus. ſine munere veſtro
Contegat inductus morientia lumina cortex.
Deſierant ſimul ora loqui, ſimul eſſe: diuque
Corpore mutato rami caluere recentes.

Nor touch the fatal flow'rs; but, warn'd by me,
Believe a goddeſs ſhrin'd in ev'ry tree.
My ſire, my ſiſter, and my ſpouſe, farewel!
If in your breaſts or love or pity dwell,
Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel
The browzing cattle or the piercing ſteel.
Farewel! and ſince I cannot bend to join
My lips to yours, advance at leaſt to mine.
My ſon, thy mother's parting kiſs receive,
While yet thy mother has a kiſs to give.
I can no more; the creeping rind invades
My cloſing lips, and hides my head in ſhades;
Remove your hands, the bark ſhall ſoon ſuffice
Without their aid to ſeal theſe dying eyes.
She ceas'd at once to ſpeak, and ceas'd to be;
And all the nymph was loſt within the tree;
Yet latent life through her new branches reign'd,
And long the plant a human heat retain'd.

VERTUMNUS AND POMONA:

FROM THE FOURTEENTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

VERTUMNUS ET POMONA.

REGE ſub hoc Pomona fuit: qua nulla Latinas
Inter Hamadryadas coluit ſolertius hortos,
Nec fuit arborei ſtudioſior altera foetûs:
Unde tenet nomen. non ſylvas illa, nec amnes;
Rus amat, et ramos felicia poma ferentes.
Nec jaculo gravis eſt, ſed adunca dextera falce:
Qua modo luxuriem premit, et ſpatiantia paſſim
Brachia compeſcit; fiſſa modo cortice virgam
Inſerit; et ſuccos alieno praeſtat alumno.
Nec patitur ſentire ſitim: bibulaeque recurvas
Radicis fibras labentibus irrigat undis.
Hic amor, hoc ſtudium: Veneris quoque nulla cupido.
Vim tamen agreſtûm metuens, pomaria claudit
Intus, et acceſſus prohibet refugitque viriles.
Quod non et Satyri, ſaltatibus apta juventus,
Fecere, et pinu praecincti cornua Panes,
Sylvanuſque ſuis ſemper juvenilior annis,
Quique Deus fures, vel falce, vel inguine terret,
Ut poterentur ea? ſed enim ſuperabat amando
Hos quoque Vertumnus: neque erat felicior illis.

O quoties

VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

THE fair Pomona flouriſh'd in his reign;
Of all the Virgins of the ſylvan train,
None taught the trees a nobler race to bear,
Or more improv'd the vegetable care.
To her the ſhady grove, the flow'ry field,
The ſtreams and fountains no delights could yield;
'Twas all her joy the rip'ning fruits to tend,
And ſee the boughs with happy burthens bend.
The hook ſhe bore inſtead of Cynthia's ſpear,
To lop the growth of the luxuriant year,
To decent form the lawleſs ſhoots to bring,
And teach th' obedient branches where to ſpring.
Now the cleft rind inſerted graffs receives,
And yields an offspring more than nature gives;
Now ſliding ſtreams the thirſty plants renew,
And feed their fibres with reviving dew.
Theſe cares alone her virgin breaſt employ,
Averſe from Venus and the nuptial joy.
Her private orchards, wall'd on ev'ry ſide,
To lawleſs ſylvans all acceſs deny'd.
How oft the Satyrs and the wanton Fawns,
Who haunt the foreſts, or frequent the lawns,
The God whoſe enſign ſcares the birds of prey,
And old Silenus, youthful in decay,
Employ'd their wiles, and unavailing care,
To paſs the fences, and ſurprize the fair?
Like theſe, Vertumnus own'd his faithful flame,
Like theſe, rejected by the ſcornful dame.

O quoties habitu duri meſſoris ariſtas
Corbe tulit, verique fuit meſſoris imago!
Tempora ſaepe gerens foeno religata recenti,
Deſectum poterat gramen verſaſſe videri.
Saepe manu ſtimulos rigida portabat; ut illum
Jurares feſſos modo disjunxiſſe juvencos.
Falce data frondator erat, vitiſque putator.
Induerat ſcalas, lecturum poma putares:
Miles erat gladio, piſcator arundine ſumta.
Denique per multas aditum ſibi ſaepe figuras
Repperit, ut caperet ſpectatae gaudia formae.
Ille etiam picta redimitus tempora mitra,
Innitens baculo, poſitis ad tempora canis,
Adſimulavit anum: cultoſque intravit in hortos;
Pomaque mirata eſt: Tantoque potentior, inquit.
Paucaque laudatae dedit oſcula; qualia nunquam
Vera dediſſet anus: glebaque incurva reſedit,
Suſpiciens pandos autumni pondere ramos.
Ulmus erat contra, ſpatioſa tumentibus uvis:

To gain her ſight a thouſand forms he wears;
And firſt a reaper from the field appears,
Sweating he walks, while loads of golden grain
O'ercharge the ſhoulders of the ſeeming ſwain.
Oft o'er his back a crooked ſcythe is laid,
And wreaths of hay his ſun-burnt temples ſhade:
Oft in his harden'd hand a goad he bears,
Like one who late unyok'd the ſweating ſteers.
Sometimes his pruning-hook corrects the vines,
And the looſe ſtragglers to their ranks confines.
Now gath'ring what the bounteous year allows,
He pulls ripe apples from the bending boughs.
A ſoldier now, he with his ſword appears;
A fiſher next, his trembling angle bears;
Each ſhape he varies, and each art he tries,
On her bright charms to feaſt his longing eyes.
A female form at laſt Vertumnus wears,
With all the marks of rev'rend age appears,
His temples thinly ſpread with ſilver hairs;
Prop'd on his ſtaff, and ſtooping as he goes,
A painted mitre ſhades his furrow'd brows.
The god in this decrepit form array'd,
The gardens enter'd, and the fruit ſurvey'd;
And "Happy you! (he thus addreſs'd the maid)
"Whoſe charms as far all other nymphs out-ſhine
"As other gardens are excell'd by thine!"
Then kiſs'd the fair; (his kiſſes warmer grow
Than ſuch as women on their ſex beſtow.)
Then plac'd beſide her on the flow'ry ground,
Beheld the trees with autumn's bounty crown'd.
An Elm was near, to whoſe embraces led,
The curling vine her ſwelling cluſters ſpread:

Quam ſocia poſtquam pariter cum vite probavit;
At ſi ſtaret, ait, coelebs, ſine palmite truncus,
Nil praeter frondes, quare peteretur, haberet.
Haec quoque, quae juncta vitis requieſcit in ulmo,
Si non nupta foret, terrae adclinata jaceret.
Tu tamen exemplo non tangeris arboris hujus;
Concubituſque fugis; nec te conjungere curas.
Atque utinam velles! Helene non pluribus eſſet
Sollicitata procis: nec quae Lapitheïa movit
Proelia, nec conjux timidis audacis Ulyſſei.
Nunc quoque, cum fugias averſeriſque petentes,
Mille proci cupiunt; et ſemideique deique,
Et quaecunque tenent Albanos numina montes.
Sed tu, ſi ſapies, ſi te bene jungere, anumque
Hanc audire voles, (quae te plus omnibus illis,
Plus quam credis, amo) vulgares rejice taedas:
Vertumnumque tori ſocium tibi ſelige: pro quo
Me quoque pignus habe. neque enim ſibi notior ille eſt,
Quam mihi. nec toto paſſim vagus errat in orbe.
Haec loca ſola colit: nec, uti pars magna procorum,
Quam modo vidit, amat. tu primus et ultimus illi
Ardor eris; ſolique ſuos tibi devovet annos.
Adde, quod eſt juvenis: quod naturale decoris
Munus habet; formaſque apte fingetur in omnes:

Et,

He view'd her twining branches with delight,
And prais'd the beauty of the pleaſing ſight.
  Yet this tall elm, but for his vine (he ſaid)
Had ſtood neglected, and a barren ſhade;
And this fair vine, but that her arms ſurround
Her marry'd elm, had crept along the ground.
Ah! beauteous maid, let this example move
Your mind, averſe from all the joys of love.
Deign to be lov'd, and ev'ry heart ſubdue!
What nymph could e'er attract ſuch crouds as you?
Not ſhe whoſe beauty urg'd the Centaur's arms,
Ulyſſes' Queen, nor Helen's fatal charms.
Ev'n now, when ſilent Scorn is all they gain,
A thouſand court you, tho' they court in vain,
A thouſand ſylvans, demigods, and gods,
That haunt our mountains and our Alban woods.
But if you'll proſper, mark what I adviſe,
Whom age, and long experience render wiſe,
And one whoſe tender care is far above
All that theſe lovers ever felt of love,
(Far more than e'er can by yourſelf be gueſt)
Fix on Vertumnus, and reject the reſt.
For his firm faith I dare engage my own;
Scarce to himſelf, himſelf is better known.
To diſtant lands Vertumnus never roves;
Like you, contented with his native groves;
Nor at firſt ſight, like moſt, admires the fair;
For you he lives; and you alone ſhall ſhare
His laſt affection, as his early care.
Beſides, he's lovely far above the reſt,
With youth immortal, and with beauty bleſt.

Add,

Et, quod erit juſſus (jubeas licet omnia) fiet.
Quid, quod amatis idem? quod, quae tibi poma coluntur,
Primus habet; laetaque tenet tua munera dextra?
Sed neque jam foetus deſiderat arbore demtos,
Nec, quas hortus alit, cum ſuccis mitibus herbas;
Nec quidquam, niſi te. miſerere ardentis: et ipſum,
Qui petit, ore meo praeſentem crede precari.—
Sic tibi nec vernum naſcentia frigus adurat
Poma; nec excutiant rapidi florentia venti.
Haec ubi nequicquam formas Deus aptus in omnes,
Edidit; in juvenem rediit: et anilia demit
Inſtrumenta ſibi: taliſque adparuit illi,
Qualis ubi oppoſitas nitidiſſima ſolis imago
Evicit nubes, nullaque obſtante reluxit.
Vimque parat: ſed vi non eſt opus; inque figura
Capta Dei Nympha eſt, et mutua vulnera ſentit.

Add, that he varies ev'ry ſhape with eaſe,
And tries all forms that may Pomona pleaſe.
But what ſhould moſt excite a mutual flame,
Your rural cares and pleaſures are the ſame:
To him your orchards early fruits are due,
(A pleaſing off'ring when 'tis made by you)
He values theſe; but yet (alas) complains,
That ſtill the beſt and deareſt gift remains.
Not the fair fruit that on yon branches glows
With that ripe red th' autumnal ſun beſtows;
Nor taſteful herbs that in theſe gardens riſe,
Which the kind ſoil with milky ſap ſupplies;
You, only you, can move the God's deſire:
Oh crown ſo conſtant and ſo pure a fire!
Let ſoft compaſſion touch your gentle mind;
Think, 'tis Vertumnus begs you to be kind!
So may no froſt, when early buds appear,
Deſtroy the promiſe of the youthful year;
Nor winds, when firſt your florid orchard blows,
Shake the light bloſſoms from their blaſted boughs!
This when the various God had urg'd in vain,
He ſtraight aſſum'd his native form again;
Such, and ſo bright an aſpect now he bears,
As when through clouds th' emerging ſun appears,
And thence exerting his refulgent ray,
Diſpels the darkneſs, and reveals the day.
Force he prepar'd, but check'd the raſh deſign;
For when, appearing in a form divine,
The Nymph ſurveys him, and beholds the grace
Of charming features, and a youthful face!
In her ſoft breaſt conſenting paſſions move,
And the warm maid confeſs'd a mutual love.

IMITATIONS OF ENGLISH POETS.

DONE BY THE AUTHOR IN HIS YOUTH.

I. CHAUCER.

WOMEN ben full of Ragerie,
Yet ſwinken nat ſans ſecreſie.
Thilke moral ſhall ye underſtond,
From Schoole-boy's Tale of fayre Irelond:
Which to the Fennes hath him betake,
To filche the grey Ducke fro the Lake.
Right then, there paſſen by the way
His Aunt, and eke her Daughters tway.
Ducke in his Trowſes hath he hent,
Not to be ſpied of Ladies gent.
" But ho! our Nephew, (crieth one)
" Ho! quoth another, Cozen John;"
And ſtoppen, and lough, and callen out,—
This ſely Clerk full low doth lout:
They aſken that, and talken this,
" Lo here is Coz, and here is Miſs."
But, as he glozeth with Speeches ſoote,
The Ducke ſore tickleth his Erſe roote:
Fore-piece and buttons all-to-breſt,
Forth thruſt a white neck, and red creſt.
Te-he, cry'd Ladies; Clerke nought ſpake:
Miſs ſtar'd; and gray Ducke crieth Quaake.
" O Moder, Moder, (quoth the daughter)
" Be thilke ſame thing Maids longer a'ter?
" Bette is to pyne on coals and chalke,
" Then truſt on Mon, whoſe yerde can talke."

II. SPENSER.

THE ALLEY.

I.

IN ev'ry Town, where Thamis rolls his Tyde,
A narrow Paſs there is, with Houſes low;
Where ever and anon, the Stream is ey'd,
And many a Boat ſoft ſliding to and fro.
There oft are heard the notes of Infant Woe,
The ſhort thick Sob, loud Scream, and ſhriller Squall:
How can ye, Mothers, vex your Children ſo?
Some play, ſome eat, ſome cack againſt the wall,
And as they crouchen low, for bread and butter call.

II.

And on the broken pavement, here and there,
Doth many a ſtinking ſprat and herring lie;
A brandy and tobacco ſhop is near,
And hens, and dogs, and hogs are feeding by;
And here a ſailor's jacket hangs to dry.
At ev'ry door are ſun-burnt matrons ſeen,
Mending old nets to catch the ſcaly fry;
Now ſinging ſhrill, and ſcolding eft between;
Scolds anſwer foul-mouth'd ſcolds; bad neighbourhood I ween.

III.

The ſnappiſh cur (the paſſengers annoy)
Cloſe at my heel with yelping treble flies;
The whimp'ring girl, and hoarſer-ſcreaming boy,
Join to the yelping treble, ſhrilling cries;
The ſcolding Quean to louder notes doth riſe,
And her full pipes thoſe ſhrilling cries confound;
To her full pipes the grunting hog replies;

The

The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round,
And curs, girls, boys, and ſcolds, in the deep baſe are drown'd.

IV.

Hard by a Sty, beneath a roof of thatch,
Dwelt Obloquy, who in her early days
Baſkets of fiſh at Billingſgate did watch,
Cod, whiting, oyſter, mackrel, ſprat, or plaice:
There learn'd ſhe ſpeech from tongues that never ceaſe.
Slander beſide her, like a Mag-pie, chatters,
With Envy, (ſpitting Cat) dread foe to peace;
Like a curs'd Cur, Malice before her clatters,
And vexing ev'ry wight, tears clothes and all to tatters.

V.

Her dugs were mark'd by ev'ry Collier's hand,
Her mouth was black as bull-dogs at the ſtall:
She ſcratched, bit, and ſpar'd ne lace ne band,
And bitch and rogue her anſwer was to all;
Nay, e'en the parts of ſhame by name would call:
Yea, when ſhe paſſed by or lane or nook,
Would greet the man who turn'd him to the Wall,
And by his hand obſcene the porter took,
Nor ever did aſkance like modeſt Virgin look.

VI.

Such place hath Deptford, navy-building town,
Woolwich and Wapping, ſmelling ſtrong of pitch;
Such Lambeth, envy of each band and gown,
And Twick'nam ſuch, which fairer ſcenes enrich,
Grots, ſtatues, urns, and Jo--n's Dog and Bitch,
Ne village is without, on either ſide,
All up the ſilver Thames, or all adown;
Ne Richmond's ſelf, from whoſe tall front are ey'd
Vales, ſpires, meandring ſtreams, and Windſor's tow'ry pride.

III. WALLER.

Of a LADY ſinging to her LUTE.

FAIR Charmer, ceaſe, nor make your voice's prize
A heart reſign'd the conqueſt of your eyes:
Well might, alas! that threat'ned veſſel fail,
Which winds and lightning both at once aſſail.
We were too bleſt with theſe inchanting lays,
Which muſt be heav'nly when an Angel plays:
But killing charms your lover's death contrive,
Leſt heav'nly muſic ſhould be heard alive.
Orpheus could charm the trees, but thus a tree,
Taught by your hand, can charm no leſs than he:
A poet made the ſilent wood purſue,
This vocal wood had drawn the Poet too.

On a FAN of the Author's deſign, in which was painted the ſtory of CEPHALUS and PROCRIS, with the Motto, AURA VENI.

COME, gentle Air! th' Eolian ſhepherd ſaid,
While Procris panted in the ſecret ſhade;
Come, gentle Air, the fairer Delia cries,
While at her feet her ſwain expiring lies.
Lo the glad gales o'er all her beauties ſtray,
Breathe on her lips, and in her boſom play!
In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,
Nor could that fabled dart more ſurely wound:
Both gifts deſtructive to the givers prove;
Alike both lovers fall by thoſe they love.
Yet guiltleſs too this bright deſtroyer lives,
At random wounds, nor knows the wound ſhe gives:
She views the ſtory with attentive eyes,
And pities Procris, while her lover dies.

IV. COWLEY.

THE GARDEN.

FAIN would my Muſe the flow'ry Treaſures ſing,
And humble glories of the youthful Spring;
Where op'ning Roſes breathing ſweets diffuſe,
And ſoft Carnations ſhow'r their balmy dews;
Where Lilies ſmile in virgin robes of white,
The thin Undreſs of ſuperficial Light,
And vary'd Tulips ſhow ſo dazzling gay,
Bluſhing in bright diverſities of day.
Each painted flowret in the lake below
Surveys its beauties, whence its beauties grow;
And pale Narciſſus on the bank, in vain
Transformed, gazes on himſelf again.
Here aged trees Cathedral Walks compoſe,
And mount the Hill in venerable rows:
There the green Infants in their beds are laid,
The Garden's Hope, and its expected ſhade.
Here Orange-trees with blooms and pendants ſhine,
And vernal honours to their autumn join;
Exceed their promiſe in the ripen'd ſtore,
Yet in the riſing bloſſom promiſe more.
There in bright drops the cryſtal Fountains play,
By Laurels ſhielded from the piercing day:
Where Daphne, now a tree as once a maid,
Still from Apollo vindicates her ſhade,
Still turns her beauties from th' invading beam,
Nor ſeeks in vain for ſuccour to the Stream.

The ſtream at once preſerves her virgin leaves,
At once a ſhelter from her boughs receives,
Where Summer's beauty midſt of Winter ſtays,
And Winter's Coolneſs ſpite of Summer's rays.

WEEPING.

WHILE Celia's Tears make ſorrow bright,
Proud Grief ſits ſwelling in her eyes;
The Sun, next thoſe the faireſt light,
Thus from the Ocean firſt did riſe:
And thus through Miſts we ſee the Sun,
Which elſe we durſt not gaze upon.

Theſe ſilver drops, like morning dew,
Foretell the fervour of the day:
So from one Cloud ſoft ſhow'rs we view,
And blaſting lightnings burſt away.
The Stars that fall from Celia's eye,
Declare our Doom in drawing nigh.

The Baby in that ſunny Sphere
So like a Phaëton appears,
That Heav'n, the threaten'd World to ſpare,
Thought fit to drown him in her tears:
Elſe might th' ambitious Nymph aſpire,
To ſet, like him, Heav'n too on fire.

V. EARL OF ROCHESTER.

ON SILENCE.

I.

SILENCE! coeval with Eternity;
Thou wert, ere Nature's ſelf began to be,
'Twas one vaſt Nothing, all, and all ſlept faſt in thee.

II.

Thine was the ſway, ere heav'n was form'd, or earth,
Ere fruitful Thought conceiv'd creation's birth,
Or midwife Word gave aid, and ſpoke the infant forth.

III.

Then various elements, againſt thee join'd,
In one more various animal combin'd,
And fram'd the clam'rous race of buſy Human-kind.

IV.

The tongue mov'd gently firſt, and ſpeech was low,
Till wrangling Science taught it noiſe and ſhow,
And wicked Wit aroſe, thy moſt abuſive foe.

V.

But rebel Wit deſerts thee oft' in vain;
Loſt in the maze of words he turns again,
And ſeeks a ſurer ſtate, and courts thy gentle reign.

VI.

Afflicted Senſe thou kindly doſt ſet free,
Oppreſs'd with argumental tyranny,
And routed Reaſon finds a ſafe retreat in thee.

VII.

With thee in private modeſt Dulneſs lies,
And in thy boſom lurks in Thought's diſguiſe;
Thou varniſher of Fools, and cheat of all the Wiſe!

VIII.

Yet thy indulgence is by both confeſt;
Folly by thee lies ſleeping in the breaſt,
And 'tis in thee at laſt that Wiſdom ſeeks for reſt.

IX.

Silence the knave's repute, the whore's good name,
The only honour of the wiſhing dame;
The very want of tongue makes thee a kind of Fame.

X.

But could'ſt thou ſeize ſome tongues that now are free,
How Church and State ſhould be oblig'd to thee?
At Senate, and at Bar, how welcome would'ſt thou be?

XI.

Yet ſpeech ev'n there, ſubmiſſively withdraws,
From rights of ſubjects, and the poor man's cauſe:
Then pompous Silence reigns, and ſtills the noiſy Laws.

XII.

Paſt ſervices of friends, good deeds of foes,
What Fav'rites gain, and what the Nation owes,
Fly the forgetful world, and in thy arms repoſe.

XIII.

The country wit, religion of the town,
The courtier's learning, policy o' th' gown,
Are beſt by thee expreſs'd; and ſhine in thee alone.

XIV.

The parſon's cant, the lawyer's ſophiſtry,
Lord's quibble, critic's jeſt; all end in thee,
All reſt in peace at laſt, and ſleep eternally.

VI. EARL OF DORSET.

ARTEMISIA.

THO' Artemiſia talks, by fits,
Of councils, claſſics, fathers, wits;
Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke:
Yet in ſome things methinks ſhe fails,
'Twere well if ſhe would pare her nails,
And wear a cleaner ſmock.

Haughty and huge as High-Dutch bride,
Such naſtineſs, and ſo much pride,
Are oddly join'd by fate:
On her large ſquab you find her ſpread,
Like a fat corpſe upon a bed,
That lies and ſtinks in ſtate.

She wears no colours (ſign of grace)
On any part except her face;
All white and black beſide:
Dauntleſs her look, her geſture proud,
Her voice theatrically loud,
And maſculine her ſtride.

So have I ſeen, in black and white
A prating thing, a Magpye hight,
Majeſtically ſtalk;
A ſtately, worthleſs animal,
That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,
All flutter, pride, and talk.

PHRYNE.

PHRYNE had talents for mankind,
Open ſhe was, and unconfin'd,
Like ſome free port of trade:
Merchants unloaded here their freight,
And Agents from each foreign ſtate,
Here firſt their entry made.

Her learning and good-breeding ſuch,
Whether th' Italian or the Dutch,
Spaniards or French came to her:
To all obliging ſhe'd appear:
'Twas *Si Signior*, 'twas *Yaw Mynheer*,
'Twas *S'il vous plaiſt, Monſieur*.

Obſcure by birth, renown'd by crimes,
Still changing names, religions, climes,
At length ſhe turns a Bride:
In di'monds, pearls, and rich brocades,
She ſhines the firſt of batter'd jades,
And flutters in her pride.

So have I known thoſe Inſects fair
(Which curious Germans hold ſo rare)
Still vary ſhapes and dyes;
Still gain new titles with new forms;
Firſt grubs obſcene, then wriggling worms,
Then painted butterflies.

VII. DR. SWIFT.

THE HAPPY LIFE OF A COUNTRY PARSON.

PARSON, theſe things in thy poſſeſſing
Are better than the Biſhop's bleſſing.
A Wife that makes conſerves; a Steed
That carries double when there's need;
October ſtore, and beſt Virginia,
Tythe-Pig, and mortuary Guinea;
Gazettes ſent gratis down, and frank'd,
For which thy Patron's weekly thank'd;
A large Concordance, bound long ſince;
Sermons to Charles the Firſt, when Prince;
A Chronicle of ancient ſtanding;
A Chryſoſtom to ſmooth thy band in:
The Polyglott---three parts,---my text,
Howbeit,---likewiſe---now to my next:
Lo here the Septuagint,---and Paul,
To ſum the whole,---the cloſe of all.
He that has theſe, may paſs his life,
Drink with the 'Squire, and kiſs his wife;
On Sundays preach, and eat his fill;
And faſt on Fridays—if he will;
Toaſt Church and Queen, explain the News,
Talk with Church-Wardens about Pews,
Pray heartily for ſome new Gift,
And ſhake his head at Dr. S—t.

AN ESSAY ON SATIRE,

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF MR. POPE.

INSCRIBED TO MR. WARBURTON.

BY J. BROWN, A. M.

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PART I.

FATE gave the word; the cruel arrow ſped;
And POPE lies number'd with the mighty Dead!
Reſign'd he fell; ſuperior to the dart,
That quench'd its rage in YOURS and BRITAIN's Heart:
You mourn: but BRITAIN, lull'd in reſt profound,
(Unconſcious BRITAIN!) ſlumbers o'er her wound.
Exulting Dulneſs ey'd the ſetting Light,
And flapp'd her wing, impatient for the Night:
Rous'd at the ſignal, Guilt collects her train,
And counts the Triumphs of her growing Reign:
With inextinguiſhable rage they burn;
And Snake-hung ENVY hiſſes o'er his Urn:
Th' envenom'd Monſters ſpit their deadly foam,
To blaſt the Laurel that ſurrounds his Tomb.
But YOU, O WARBURTON! whoſe eye refin'd
Can ſee the greatneſs of an honeſt mind;
Can ſee each Virtue and each Grace unite,
And taſte the Raptures of a *pure* Delight;
YOU viſit oft his awful Page with Care,
And view that bright Aſſemblage treaſur'd there;
You trace the Chain that links his deep deſign,
And pour new Luſtre on the glowing Line.
Yet deign to hear the efforts of a Muſe,
Whoſe eye, not wing, his ardent flight purſues:
Intent from this great Archetype to draw
SATIRE's bright Form, and fix her equal law;
Pleas'd if from hence th' unlearn'd may comprehend,
And rev'rence HIS and SATIRE's gen'rous End.

In

In ev'ry Breaſt there burns an active flame,
The Love of Glory, or the Dread of Shame:
The Paſſion ONE, tho' various it appear,
As brighten'd into Hope, or dimm'd by Fear.
The liſping Infant, and the hoary Sire,
And Youth and Manhood feel the heart-born fire:
The Charms of Praiſe the Coy, the Modeſt woo,
And only fly, that Glory may purſue:
She, Pow'r reſiſtleſs, rules the wiſe and great;
Bends e'en reluctant Hermits at her feet;
Haunts the proud City, and the lowly Shade,
And ſways alike the Sceptre and the Spade.
Thus Heav'n in Pity wakes the friendly Flame,
To urge Mankind on Deeds that merit Fame:
But Man, vain Man, in folly only wiſe,
Rejects the Manna ſent him from the Skies:
With rapture hears corrupted Paſſion's call,
Still proudly prone to mingle with the ſtall.
As each deceitful ſhadow tempts his view,
He for the *imag'd* Subſtance quits the *true*;
Eager to catch the viſionary Prize,
In queſt of Glory, plunges deep in Vice;
Till madly zealous, impotently vain,
He forfeits ev'ry Praiſe he pants to gain.
Thus ſtill imperious NATURE plies her part;
And ſtill her Dictates work in ev'ry heart.
Each Pow'r that ſov'reign Nature bids enjoy,
Man may corrupt, but Man can ne'er deſtroy:
Like mighty rivers, with reſiſtleſs force
The Paſſions rage, obſtructed in their courſe;

Swell

Swell to new heights, forbidden paths explore,
And drown thoſe Virtues which they fed before.
And ſure, the deadlieſt Foe to Virtue's flame,
Our worſt of Evils, is *perverted Shame.*
Beneath this load what abject numbers groan,
Th' entangled Slaves to folly not their own!
Meanly by faſhionable fear oppreſs'd,
We ſeek our Virtues in each other's breaſt;
Blind to ourſelves, adopt each foreign Vice,
Another's weakneſs, int'reſt, or caprice.
Each Fool to low Ambition, poorly great,
That pines in ſplendid wretchedneſs of ſtate,
Tir'd in the treach'rous Chace, would nobly yield,
And, but for ſhame, like SYLLA, quit the field:
The demon *Shame* paints ſtrong the ridicule,
And whiſpers cloſe, "The World will call you Fool."
Behold yon Wretch, by impious faſhion driven,
Believes and trembles while he ſcoffs at Heav'n.
By weakneſs ſtrong, and bold through fear alone,
He dreads the ſneer by ſhallow Coxcombs thrown;
Dauntleſs purſues the path *Spinoza* trod;
To Man a *Coward*, and a *Brave* to God.
Faith, Juſtice, Heav'n itſelf now quit their hold,
When to falſe Fame the captiv'd heart is ſold:

IMITATIONS.

VER. 80. *To Man a Coward, etc.*]

"Vois tu ce Libertin en public intrepide,
"Qui preche contre un Dieu que dans ſon Ame il croit?
"Il iroit embraſſer la Verité, qu'il voit;
"Mais de ſes faux Amis il craint la Raillerie,
"Et ne brave ainſi Dieu que par Poltronnerie." BOILEAU, Ep. iii.

Hence,

Hence, blind to truth, relentleſs *Cato* dy'd;
Nought could ſubdue his Virtue, but his Pride.
Hence chaſte *Lucretia*'s Innocence betray'd
Fell by that Honour which was meant its aid.
Thus Virtue ſinks beneath unnumber'd woes,
When Paſſions, born her friends, revolt her foes.
Hence SATIRE's pow'r: 'tis her corrective part,
To calm the wild diſorders of the heart.
She points the arduous height where Glory lies,
And teaches mad Ambition to be wiſe:
In the dark boſom wakes the fair deſire,
Draws good from ill, a brighter flame from fire;
Strips black Oppreſſion of her gay diſguiſe,
And bids the Hag in native horror riſe;
Strikes tow'ring Pride, and lawleſs Rapine dead,
And plants the wreath on Virtue's awful head.
Nor boaſts the Muſe a vain imagin'd pow'r,
Tho' oft ſhe mourn thoſe ills ſhe cannot cure.
The Worthy court her, and the Worthleſs fear:
Who ſhun her piercing eye, that eye revere.
Her awful voice the Vain and Vile obey,
And ev'ry foe to Wiſdom feels her ſway.
Smarts, Pedants, as ſhe ſmiles, no more are vain;
Deſponding Fops reſign the *clouded cane:*
Huſh'd at her voice, pert Folly's ſelf is ſtill,
And Dulneſs wonders while ſhe drops her quill.
Like the arm'd BEE, with art moſt ſubtly true,
From pois'nous Vice ſhe draws a healing dew:

IMITATIONS.

VER. 110. *From pois'nous Vice, etc.*] Alluding to theſe lines of Mr. Pope;

" In the nice Bee what Art ſo ſubtly true
" From pois'nous Herbs extracts a healing Dew?"

Weak

Weak are the ties that civil arts can find,
To quell the ferment of the tainted mind:
Cunning evades, ſecurely wrapt in wiles;
And Force ſtrong ſinew'd rends th' unequal toils:
The ſtream of Vice impetuous drives along,
Too deep for Policy, for Pow'r too ſtrong.
Ev'n fair Religion, Native of the ſkies,
Scorn'd by the Crowd, ſeeks refuge with the Wiſe;
The Crowd with laughter ſpurns her awful train,
And Mercy courts, and Juſtice frowns in vain.
But SATIRE's ſhaft can pierce the harden'd breaſt:
She plays a *ruling paſſion* on the reſt:
Undaunted ſtorms the batt'ry of his pride,
And awes the *Brave* that Earth and Heav'n defy'd.
When fell Corruption, by her vaſſals crown'd,
Derides fall'n Juſtice proſtrate on the ground;
Swift to redreſs an injur'd People's groan,
Bold SATIRE ſhakes the Tyrant on her throne;
Pow'rful as Death, defies the ſordid train,
And Slaves and Sycophants ſurround in vain.
But with the friends of Vice, the foes of SATIRE,
All truth is Spleen; all juſt reproof, Ill-nature.
Well may they dread the Muſe's fatal ſkill;
Well may they tremble, when ſhe draws her quill:
Her magic quill, that, like ITHURIEL's ſpear,
Reveals the cloven hoof, or lengthen'd ear:
Bids Vice and Folly take their nat'ral ſhapes,
Turns Ducheſſes to ſtrumpets, Beaux to apes;
Drags the vile Whiſp'rer from his dark abode,
Till all the Demon ſtarts up from the toad.

O ſordid

O ſordid maxim, form'd to ſcreen the vile,
That true good-nature ſtill muſt wear a ſmile!
In frowns array'd her beauties ſtronger riſe,
When love of Virtue wakes her ſcorn of Vice:
Where Juſtice calls, 'tis Cruelty to ſave;
And 'tis the Law's good-nature hangs the Knave.
Who combats Virtue's foe is Virtue's friend;
Then judge of SATIRE's merit by her end:
To Guilt alone her vengeance ſtands confin'd,
The object of her love is all Mankind.
Scarce more the friend of Man, the wiſe muſt own,
Ev'n ALLEN's bounteous hand, than SATIRE's frown:
This to chaſtize, as That to bleſs, was giv'n;
Alike the faithful Miniſters of Heav'n.
Oft in unfeeling hearts the ſhaft is ſpent:
Tho' ſtrong th' example, weak the puniſhment.
They leaſt are pain'd, who merit ſatire moſt;
Folly the *Laureat*'s, Vice was *Chartres*' boaſt:
Then where's the wrong, to gibbet high the name
Of Fools and Knaves already dead to ſhame?
Oft SATIRE acts the faithful Surgeon's part;
Gen'rous and kind, tho' painful is her art:
With caution bold, ſhe only ſtrikes to heal;
Tho' folly raves to break the friendly ſteel.
Then ſure no fault impartial SATIRE knows,
Kind ev'n in Vengeance, kind to Virtue's foes.
Whoſe is the crime, the ſcandal too be theirs:
The Knave and Fool are their own Libellers.

PART II.

DARE nobly then: But conſcious of your truſt,
As ever warm and bold, be ever juſt:
Nor court applauſe in theſe degen'rate days:
The Villain's cenſure is extorted praiſe.
But chief, be ſteady in a noble end,
And ſhew mankind that Truth has yet a friend.
'Tis mean for empty praiſe of wit to write,
As Foplings grin to ſhow their teeth are white:
To brand a doubtful folly with a ſmile,
Or madly blaze unknown defects, is vile:
'Tis doubly vile, when, but to prove your art,
You fix an arrow in a blameleſs heart.
O loſt to honour's voice, O doom'd to ſhame,
Thou Fiend accurs'd, thou Murderer of Fame!
Fell Raviſher, from Innocence to tear
That name, than liberty, than life more dear!
Where ſhall thy baſeneſs meet its juſt return!
Or what repay thy guilt, but endleſs ſcorn?
And know, immortal Truth ſhall mock thy toil:
Immortal Truth ſhall bid the ſhaft recoil;
With rage retorted, wing the deadly dart;
And empty all its poiſon in thy heart.
With caution next, the dang'rous pow'r apply;
An eagle's talon aſks an eagle's eye:
Let SATIRE then her proper object know,
And ere ſhe ſtrike, be ſure ſhe ſtrike a foe.
Nor fondly deem the real fool confeſt,
Becauſe blind *Ridicule* conceives a jeſt:

Before whoſe altar Virtue oft hath bled,
And oft a deſtin'd Victim ſhall be led:
Lo, *Shaftſb'ry* rears her high on Reaſon's throne,
And loads the Slave with honours not her own:
Big-ſwoln with folly, as her ſmiles provoke,
Prophaneneſs ſpawns, pert Dunces nurſe the joke!
Come, let us join a while this titt'ring crew,
And own the *Ideot Guide* for once is *true;*
Deride our weak forefathers' muſty rule,
Who *therefore* ſmil'd, *becauſe* they ſaw a Fool;
Sublimer logic now adorns our iſle,
We *therefore* ſee a Fool, *becauſe* we ſmile.
Truth in her gloomy Cave why fondly ſeek?
Lo, gay ſhe ſits in Laughter's dimple cheek:
Contemns each ſurly academic foe,
And courts the ſpruce Freethinker and the Beau.
Daedalian arguments but few can trace,
But all can read the language of grimace.
Hence mighty Ridicule's all-conqu'ring hand
Shall work *Herculean* wonders through the Land:
Bound in the magic of her cob-web chain,
YOU, mighty WARBURTON, ſhall rage in vain,
In vain the trackleſs maze of Truth you ſcan,
And lend th' informing Clue to erring Man:
No more ſhall Reaſon boaſt her pow'r divine,
Her Baſe eternal ſhook by Folly's mine!
Truth's ſacred Fort th' exploded laugh ſhall win;
And Coxcombs vanquiſh BERKLEY by a grin.
But you, more ſage, reject th' inverted rule,
That Truth is e'er explor'd by Ridicule:

On truth, on falſhood let her colours fall,
She throws a dazzling glare alike on all;
As the gay Priſm but mocks the flatter'd eye,
And gives to ev'ry object ev'ry dye.
Beware the mad Advent'rer: bold and blind
She hoiſts her ſail, and drives with ev'ry wind;
Deaf as the ſtorm to ſinking Virtue's groan,
Nor heeds a Friend's deſtruction, or her own.
Let clear-ey'd Reaſon at the helm preſide,
Bear to the wind, or ſtem the furious tide;
Then Mirth may urge, when Reaſon can explore,
This point the way, *that* waft us glad to ſhore.
Tho' diſtant Times may riſe in SATIRE'S page,
Yet chief 'tis Her's to draw the *preſent Age*:
With Wiſdom's luſtre, Folly's ſhade contraſt,
And judge the reigning Manners by the paſt:
Bid *Britain*'s Heroes (awful Shades!) ariſe,
And ancient Honour beam on modern Vice:
Point back to minds ingenuous, actions fair,
Till the Sons bluſh at what their Fathers were:
Ere yet 'twas beggary the great to truſt;
Ere yet 'twas quite a folly to be juſt;
When *low-born* Sharpers only dar'd a lie,
Or falſify'd the card, or cogg'd the dye;
Ere Lewdneſs the ſtain'd garb of Honour wore,
Or Chaſtity was carted for the Whore;
Vice flutter'd, in the plumes of Freedom dreſs'd;
Or public Spirit was the public jeſt.
Be ever, in a juſt expreſſion, bold,
Yet ne'er degrade fair SATIRE to a Scold:

Let

Let no unworthy mien her form debaſe,
But let her ſmile, and let her frown with grace:
In mirth be temp'rate, temp'rate in her ſpleen;
Nor, while ſhe preaches modeſty, obſcene.
Deep let her wound, not rankle to a ſore,
Nor call his Lordſhip ----, her Grace a ----:
The Muſe's charms reſiſtleſs then aſſail,
When wrapt in *Irony*'s tranſparent veil:
Her beauties half conceal'd, the more ſurprize,
And keener luſtre ſparkles in her eyes.
Then be your line with ſharp encomiums grac'd:
Style *Clodius* honourable, *Bufa* chaſte.
Dart not on Folly an indignant eye:
Who e'er diſcharg'd Artillery on a Fly?
Deride not Vice: Abſurd the thought and vain,
To bind the Tiger in ſo weak a chain.
Nay more: when flagrant crimes your laughter move,
The Knave exults: to ſmile is to approve.
The Muſe's labour then ſucceſs ſhall crown,
When Folly feels her ſmile, and Vice her frown.
Know next what meaſures to each Theme belong,
And ſuit your thoughts and numbers to your ſong:
On wing proportion'd to your quarry riſe,
And ſtoop to earth, or ſoar among the ſkies.
Thus when a modiſh folly you rehearſe,
Free the expreſſion, ſimple be the verſe.
In artleſs numbers paint th' ambitious Peer
That mounts the box, and ſhines a Charioteer:
In ſtrains familiar ſing the midnight toil
Of Camps and Senates diſciplin'd by *Hoyle*;

Patriots

Patriots and Chiefs, whoſe deep deſign invades
And carries off the captive King---of *Spades!*
Let SATIRE here in milder vigour ſhine,
And gayly graceful ſport along the line;
Bid courtly faſhion quit her thin pretence,
And ſmile each Affectation into ſenſe.
Not ſo when Virtue by her Guards betray'd,
Spurn'd from her Throne, implores the Muſe's aid:
When *crimes*, which erſt in kindred darkneſs lay,
Riſe frontleſs, and inſult the eye of day;
Indignant *Hymen* veils his hallow'd fires,
And white-rob'd Chaſtity with tears retires;
When rank Adultery on the genial bed
Hot from *Cocytus* rears her baleful head:
When private Faith and public Truſt are ſold,
And Traitors barter Liberty for Gold:
When fell Corruption dark and deep, like fate,
Saps the foundation of a ſinking State:
When Giant-Vice and Irreligion riſe,
On mountain'd falſehoods to invade the ſkies:
Then warmer numbers glow through SATIRE's page,
And all her ſmiles are darken'd into rage:
On eagle-wing ſhe gains *Parnaſſus'* height,
Not lofty EPIC ſoars a nobler flight:
Then keener indignation fires her eye;
Then flaſh her lightnings, and her thunders fly;
Wide and more wide her flaming bolts are hurl'd,
Till all her wrath involves the guilty World.
Yet SATIRE oft aſſumes a gentler mien,
And beams on Virtue's friends a ſmile ſerene:

She wounds reluctant; pours her balm with joy;
Glad to commend where Worth attracts her eye.
But chief, when Virtue, Learning, Arts decline,
She joys to ſee unconquer'd merit ſhine;
Where burſting glorious, with departing ray,
True Genius gilds the cloſe of Britain's day:
With joy ſhe ſees the ſtream of Roman art
From MURRAY's tongue flow purer to the heart:
Sees YORKE to Fame, e'er yet to Manhood known,
And juſt to ev'ry Virtue but his own:
Hears unſtain'd CAM with gen'rous pride proclaim
A SAGE's, CRITIC's, and a POET's name:
Beholds, where WIDCOMBE's happy hills aſcend,
Each orphan'd Art and Virtue find a friend:
To HAGLEY's honour'd Shade directs her view;
And culls each flow'r, to form a Wreath for YOU.
But tread with cautious ſtep this dangerous ground,
Beſet with faithleſs precipices round:
Truth be your guide: diſdain Ambition's call;
And if you fall with Truth, you greatly fall.
'Tis Virtue's *native luſtre* that muſt *ſhine;*
The Poet can but *ſet it* in his line:
And who unmov'd with laughter can behold
A *ſordid pebble* meanly grac'd with *gold?*
Let *real* Merit then adorn your lays,
For Shame attends on proſtituted praiſe:
And all your wit, your moſt diſtinguiſh'd art,
But makes us grieve you want an honeſt heart.
Nor think the Muſe by SATIRE's Law confin'd:
She yields deſcription of the nobleſt kind.

Inferior

Inferior art the Landſkip may deſign,
And paint the purple ev'ning in the line:
Her daring thought eſſays a higher plan;
Her hand delineates Paſſion, pictures Man.
And great the toil, the latent ſoul to trace,
To paint the heart, and catch internal grace;
By turns bid Vice or Virtue ſtrike our eyes,
Now bid a *Wolſey*, or a *Cromwell* riſe;
Now with a touch more ſacred and refin'd,
Call forth a CHESTERFIELD'S or LONSDALE'S mind.
Here ſweet or ſtrong may ev'ry Colour flow:
Here let the pencil warm, the canvaſs glow:
Of light and ſhade provoke the noble ſtrife,
And wake each ſtriking feature into life.

PART III.

THROUGH Ages thus has SATIRE keenly ſhin'd,
The Friend to Truth, to Virtue, and Mankind:
Yet the bright flame from Virtue ne'er had ſprung,
And Man was guilty ere the Poet ſung.
This Muſe in ſilence joy'd each better Age,
Till glowing crimes had wak'd her into rage.
Truth ſaw her honeſt ſpleen with new delight,
And bade her wing her ſhafts, and urge their flight.
Firſt on the Sons of *Greece* ſhe prov'd her art,
And *Sparta* felt the fierce IAMBIC dart *.
To LATIUM next, avenging SATIRE flew:
The flaming faulchion rough LUCILIUS † drew;
With dauntleſs warmth in Virtue's cauſe engag'd,
And conſcious Villains trembled as he rag'd.
Then ſportive HORACE ‡ caught the gen'rous fire;
For SATIRE's bow reſign'd the ſounding lyre:
Each arrow poliſh'd in his hand was ſeen,
And, as it grew more poliſh'd, grew more keen.
His art, conceal'd in ſtudy'd negligence,
Politely ſly, cajol'd the foes of ſenſe:
He ſeem'd to ſport and trifle with the dart,
But while he ſported, drove it to the heart.

NOTES.

* "Archilochum proprio rabies armavit Iambo." HOR.

† "Enſe velut ſtricto quoties Lucilius ardens
"Infremuit, rubet auditor cui frigida mens eſt
"Criminibus, tacita ſudant praecordia culpa." JUV. S. i.

‡ "Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
"Tangit, et admiſſus circum praecordia ludit,
"Callidus excuſſo populum ſuſpendere naſo." PERS. S. i.

In graver ſtrains majeſtic PERSIUS wrote,
Big with a ripe exuberance of thought:
Greatly ſedate, contemn'd a Tyrant's reign,
And laſh'd Corruption with a calm diſdain.
More ardent eloquence, and boundleſs rage,
Inflame bold JUVENAL's exalted page,
His mighty numbers aw'd corrupted Rome,
And ſwept audacious Greatneſs to its doom;
The headlong torrent thund'ring from on high,
Rent the proud rock that lately brav'd the ſky.
But lo! the fatal Victor of Mankind!
Swoln *Luxury!*---pale *Ruin* ſtalks behind!
As countleſs Inſects from the north-eaſt pour,
To blaſt the Spring, and ravage ev'ry flow'r:
So barb'rous Millions ſpread contagious death:
The ſick'ning Laurel wither'd at their breath.
Deep Superſtition's night the ſkies o'erhung,
Beneath whoſe baleful dews the Poppy ſprung.
No longer Genius woo'd the Nine to love,
But Dulneſs nodded in the Muſe's grove:
Wit, Spirit, Freedom, were the ſole offence,
Nor aught was held ſo dangerous as Senſe.
At length, again fair Science ſhot her ray,
Dawn'd in the ſkies, and ſpoke returning day.
Now, SATIRE, triumph o'er thy flying foe,
Now load thy quiver, ſtring thy ſlacken'd bow!
'Tis done!---See, great ERASMUS breaks the ſpell,
And wounds triumphant Folly in her cell!
(In vain the ſolemn Cowl ſurrounds her face,
Vain all her bigot cant, her ſour grimace)

With

With ſhame compell'd her leaden throne to quit,
And own the force of Reaſon urg'd by Wit.
'Twas then plain DONNE in honeſt vengeance roſe,
His Wit harmonious, though his Rhyme was proſe:
He 'midſt an age of Puns and Pedants wrote
With genuine ſenſe, and Roman ſtrength of thought.
Yet ſcarce had SATIRE well relum'd her flame,
(With grief the Muſe records her Country's ſhame)
Ere Britain ſaw the foul revolt commence,
And treach'rous Wit began her war with Senſe.
Then roſe a ſhameleſs mercenary train,
Whom lateſt Time ſhall view with juſt diſdain:
A race fantaſtic, in whoſe gaudy line
Untutor'd thought, and tinſel beauty ſhine;
Wit's ſhatter'd Mirror lies in fragments bright,
Reflects not Nature, but confounds the ſight.
Dry Morals the Court-Poet bluſh'd to ſing:
'Twas all his praiſe to ſay, "*the oddeſt thing*."
Proud for a jeſt obſcene, a Patron's nod,
To martyr Virtue, or blaſpheme his God.
Ill-fated DRYDEN! who unmov'd can ſee
Th' extremes of wit and meanneſs join'd in Thee!
Flames that could mount, and gain their kindred ſkies,
Low creeping in the putrid ſink of vice;
A Muſe whom Wiſdom woo'd, but woo'd in vain,
The Pimp of Pow'r, the Proſtitute to Gain:
Wreaths that ſhould deck fair Virtue's form alone,
To Strumpets, Traitors, Tyrants vilely thrown:
Unrival'd parts, the ſcorn of honeſt fame;
And Genius riſe, a Monument of ſhame!

More happy *France:* immortal BOILEAU there
Supported Genius with a Sage's care:
Him with her love propitious SATIRE bleſt,
And breath'd her airs divine into his breaſt:
Fancy and Senſe to form his line conſpire,
And faultleſs Judgment guides the pureſt Fire.
But ſee at length the *Britiſh* Genius ſmile,
And ſhow'r her bounties o'er her favour'd Iſle:
Behold for POPE ſhe twines the laurel crown,
And centers ev'ry Poet's pow'r in *one:*
Each *Roman*'s force adorns his various page,
Gay ſmiles, corrected ſtrength, and manly rage.
Deſpairing Guilt and Dulneſs loath the ſight,
As Spectres vaniſh at approaching light:
In this clear Mirror with delight we view
Each image juſtly fine, and boldly true:
Here Vice, dragg'd forth by Truth's ſupreme decree,
Beholds and hates her own deformity:
While ſelf-ſeen Virtue in the faithful line
With modeſt joy ſurveys her form divine.
But oh, what thoughts, what numbers ſhall I find,
But faintly to expreſs the Poet's mind!
Who yonder Star's effulgence can diſplay,
Unleſs he dip his pencil in the ray?
Who paint a God, unleſs the God inſpire?
What catch the Lightning, but the ſpeed of fire?
So, mighty POPE, to make thy Genius known,
All pow'r is weak, all numbers—but thy own.
Each Muſe for thee with kind contention ſtrove,
For thee the Graces left th' IDALIAN grove;

With

With watchful fondneſs o'er thy cradle hung,
Attun'd thy voice, and form'd thy infant-tongue.
Next, to her Bard majeſtic Wiſdom came;
The Bard enraptur'd caught the heav'nly flame:
With taſte ſuperior ſcorn'd the venal tribe,
Whom fear can ſway, or guilty Greatneſs bribe;
At Fancy's call, who rear the wanton ſail,
Sport with the ſtream, and trifle in the gale:
Sublimer views *thy* daring Spirit bound;
Thy mighty Voyage was Creation's round;
Intent new Worlds of Wiſdom to explore,
And bleſs Mankind with Virtue's ſacred ſtore;
A nobler joy than Wit can give, impart;
And pour a moral tranſport o'er the heart.
Fantaſtic Wit ſhoots momentary fires,
And, like a Meteor, while we gaze, expires:
Wit kindled by the ſulph'rous breath of Vice,
Like the blue Light'ning, while it ſhines, deſtroys:
But Genius, fir'd by Truth's eternal ray,
Burns clear and conſtant, like the ſource of day:
Like this, its beam prolific and refin'd,
Feeds, warms, inſpirits, and exalts the mind;
Mildly diſpels each wintry Paſſion's gloom,
And opens all the Virtues into bloom.
This Praiſe, immortal POPE, to thee be giv'n:
Thy Genius was indeed a *Gift* from Heav'n.
Hail, Bard unequal'd, in whoſe deathleſs line
Reaſon and Wit, with ſtrength collected ſhine;
Where matchleſs Wit but wins the ſecond praiſe,
Loſt, nobly loſt, in Truth's ſuperior blaze.

Did

Did FRIENDSHIP e'er miſlead thy wand'ring Muſe?
That Friendſhip ſure may plead the *great* excuſe:
That ſacred Friendſhip which inſpir'd thy Song,
Fair in defect, and *amiably* wrong.
Error like this ev'n Truth can ſcarce reprove;
'Tis almoſt Virtue when it flows from Love.
Ye deathleſs Names, ye Sons of endleſs praiſe,
By Virtue crown'd with never-fading bays!
Say, ſhall an artleſs Muſe, if you inſpire,
Light her pale lamp at your immortal fire?
Or if, O WARBURTON, inſpir'd by YOU,
The daring Muſe a nobler path purſue,
By You inſpir'd, on trembling pinion ſoar,
The ſacred founts of ſocial bliſs explore,
In her bold numbers chain the Tyrant's rage,
And bid *her Country's Glory* fire her page:
If ſuch her fate, do thou, fair *Truth*, deſcend,
And watchful guard her in an honeſt end:
Kindly ſevere, inſtruct her equal line
To court no Friend, nor own a Foe but *thine*.
But if her giddy eye ſhould vainly quit
Thy ſacred paths, to run the maze of wit;
If her apoſtate heart ſhould e'er incline
To offer incenſe at Corruption's ſhrine;
Urge, urge thy pow'r, the black attempt confound,
And daſh the ſmoaking Cenſer to the ground.
Thus aw'd to fear, inſtructed Bards may ſee,
That Guilt is doom'd to ſink in Infamy.

AN ESSAY ON MAN.

TO H. ST. JOHN, LORD BOLINGBROKE.

THE DESIGN.

HAVING propoſed to write ſome pieces on Human Life and Manners, ſuch as (to uſe my lord Bacon's expreſſion) *come home to Men's Buſineſs and Boſoms*, I thought it more ſatisfactory to begin with conſidering *Man* in the abſtract, his *Nature* and his *State*; ſince, to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatſoever, it is neceſſary firſt to know what *condition* and *relation* it is placed in, and what is the proper *end* and *purpoſe* of its *being*.

The ſcience of Human Nature is, like all other ſciences, reduced to a *few clear points*: There are not *many certain truths* in this world. It is therefore in the Anatomy of the Mind as in that of the Body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by ſtudying too much ſuch finer nerves and veſſels, the conformations and uſes of which will for ever eſcape our obſervation. The *diſputes* are all upon theſe laſt, and, I will venture to ſay, they have leſs ſharpened the *wits* than the *hearts* of men againſt each other, and have diminiſhed the practice, more than advanced the theory, of Morality. If I could flatter myſelf that this Eſſay has any merit, it is in ſteering betwixt the extremes of doctrines ſeemingly oppoſite, in paſſing over terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming a *temperate*, yet not *inconſiſtent*, and a *ſhort*, yet not *imperfect*, ſyſtem of Ethics.

This I might have done in proſe; but I choſe verſe, and even rhyme, for two reaſons. The one will appear obvious; that principles, maxims, or precepts ſo written, both ſtrike the reader more ſtrongly at firſt, and are more eaſily retained by him after-

wards: The other may ſeem odd, but is true. I found I could expreſs them more *ſhortly* this way than in proſe itſelf; and nothing is more certain, than that much of the *force* as well as *grace* of arguments or inſtructions, depends on their *conciſeneſs*. I was unable to treat this part of my ſubject more in *detail*, without becoming dry and tedious; or more *poetically*, without ſacrificing perſpicuity to ornament, without wandering from the preciſion, or breaking the chain of reaſoning: If any man can unite all theſe without diminution of any of them, I freely confeſs he will compaſs a thing above my capacity.

What is now publiſhed, is only to be conſidered as a *general Map* of MAN, marking out no more than the *greater parts*, their *extent*, their *limits*, and their *connection*, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow. Conſequently theſe Epiſtles in their progreſs (if I have health and leiſure to make any progreſs) will be leſs dry, and more ſuſceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the *fountains*, and clearing the paſſage. To deduce the *rivers*, to follow them in their courſe, and to obſerve their effects, may be a taſk more agreeable.

AN ESSAY ON MAN,

IN FOUR EPISTLES.

TO H. ST. JOHN, LORD BOLINGBROKE.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE I.

Of the Nature and State of Man, with reſpect to the UNIVERSE.

OF Man *in the abſtract.*—I. *That we can judge only with regard to our* own ſyſtem, *being ignorant of the* relations *of ſyſtems and things,* Ver. 17, etc. II. *That Man is not to be deemed* imperfect, *but a Being ſuited to his* place *and* rank *in the creation, agreeable to the* general Order *of things, and conformable to* Ends *and* Relations *to him unknown,* Ver. 35, etc. III. *That it is partly upon his* ignorance *of* future *events, and partly upon the* hope *of a* future *ſtate, that all his happineſs in the preſent depends,* Ver. 77, etc. IV. *The* pride *of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, the cauſe of Man's error and miſery. The* impiety *of putting himſelf in the place of* God, *and judging of the fitneſs or unfitneſs, perfection or imperfection, juſtice or injuſtice, of his diſpenſations,* Ver. 109, etc. V. *The* abſurdity *of conceiting himſelf the* final cauſe *of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the* moral *world, which is not in the* natural, Ver. 131, etc. VI. *The* unreaſonableneſs *of his complaints againſt* Providence, *while on the one hand he demands the Perfections of the Angels, and on the other the bodily qualifications of the Brutes; though, to poſſeſs any of the* ſenſitive faculties

in a higher degree, would render him miſerable, Ver. 173, etc. VII. *That throughout the whole viſible world, an univerſal* order *and* gradation *in the ſenſual and mental faculties is obſerved, which cauſes a* ſubordination *of creature to creature, and of all creatures to Man. The gradations of* ſenſe, inſtinct, thought, reflection, reaſon; *that Reaſon alone countervails all the other faculties,* Ver. 207. VIII. *How much further this* order *and* ſubordination *of living creatures may extend, above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected* creation *muſt be deſtroyed,* Ver. 233. IX. *The* extravagance, madneſs, *and* pride *of ſuch a deſire,* Ver. 250. X. *The conſequence of all, the* abſolute ſubmiſſion *due to Providence, both as to our* preſent *and* future ſtate, Ver. 281, etc. *to the end.*

EPISTLE I.

AWAKE, my ST. JOHN! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of Kings.
Let us (ſince Life can little more ſupply
Than juſt to look about us and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this ſcene of Man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;
A Wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiſcuous ſhoot,
Or Garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield;
The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
Of all who blindly creep, or ſightleſs ſoar;

Eye

COMMENTARY.

THE Opening of this poem, [in fifteen lines] is taken up in giving an account of the Subject; which, agreeably to the title, is an ESSAY on MAN, or a Philoſophical Enquiry into his *Nature* and *End*, his *Paſſions* and *Purſuits*.

The Exordium relates to the whole Work, of which the *Eſſay on Man* was only the firſt book. The 6th, 7th, and 8th lines allude to the ſubjects of this *Eſſay*, viz. the general Order and Deſign of Providence; the Conſtitution of the human Mind; the origin, uſe, and end of the Paſſions and Affections, both ſelfiſh and ſocial; and the wrong purſuits of Happineſs in Power, Pleaſure, etc. The 10th, 11th, 12th, etc. have relation to the ſubjects of the books intended

NOTES.

VER. 7, 8. *A Wild—Or Garden,*] The *Wild* relates to the human *paſſions*, productive (as he explains in the ſecond epiſtle) both of good and evil. The *Garden*, to human *reaſon*, ſo often *tempting* us to tranſgreſs the bounds God has ſet to it, and to wander in fruitleſs enquiries.

VER. 12. *Of all who blindly creep, etc.*] *i. e.* Thoſe who only follow the blind guidance of their paſſions; or thoſe who leave behind them common ſenſe and ſober reaſon, in their high flights through the regions of Metaphyſics. Both which follies are expoſed in the fourth epiſtle, where popular and philoſophical errors concerning Happineſs are detected. The figure is taken from *animal* life.

Eye Nature's walks, ſhoot Folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they riſe;
Laugh where we muſt, be candid where we can;
But vindicate the ways of God to Man.
I. Say firſt, of God above, or Man below,
What can we reaſon, but from what we know?

Of

COMMENTARY.

intended to follow, viz. the Characters and Capacities of Men, and the Limits of Science, which once tranſgreſſed, ignorance begins, and errors without end ſucceed. The 13th and 14th, to the Knowledge of Mankind, and the various Manners of the Age.

The Poet tells us next [line 16th] with what deſign he wrote, viz.

"To vindicate the ways of God to Man."

The Men he writes againſt, he frequently informs us, are ſuch as *weigh their opinion againſt Providence*, (Ver. 114.) ſuch as *cry*, *If Man's unhappy, God's unjuſt*, (Ver. 118.) or ſuch as fall into the notion, *that Vice and Virtue there is none at all*, (Ep. ii. Ver. 212.) This occaſions the Poet to divide his vindication of the ways of God, into two parts. In the firſt of which he gives direct anſwers to thoſe objections which libertine Men, on a view of the diſorders ariſing from the perverſity of the human will, have intended againſt Providence: And in the ſecond, he obviates all thoſe objections, by a true delineation of human Nature; or a general, but exact, *map of Man*. The firſt epiſtle is employed in the management of the firſt part of this diſpute; and the three following in the diſcuſſion of the ſecond. So that this whole book conſtitutes a complete *Eſſay on Man*, written for the beſt purpoſe, *to vindicate the ways of God*.

VER. 17. *Say firſt, of God above, or Man below, etc.*] The Poet having declared his *Subject*; his *End of writing*; and the *Quality of his Adverſaries*; proceeds (from Ver. 16 to 23.) to inſtruct us, *from whence* he intends to draw his arguments; namely, from the *viſible* things of God in this ſyſtem, to demonſtrate the *inviſible* things of God, his *eternal Power* and *Godhead:*

NOTES.

VER. 15. *Laugh where we muſt, etc.*] Intimating, that human *follies* are ſo ſtrangely abſurd, that it is not in the power of the moſt *compaſſionate*, on ſome occaſions, to reſtrain their mirth: And that its *crimes* are ſo flagitious, that the moſt *candid* have ſeldom an opportunity, on this ſubject, to exerciſe their virtue.

VER. 16. VINDICATE *the ways of God to Man.*] Milton's phraſe, judiciouſly altered, who ſays, JUSTIFY *the ways of God to Man.* Milton was addreſſing himſelf to BELIEVERS, and delivering reaſons, or explaining the ways of God: this idea, the word *juſtify*, preciſely conveys. Pope was addreſſing himſelf to UNBELIEVERS, and expoſing ſuch of their objections whoſe ridicule and abſurdity ariſes from the judicial blindneſs of the objectors; he therefore more fitly employs the word VINDICATE, which conveys the idea of a confutation attended with puniſhment. Thus, ſuſcipere *vindictam* Legis, to undertake the defence of the Law, implies puniſhing the violators of it.

Of Man, what ſee we but his ſtation here,
From which to reaſon, or to which refer?
Through worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He, who through vaſt immenſity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compoſe one univerſe,
Obſerve how ſyſtem into ſyſtem runs,
What other planets circle other ſuns,
What vary'd Being peoples ev'ry ſtar,
May tell why Heav'n has made us as we are.
But of this frame, the bearings and the ties,
The ſtrong connections, nice dependencies,

Gradations

COMMENTARY.

head: And *why?* becauſe we can *reaſon only from what we know*; and as we *know* no more of *Man* than what we ſee of his ſtation here; ſo we know no more of *God* than what we ſee of his diſpenſations in this ſtation; being able to trace him no further than to the limits of our own ſyſtem. This naturally leads the Poet to exprobrate the miſerable Folly and Impiety of pretending to pry into, and call in queſtion, the profound diſpenſations of Providence: Which reproof contains (from Ver. 22 to 43.) a ſublime deſcription of the Omniſcience of God, and the miſerable Blindneſs and Preſumption of Man.

NOTES.

VER. 19, 20. *Of Man, what ſee we but his ſtation here,*
From which to reaſon, or to which refer?]
The ſenſe is, "we ſee nothing of Man, but as he ſtands at preſent in his ſtation here: From "which ſtation, all our reaſonings on his *nature* and *end* muſt be drawn; and to this ſtation "they muſt all be referred." The conſequence is, that our reaſonings on his *nature* and *end* muſt needs be very imperfect.

VER. 21. *Through worlds unnumber'd, etc.*] Hunc cognoſcimus ſolummodo per Proprietates ſuas et Attributa, et per ſapientiſſimas et optimas rerum ſtructuras et cauſas finales. *Newtoni Princ. Schol. gen. ſub fin.*

VER. 30. *The ſtrong connections, nice dependencies,*] The thought is very noble, and expreſſed with great beauty, and philoſophic exactneſs. The ſyſtem of the Univerſe is a combination of *natural* and *moral* Fitneſſes, as the human ſyſtem is, of *body* and *ſpirit*. By the *ſtrong connections*, therefore, the Poet alluded to the *natural* part; and by the *nice dependencies* to the *moral*. For the *Eſſay on Man* is not a ſyſtem of NATURALISM, on the Philoſophy of Bolingbroke, but a ſyſtem of NATURAL RELIGION on the Philoſophy of Newton. Hence it is,

Gradations juſt, has thy pervading ſoul
Look'd through? or can a part contain the whole?
Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn ſupports, upheld by God, or thee?
II. Preſumptuous Man! the reaſon would'ſt thou find,
Why form'd ſo weak, ſo little, and ſo blind?
Firſt, if thou can'ſt, the harder reaſon gueſs,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no leſs?
Aſk of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller or ſtronger than the weeds they ſhade!
Or aſk of yonder argent fields above,
Why JOVE's Satellites are leſs than JOVE?

Of

NOTES.

is, that where he ſuppoſes diſorders may tend to ſome greater good in the *natural* world, he ſuppoſes they may tend likewiſe to ſome greater good in the *moral*, as appears from theſe ſublime images in the following lines,

" If plagues or earthquakes break not Heav'n's deſign,
" Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline?
" Who knows, but he, whoſe hand the light'ning forms,
" Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the ſtorms;
" Pours fierce Ambition in a Caeſar's mind,
" Or turns young Ammon looſe *to ſcourge Mankind?*"

VER. 35 to 42.] In theſe lines the Poet has joined the beauty of argumentation to the ſublimity of thought; where the ſimilar inſtances, propoſed for his adverſaries examination, ſhew as well the *abſurdity* of their complaints againſt Order, as the *fruitleſſneſs* of their enquiries into the arcana of the Godhead.

VER. 41. *Or aſk of yonder, etc.*] On theſe lines M. Voltaire thus diſcants.—" Pope dit que " l'homme ne peut ſavoir pourquoi les Lunes de Jupiter ſont moins grandes que Jupiter? Il " ſe trompe en cela c'eſt une erreur pardonable. Il n'y a point de Mathematicien qui n'ent " fait voir," etc. [Vol. ii. p. 384, Ed. Gen.] And ſo goes on to ſhew, like a great Mathematician as he is, that it would be very inconvenient for the Page to be as big as his Lord and Maſter. It is pity all this fine reaſoning ſhould proceed on a ridiculous blunder. The Poet thus reproves the impious complainer of the order of Providence. " You are diſſatisfied with the weakneſs of your condition. But, in your ſituation, the nature of things requires juſt ſuch a creature as you are: in a different ſituation it might have required, that you ſhould be ſtill weaker. And though you ſee not the reaſon of this in your own caſe; yet, that reaſons there are, you may ſee in the caſe of other of God's creatures,

" Aſk

Of Syſtems poſſible, if 'tis confeſt
That Wiſdom infinite muſt form the beſt,
Where all muſt full or not coherent be,
And all that riſes, riſe in due degree;
Then, in the ſcale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
There muſt be, ſomewhere, ſuch a rank as Man:
And all the queſtion (wrangle e'er ſo long)
Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong?

Reſpecting

COMMENTARY.

VER. 43. *Of Syſtems poſſible, etc.*] So far the Poet's modeſt and ſober Introduction; in which he truly obſerves, that no wiſdom leſs than omniſcient

" Can tell why Heav'n has made us as we are."

Yet, though we be unable to diſcover the *particular* reaſons for this mode of our exiſtence, we may be aſſured in *general* that it is *right*. For now, entering upon his argument, he lays down this evident propoſition as the foundation of his Theſis, which he reaſonably ſuppoſes will be allowed him, *That, of all poſſible ſyſtems, infinite wiſdom hath formed the beſt.* (Ver. 43, 44.) From whence he draws two conſequences:

1. The *firſt* (from Ver. 44 to 51.) is, that as the beſt ſyſtem cannot but be ſuch a one as hath no inconnected Void; ſuch a one in which there is a perfect coherence and gradual ſubordination in all its parts; there muſt needs be, in ſome part or other of the ſcale of reaſoning life, ſuch a creature as MAN: Which reduces the diſpute to this abſurd queſtion, *Whether God has placed him wrong?*

NOTES.

" Aſk of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
" Taller or ſtronger than the weeds they ſhade?
" Or aſk of yonder argent fields above,
" Why Jove's Satellites are leſs than Jove?"

Here (ſays the Poet) the ridicule of the *weeds'* and the *Satellites'* complaint, had they the faculties of ſpeech and reaſoning, would be obvious to all; becauſe their very ſituation and office might have convinced them of their folly. Your folly, ſays the Poet, to his complainers, is as great, though not ſo evident, becauſe the reaſon is more out of ſight; but that a reaſon there is, may be demonſtrated from the attributes of the Deity. This is the Poet's clear and ſtrong reaſoning; from whence, we ſee, he was ſo far from ſaying, that Man could not know the cauſe *why Jove's Satellites were leſs than Jove*, that all the force of his reaſoning turns upon this, that Man did ſee and know it, and ſhould from thence conclude, that there was a cauſe of this inferiority as well in the *rational*, as in the *material* Creation.

Reſpecting Man, whatever wrong we call,
May, muſt be right, as relative to all.
In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,
A thouſand movements ſcarce one purpoſe gain;
In God's, one ſingle can its end produce;
Yet ſerves to ſecond too ſome other uſe.
So Man, who here ſeems principal alone,
Perhaps acts ſecond to ſome ſphere unknown,
Touches ſome wheel, or verges to ſome goal;
'Tis but a part we ſee, and not a whole.
When the proud ſteed ſhall know why Man reſtrains
His fiery courſe, or drives him o'er the plains;

When

COMMENTARY.

VER. 51. *Reſpecting Man, etc.*] It being ſhewn that MAN, *the Subject* of this enquiry, has a neceſſary place in ſuch a ſyſtem as this is confeſſed to be; and it being evident, that the abuſe of Free-will, from whence proceeds all moral evil, is the certain effect of ſuch a creature's exiſtence; the next queſtion will be, How theſe evils can be accounted for, conſiſtently with the idea we have of God's moral attributes? Therefore,

2. The *ſecond* conſequence he draws from his principle, *That of all poſſible ſyſtems, infinite Wiſdom has formed the beſt*, is, that whatever is wrong in our private ſyſtem, is right as relative to the whole:

" Reſpecting Man, whatever wrong we call,
" *May, muſt* be right, as relative to ALL."

That it *may*, he proves (from Ver. 52 to 61.) by ſhewing in what conſiſts the difference between the *ſyſtematic* works of God, and thoſe of Man; viz. that, in the latter, a thouſand movements ſcarce gain one purpoſe; in the former, one movement gains many purpoſes. So that

" ——Man, who here ſeems *principal* alone,
" Perhaps acts *ſecond* to ſome ſphere unknown."

And acting thus, the appearance of *wrong* in the *partial* ſyſtem may be *right* in the *univerſal*: For

" 'Tis but a part we ſee, and not a whole."

That it *muſt*, the whole body of this epiſtle is employed to illuſtrate and enforce. Thus *partial Evil, is univerſal Good*; and thus Providence is fairly acquitted.

VER. 61. *When the proud ſteed, etc.*] From all this the Poet draws a general concluſion (from Ver. 60 to 91.) that, as what has been ſaid is ſufficient to vindicate the ways of Providence, Man ſhould reſt ſubmiſſive and content; and own every thing to be diſpoſed for the beſt; that

to

When the dull Ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's God:
Then ſhall Man's pride and dulneſs comprehend
His actions', paſſions', being's uſe and end;
Why doing, ſuff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a ſlave, the next a deity.
Then ſay not Man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault;
Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought:
His knowledge meaſur'd to his ſtate and place;
His time a moment, and a point his ſpace.
If to be perfect in a certain ſphere,
What matter, ſoon or late, or here or there?
The bleſt to day is as completely ſo,
As who began a thouſand years ago.

III. Heav'n

VARIATIONS.

VER. 64. In the former Editions,

Now wears a garland an Egyptian God.

altered as above for the reaſon given in the note.

After Ver. 68, the following lines in the firſt Ed.

If to be perfect in a certain ſphere,
What matters ſoon or late, or here or there?
The bleſt to day is as completely ſo
As who began ten thouſand years ago.

COMMENTARY.

to think of diſcovering the *manner* how God conducts this wonderful ſcheme to its completion, is as abſurd as to imagine that the horſe and ox ſhall ever be able to comprehend why they undergo ſuch different treatment in the hand of Man; nay, that ſuch knowledge, if communicated, would be even *pernicious*, and make us *neglect* or *deſert* our Duty here. This he illuſtrates by the caſe of the lamb, which is happy in not knowing the fate that attends it from the butcher; and from thence takes occaſion to obſerve, that God is the equal maſter of all his creatures, and provides for the proper happineſs of each and every of them.

NOTES.

VER. 64.—*Egypt's God:*] Called ſo, becauſe the God *Apis* was worſhipped univerſally over the whole land of Egypt.

III. Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page preſcrib'd, their preſent ſtate:
From brutes what men, from men what ſpirits know:
Or who could ſuffer Being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to day,
Had he thy Reaſon, would he ſkip and play?
Pleas'd to the laſt, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand juſt rais'd to ſhed his blood.
Oh blindneſs to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n:
Who ſees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero periſh, or a ſparrow fall,
Atoms or ſyſtems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burſt, and now a world.
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions ſoar;
Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.

What

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 88, in the MS.

No great, no little; 'tis as much decreed
That Virgil's Gnat ſhould die as Caeſar bleed.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 91. *Hope humbly then, etc.*] But now an Objector is ſuppoſed to put in, and ſay, "You tell us, indeed, that all things ſhall terminate in good; but we ſee ourſelves ſurrounded with preſent evil; yet you forbid us all enquiry into the manner how we are to be extricated from it; and, in a word, leave us in a very diſconſolate condition." Not ſo, replies the Poet; you may reaſonably, if you pleaſe, receive much comfort from the HOPE of a happy futurity; a *Hope* implanted in the human breaſt by God himſelf, for this very purpoſe, as an earneſt of that Bliſs, which, always flying from us here, is reſerved for the good Man hereafter. The reaſon why the Poet chuſes to inſiſt on this proof of a future ſtate, in preference to others, is in order to give his ſyſtem (which is founded in a ſublime and improved *Platoniſm)* the greater grace of uniformity. For HOPE was *Plato*'s peculiar argument for a future ſtate; and the words here employed— *The ſoul uneaſy, etc.* his peculiar expreſſion. The Poet in this place,

NOTES.

VER. 87. *Who ſees with equal eye, etc.*] Matth. x. 29.

What future bliſs, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that Hope to be thy bleſſing now.
Hope ſprings eternal in the human breaſt:
Man never Is, but always To be bleſt.

The

VARIATIONS.

VER. 93, 94. In the firſt Fol. and Quarto,
What bliſs *above* he gives not thee to know,
But gives that Hope to be thy bliſs *below*.

COMMENTARY.

place, therefore, ſays in expreſs terms, that GOD GAVE US HOPE TO SUPPLY THAT FUTURE BLISS, WHICH HE AT PRESENT KEEPS HID FROM US. In his ſecond epiſtle, Ver. 274, he goes ſtill further, and ſays, this HOPE quits us not even at Death, when every thing mortal drops from us:

"Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die."

And in the fourth epiſtle, he ſhews, how the ſame HOPE is a *proof* of a future ſtate, from the conſideration of God's giving his Creatures no appetite in vain, or what he did not intend ſhould be ſatisfied;

"He ſees, why Nature plants in Man alone
"Hope of known bliſs, and Faith in bliſs unknown:
"(Nature, whoſe dictates to no other kind
"Are giv'n in vain, but what they ſeek they find.)"

It is only for the *good man*, he tell us, that *Hope* leads from goal to goal, etc. It would then, be ſtrange indeed, if it ſhould prove an illuſion.

NOTES.

VER. 93. *What future bliſs, etc.*] It hath been objected, that "the *Syſtem of the beſt* weakens the other natural arguments for a future ſtate; becauſe, if the evils which good Men ſuffer, promote the benefit of the whole, then every thing is here in order: and nothing amiſs that wants to be ſet right: Nor has the good man any reaſon to expect amends, when the evils he ſuffered had ſuch a tendency." To this it may be replied, 1. That the Poet tells us, (Ep. iv. Ver. 361.) that *God loves from whole to parts*. Therefore, if, in the beginning and progreſs of the moral Syſtem, the good of the whole be principally conſulted, yet, on the completion of it, the good of particulars will be equally provided for. 2. The *ſyſtem of the beſt* is ſo far from weakening thoſe natural arguments, that it ſtrengthens and ſupports them. For if thoſe evils, to which good men are ſubject, be mere diſorders, without any tendency to the greater good of the whole; then, though we muſt, indeed, conclude that they will hereafter be ſet right, yet this view of things, repreſenting God as ſuffering diſorders for no other end than to ſet them right, gives us too low an idea of the divine wiſdom. But if thoſe evils (according

The ſoul (uneaſy, and confin'd) from home,
Reſts and expatiates in a life to come.
Lo, the poor Indian! whoſe untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His ſoul, proud Science never taught to ſtray
Far as the ſolar walk, or milky way;

Yet

COMMENTARY.

VER. 99. *Lo, the poor Indian, etc.*] The Poet, as we ſaid, having bid Man comfort himſelf with expectation of future happineſs; having ſhewn him that this HOPE is an earneſt of it; and put in one very neceſſary caution,

" Hope *humbly* then, with *trembling* pinions ſoar;

provoked at thoſe miſcreants whom he afterwards (Ep. iii. Ver. 263.) deſcribes as building *Hell on ſpite, and Heav'n on pride*, he upbraids them (from Ver. 98 to 113.) with the example of the poor Indian, to whom alſo Nature hath given this *common* HOPE of *Mankind:* But tho' his untutor'd mind had betrayed him into many childiſh fancies concerning the nature of that future ſtate, yet he is ſo far from excluding any part of his own ſpecies (a vice which could proceed only from the *pride* of falſe Science) that he humanely, tho' ſimply, admits even his *faithful dog to bear him company.*

NOTES.

(according to the *ſyſtem of the beſt)* contribute to the greater perfection of the Whole; ſuch a reaſon may be then given for their permiſſion, as ſupports our idea of divine wiſdom to the higheſt religious purpoſes. Then, as to the *good* man's hopes of a retribution, theſe ſtill remain in their original force: For our idea of God's juſtice, and how far that juſtice is engaged to a retribution, is exactly and invariably the ſame on either hypotheſis. For though the *ſyſtem of the beſt* ſuppoſes that the *evils themſelves* will be fully compenſated by the good they produce to the *Whole*, yet this is ſo far from ſuppoſing that *Particulars* ſhall ſuffer for a *general good*, that it is eſſential to *this ſyſtem*, that, at the completion of things, when the Whole is arrived to the ſtate of utmoſt perfection, *particular* and *univerſal* good ſhall coincide.

" Such is the World's great harmony, that ſprings
" From Order, Union, full Conſent of things.
" Where *ſmall* and *great*, where *weak* and *mighty*, made
" To *ſerve*, not *ſuffer*, *ſtrengthen*, not *invade*," etc. Epiſtle iii. Ver. 295.

Which coincidence can never be, without a retribution to each good man for the evils he has ſuffered here below.

VER. 97. —*from home,*] The conſtruction is,—*The ſoul uneaſy and confined being from home*, expatiates, *etc.* By which words, it was the Poet's purpoſe to teach, that the preſent life is only a ſtate of probation for another, more ſuitable to the eſſence of the ſoul, and to the free exerciſe of its qualities.

Yet ſimple Nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n;
Some ſafer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier iſland in the watry waſte,
Where ſlaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Chriſtians thirſt for gold.
To Be, contents his natural deſire,
He aſks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal ſky,
His faithful dog ſhall bear him company.

IV. Go,

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 108. in the firſt Ed.

But does he ſay the Maker is not good,
Till he's exalted to what ſtate he wou'd:
Himſelf alone high Heav'n's peculiar care,
Alone made happy, when he will, and where?

NOTES.

VER. 110. *He aſks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire;*] The French Tranſlator, M. l' Abbé Du Reſnel, has turned the line thus,

" Il ne deſire point cette celeſte flame
" Qui des purs Seraphins devore, et nourrit l' ame."

i. e. *The ſavage does not deſire that heavenly flame, which at the ſame time that it devours the ſouls of pure Seraphims, nouriſhes them.* On which Mr. de Crouſaz (who, by the Aſſiſtance of a tranſlation abounding in theſe abſurdities, writ a *Commentary on the Eſſay on Man*, in which we find nothing but greater abſurdities) remarks, " Mr. Pope, in exalting the fire of his " poetry by an antitheſis, throws occaſionally his ridicule on thoſe heavenly ſpirits. *The Indian*, " ſays the Poet, *contents himſelf without any thing of that flame, which devours at the ſame time* " *that it nouriſheth.*"—— *Comm. p.* 77. But the Poet is clear of this imputation. Nothing can be more grave or ſober than his Engliſh, on this occaſion; nor, I dare ſay, to do the Tranſlator juſtice, did he aim to be ridiculous. It is the ſober ſolid Theology of the Sorbonne. Indeed had ſuch a writer as Mr. Pope uſed this School-jargon, we might have ſuſpected he was not ſo ſerious as he ſhould be.——The Reader, as he goes along, will ſee more of this Tranſlator's peculiarities. And the concluſion of the Commentary on the fourth Epiſtle will ſhew why I have been ſo careful to preſerve them.

IV. Go, wiſer thou! and, in thy ſcale of ſenſe,
Weigh thy Opinion againſt Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fancy'ſt ſuch,
Say, Here he gives too little, there too much:
Deſtroy all creatures for thy ſport or guſt,
Yet cry, If Man's unhappy, God's unjuſt;
If Man alone ingroſs not Heav'n's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his juſtice, be the GOD of GOD.
In Pride, in reas'ning Pride, our error lies;
All quit their ſphere, and ruſh into the ſkies.
Pride ſtill is aiming at the bleſt abodes,
Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.
Aſpiring to be Gods, if Angels fell,
Aſpiring to be Angels, Men rebel:
And who but wiſhes to invert the laws
Of ORDER, ſins againſt th' Eternal Cauſe.

V. Aſk

COMMENTARY.

VER. 113. *Go, wiſer thou, etc.*] He proceeds with theſe accuſers of Providence (from Ver. 112 to 123.) and ſhews them, that complaints againſt the *eſtabliſhed order of things* begin in the *higheſt abſurdity*, from miſapplied *reaſon* and *power*; and end in the *higheſt impiety*, in an attempt to degrade the God of heaven, and to aſſume his place:

" Alone made perfect here, immortal there: '

That is, be made God, *who only is perfect, and hath immortality:* To which ſenſe the lines immediately following confine us;

" Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
" Re-judge his juſtice, be the God of God."

VER. 123. *In Pride, in reas'ning Pride, our error lies, etc.*] From theſe men, the Poet now turns to his friend; and (from Ver. 122 to 131.) remarks that the ground of all this extravagance is *Pride*; which, more or leſs, infects the whole reaſoning Tribe; ſhews the ill effects of it, in the caſe of the fallen Angels; and obſerves, that *even* wiſhing to invert the laws of Order, is a lower ſpecies of their crime: he then brings an inſtance of one of the effects of Pride, which is the folly of thinking every thing made *ſolely* for the uſe of Man; without the leaſt regard to any other of the creatures of God.

" Aſk

V. Aſk for what end the heav'nly bodies ſhine,
Earth for whoſe uſe? Pride anſwers, " 'Tis for mine:
" For me kind Nature wakes her genial pow'r,
" Suckles each herb, and ſpreads out ev'ry flow'r;
" Annual for me, the grape, the roſe renew,
" The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
" For me, the mine a thouſand treaſures brings;
" For me, health guſhes from a thouſand ſprings;
" Seas roll to waft me, ſuns to light me riſe;
" My foot-ſtool earth, my canopy the ſkies."
But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning ſuns when livid deaths deſcend,

When

COMMENTARY.

" Aſk for what end the heav'nly bodies ſhine," *etc.*

The ridicule of imagining the *greater portions* of the material ſyſtem to be ſolely for the uſe of Man, true Philoſophy has ſufficiently expoſed: And Common-ſenſe, as the Poet obſerves, inſtructs us to conclude, that our fellow-creatures, placed by Providence as the joint inhabitants of this Globe, are deſigned to be joint ſharers with us of its bleſſings:

" Has God, thou fool! work'd ſolely for *thy* good,
" *Thy* joy, *thy* paſtime, *thy* attire, *thy* food?
" Who for *thy* table feeds the wanton fawn,
" For *him* as kindly ſpreads the flow'ry lawn." Epiſtle iii. Ver. 27.

VER. 141. *But errs not Nature from this gracious end,*] The author comes next to the confirmation of his Theſis, That *partial moral Evil is univerſal Good*; but introduceth it with an allowed inſtance in the natural World, to abate our wonder at the phenomenon of moral Evil; which he forms into an argument on a conceſſion of his adverſaries. If we aſk you, ſays he, (from Ver. 140 to 151.) whether Nature doth not err from the gracious purpoſe of its Creator, when plagues, earthquakes, and tempeſts unpeople whole regions at a time; you readily anſwer, No: For that God acts by general, and not by particular laws; and that the courſe

NOTES.

VER. 131. *Aſk for what end, etc.*] If there be any fault in theſe lines, it is not in the general ſentiment, but in the ill choice of inſtances made uſe of in illuſtrating it. It is the higheſt abſurdity to think that *Earth is* man's *foot-ſtool*, his *canopy the Skies*, and the *heavenly bodies* lighted up principally for his uſe; yet ſurely, it is very excuſable to ſuppoſe fruits and minerals given for this end.

When earthquakes ſwallow, or when tempeſts ſweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?
" No ('tis reply'd) the firſt Almighty Cauſe
" Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;
" Th' exceptions few; ſome change ſince all began:
" And what created perfect?"--Why then Man?
If the great end be human Happineſs,
Then Nature deviates; and can Man do leſs?
As much that end a conſtant courſe requires
Of ſhow'rs and ſun-ſhine, as of Man's deſires;

As

COMMENTARY.

courſe of matter and motion muſt be neceſſarily ſubject to ſome irregularities, becauſe nothing is created perfect. I then aſk why you ſhould expect this perfection in Man? If you own that the *great end of God* (notwithſtanding all this deviation) be *general happineſs*, then it is *Nature*, and not God, that deviates; and do you expect greater conſtancy in Man?

" Then Nature deviates; and can Man do leſs?"

That is, if Nature, or the inanimate ſyſtem (on which God hath impoſed his laws, which it obeys, as a machine obeys the hand of the workman) may in courſe of time deviate from its firſt direction, as the beſt philoſophy ſhews it may; where is the wonder that Man, who was created a free Agent, and hath it in his power every moment to tranſgreſs the eternal rule of Right, ſhould ſometimes go out of Order?

VER. 151. *As much that end, etc.*] Having thus ſhewn how moral evil came into the world, namely, by *Man's abuſe of his own free-will*; our Poet comes to the point, the *confirmation* of his theſis, by ſhewing how *moral* evil promotes good; and employs the *ſame* conceſſions of his adverſaries, concerning *natural* evil, to illuſtrate it.

1. He ſhews it tends to the *good* of the *Whole*, or *Univerſe*, (from Ver. 150 to 165.) and this by analogy. You own, ſays he, that ſtorms and tempeſts, clouds, rain, heat, and variety of ſeaſons are neceſſary (notwithſtanding the accidental evil they bring with them) to the health and plenty of *this Globe*; why then ſhould you ſuppoſe there is not the ſame uſe, with regard to the *Univerſe*, in a Borgia or a Catiline? But you ſay you can ſee the one, and

not

NOTES.

VER. 150. *Then Nature deviates, etc.*]. " While comets move in very eccentric orbs, in " all manner of poſitions, blind Fate could never make all the planets move one and the ſame " way in orbs concentric; ſome inconſiderable irregularities excepted, which may have riſen " from the mutual actions of comets and planets upon one another, and which will be apt to " increaſe, till this ſyſtem wants a reformation." *Sir Iſaac Newton's Optics, Quaeſt. ult.*

As much eternal ſprings and cloudleſs ſkies,
As Men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wiſe.
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heav'n's deſign,
Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline?
Who knows but He, whoſe hand the light'ning forms,
Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the ſtorms;

Pours

COMMENTARY.

not the other. You ſay right: one terminates in this *ſyſtem*, the other refers to the *Whole*: which *Whole* can be comprehended by none but the great Author himſelf. For, ſays the Poet in another place,

" —of this Frame, the bearings, and the ties,
" The ſtrong connections, nice dependencies,
" Gradations juſt, has thy pervading ſoul
" Look'd through? or can a *part* contain the *whole?*" Ver. 29, et ſeq.

Own therefore, ſays he, that

" —From Pride, our very Reas'ning ſprings;
" Account for *moral*, as for *nat'ral* things:
" Why charge we Heav'n in thoſe, in theſe acquit?
" In both, to *reaſon right*, is *to ſubmit.*"

NOTES.

VER. 155. *If plagues, etc.*] What hath miſled Mr. De Crouſaz in his cenſure of this paſſage, is his ſuppoſing the compariſon to be between the effects of *two things in this ſublunary world*; when not only the elegancy, but the juſtneſs of it, conſiſts in its being between the effects of a thing in the *univerſe at large*, and the familiar known effects of one *in this ſublunary world*. For the poſition inforced in theſe lines is this, *that partial evil tends to the good of the whole:*

" Reſpecting Man, whatever wrong we call,
" May, muſt be right, as relative to all." Ver. 51.

How does the Poet inforce it? If you will believe this Critic, in illuſtrating the effects of partial moral evil in a particular ſyſtem, by that of partial natural evil in the *ſame* ſyſtem, and ſo he leaves his *poſition* in the lurch. But the Poet reaſons at another rate: The way to prove his point, he knew, was to illuſtrate the effect of partial moral evil in the *univerſe*, by partial natural evil in a *particular ſyſtem*. Whether partial moral evil tend to the good of the Univerſe, being a queſtion which, by reaſon of our ignorance of *many* parts of that Univerſe, we cannot decide but from known effects; the rules of good reaſoning require that it be proved by *analogy*, *i. e.* ſetting it by, and comparing it with, a thing *clear and certain*; and it is a thing *clear and certain*, that partial natural evil tends to the good of our *particular ſyſtem*.

VER. 157. *Who knows but He, etc.*] The ſublimity with which the great Author of Nature is here characteriſed, is but the ſecond beauty of this fine paſſage. The greateſt is the making the very diſpenſation objected to, the periphraſis of his Title.

Pours fierce Ambition in a Caeſar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon looſe to ſcourge mankind?
From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning ſprings;
Account for moral, as for nat'ral things:
Why charge we Heav'n in thoſe, in theſe acquit?
In both, to reaſon right is to ſubmit.
Better for Us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;

That

COMMENTARY.

VER. 165. *Better for Us, etc.*] But, ſecondly, to ſtrengthen the foregoing *analogical* argument, and to make the wiſdom and goodneſs of God ſtill more apparent, he obſerves (from Ver. 164 to 173.) that *moral evil* is not only productive of *good* to the *Whole*, but is even productive of *good in our own ſyſtem*. It might, ſays he, perhaps appear better to us, that there were nothing in this world but *peace* and *virtue:*

" That never air or ocean felt the wind;
" That never paſſion diſcompos'd the mind."

But then conſider, that as our *material ſyſtem* is ſupported by the ſtrife of its elementary particles; ſo is our *intellectual ſyſtem* by the conflict of our Paſſions, which are the elements of human action.

In a word, as without the benefit of tempeſtuous winds, both air and ocean would ſtagnate, corrupt, and ſpread univerſal contagion throughout all the ranks of animals that inhabit, or are ſupported by, them; ſo, without the benefit of the Paſſions, ſuch Virtue as was merely the effect of the abſence of thoſe Paſſions, would be a lifeleſs calm, a ſtoical Apathy.

" Contracted all, retiring to the breaſt:
" But health of mind is *Exerciſe*, not *Reſt*." Epiſtle ii. Ver. 103.

Therefore, inſtead of regarding the conflicts of the elements, and the Paſſions of the mind as diſorders, you ought to conſider them as part of the *general order* of Providence: And that they are ſo, appears from their always preſerving the ſame unvaried courſe, throughout all ages, from the creation to the preſent time:

" The *gen'ral order*, ſince the Whole began,
" Is kept in *Nature*, and is kept in *Man*."

We ſee, therefore, it would be doing great injuſtice to our author to ſuſpect that he intended, by this, to give any encouragement to Vice. His ſyſtem, as all his Ethic Epiſtles ſhew, is this: That the *Paſſions*, for the reaſons given above, are neceſſary to the ſupport of Virtue: That, indeed, the paſſions in exceſs, produce Vice, which is, in its own nature, the greateſt of all evils, and comes into the world from the abuſe of Man's free-will; but that God, in his infinite wiſdom and goodneſs, deviouſly turns the natural bias of its malignity to the advancement of human happineſs, and makes it productive of general Good:

" TH'

That never air or ocean felt the wind;
That never paſſion diſcompos'd the mind.
But ALL ſubſiſts by elemental ſtrife;
And paſſions are the elements of Life.
The gen'ral ORDER, ſince the whole began,
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.
VI. What would this Man? Now upward will he ſoar,
And little leſs than Angels, would be more;
Now

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"TH' ETERNAL ART EDUCES GOOD FROM ILL." Epiſtle ii. Ver. 175.

This, ſet againſt what we have obſerved of the Poet's doctrine of a *future State*, will furniſh us with an inſtance of his *ſteering* (as he well expreſſes it in his preface) *between doctrines ſeemingly oppoſite: If his Eſſay has any merit, he thinks it is in this.* And doubtleſs it is uncommon merit to reject the viſions and abſurdities of every Syſtem, and take in only what is rational and real.

The CHARACTERISTICS and the FABLE OF THE BEES are two ſeemingly inconſiſtent ſyſtems; the folly of the firſt is in giving a ſcheme of *Virtue without Religion*; and the knavery of the latter, in giving a ſcheme of *Religion without Virtue.* Theſe our Poet leaves to Any that will take them up; but agrees however ſo far with the firſt, that "Virtue would be "worth having, though itſelf was its only reward;" and ſo far with the latter, that "God "makes Evil, againſt its nature, productive of Good."

VER. 173. *What would this Man? etc.*] Having thus juſtified Providence in its *permiſſion* of partial MORAL EVIL, our Author employs the remaining part of his Epiſtle in vindicating it from the imputation of certain ſuppoſed NATURAL EVILS. For now he ſhews (from Ver. 172 to 207.) that though the complaint of his adverſaries againſt Providence be on pretence of *real moral evils*; yet, at bottom, it all proceeds from their impatience under *imaginary natural ones*, the iſſue of a depraved appetite for viſionary advantages, which if Man had, they would be either *uſeleſs* or *pernicious* to him, as repugnant to his ſtate, or unſuitable to his condition. Though God (ſays he) hath ſo bountifully beſtowed, on Man, Faculties little leſs than *angelic*, yet he ungratefully graſps at higher; and then, extravagant in another extreme, with a paſſion as ridiculous as that is impious, envies, as what would be advantages to himſelf, even the peculiar accommodations of *brutes.* But here his own falſe principles

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VER. 169. *But All ſubſiſts, etc.*] See this ſubject extended in Epiſtle ii. from Ver. 90 to 112, 155, etc.

VER. 174. *And little leſs than Angels, etc.*] *Thou haſt made him a little lower than the Angels, and haſt crowned him with glory and honour.* Pſalm viii. 9.

Now looking downwards, juſt as griev'd appears
To want the ſtrength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his uſe all creatures if he call,
Say, what their uſe, had he the pow'rs of all;
Nature to theſe, without profuſion, kind,
The proper organs, proper pow'rs aſſign'd;
Each ſeeming want compenſated of courſe,
Here with degrees of ſwiftneſs, there of force;
All in exact proportion to the ſtate;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beaſt, each inſect, happy in its own:
Is Heav'n unkind to Man, and Man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bleſs'd with all?
The bliſs of Man (could Pride that bleſſing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind;
No pow'rs of body or of ſoul to ſhare,
But what his nature and his ſtate can bear.
Why has not Man a microſcopic eye?
For this plain reaſon, Man is not a Fly.

Say

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ciples expoſe the folly of his falſer appetites. He ſuppoſes them all made for his uſe: Now what uſe could he have of them, when he had robbed them of all their qualities? Qualities diſtributed with the higheſt wiſdom, as they are divided at preſent; but which, if beſtowed according to the froward humour of theſe childiſh complainers, would be every where found to be either *wanting* or *ſuperfluous*. But even though endowed with theſe brutal qualities, Man would not only be no gainer, but a conſiderable loſer; as the Poet ſhews, in explaining the conſequences which would follow from his having his ſenſations in that exquiſite degree, in which this or the other animal is obſerved to poſſeſs them.

NOTES.

VER. 182. *Here with degrees of ſwiftneſs, etc.*] It is a certain axiom in the anatomy of creatures, that in proportion as they are formed for ſtrength, their ſwiftneſs is leſſened; or as they are formed for ſwiftneſs, their ſtrength is abated. P.

Say what the uſe, were finer optics giv'n,
T' inſpect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To ſmart and agonize at ev'ry pore?
Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
Die of a roſe in aromatic pain?
If nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
And ſtunn'd him with the muſic of the ſpheres,
How would he wiſh that Heav'n had left him ſtill
The whiſp'ring Zephyr, and the purling rill?
Who finds not Providence all good and wiſe,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

VII. Far as Creation's ample range extends,
The ſcale of ſenſual, mental pow'rs aſcends:
Mark how it mounts, to Man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled graſs:

What

COMMENTARY.

VER. 207. *Far as Creation's ample range extends,*] He tells us next (from Ver. 206 to 233.) that the complying with ſuch extravagant deſires would not only be uſeleſs and pernicious to Man, but would be breaking into the order, and deforming the beauty of God's Creation, in which *this* animal is ſubject to *that*, and every one to Man; who by his Reaſon enjoys the ſum of all their powers.

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VER. 202. *Stunn'd him with the muſic of the ſpheres,*] This inſtance is poetical and even ſublime, but miſplaced. He is arguing philoſophically in a caſe that required him to employ the *real* objects of ſenſe only: and, what is worſe, he ſpeaks of this as a *real* object—*If* NATURE *thunder'd*, etc. The caſe is different where (in Ver. 253.) he ſpeaks of the motion of the heavenly bodies, under the ſublime conception of *ruling Angels:* For whether there be *ruling Angels* or no, there is real *motion*, which was all his argument wanted; but if there be no *muſic of the ſpheres*, there was no real *ſound*, which his argument was obliged to find.

VER. 209. *Mark how it mounts, to Man's imperial race,*] M. Du Reſnel has turned the latter part of the line thus,

" Juſqu' à l'Homme, ce chef, *ce Roy de l' Univers.*

" Even to man, this Head, this *King of the Univerſe*," which is ſo ſad a blunder that it contradicts

What modes of ſight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:
Of ſmell, the headlong lioneſs between,
And hound ſagacious on the tainted green:
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood?
The ſpider's touch, how exquiſitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what ſenſe ſo ſubtly true
From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew?
How Inſtinct varies in the grov'ling ſwine,
Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that, and Reaſon, what a nice barrier?
For ever ſep'rate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and Reflection how ally'd;
What thin partitions Senſe from Thought divide?

And

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contradicts the Poet's peculiar Syſtem; who, although he allows *Man* to be King of this inferior world, yet he thinks it madneſs to make him *King of the Univerſe*. If the philoſophy and argument of the Poem could not teach him this, yet methinks the Poet's own words, in this very Epiſtle, might have prevented his miſtake.

" So man, who here ſeems *Principal* alone,
" Perhaps acts *Second* to ſome ſphere unknown."

If the Tranſlator imagined that Mr. Pope was ſpeaking ironically where he talks of *Man's imperial race*, and ſo would heighten the ridicule of the original by *ce Roy de l' Univers*, the miſtake is ſtill worſe; for the force of the argument depends upon its being ſaid ſeriouſly; the Poet being here ſpeaking of a ſcale from the higheſt to the loweſt in the mundane Syſtem.

VER. 213. *The headlong lioneſs.*] The manner of the lions hunting their prey in the deſarts of Africa is this: At their firſt going out in the night-time they ſet up a loud roar, and then liſten to the noiſe made by the beaſts in their flight, purſuing them by ear, and not by the noſtril. It is probable the ſtory of the jackal's hunting for the lion, was occaſioned by the obſervation of this defect of ſcent in that terrible animal. P.

VER. 224. *For ever ſep'rate, etc.*] *Near*, by the ſimilitude of the operations; *ſeparate* by the immenſe difference in the nature of the powers.

VER. 226. *What thin partitions, etc.*] So *thin*, that the Atheiſtic Philoſophers, as Protagoras, held that THOUGHT *was only* SENSE; and from thence concluded, that *every imagination*

or

And Middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never paſs th' inſuperable line!
Without this juſt gradation, could they be
Subjected, theſe to thoſe, or all to thee?
The pow'rs of all ſubdu'd by thee alone,
Is not thy Reaſon all theſe pow'rs in one?

VIII. See, through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and burſting into birth.
Above, how high, progreſſive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!

Vaſt

COMMENTARY.

VER. 233. *See, through this air, etc.*] And further (from Ver. 232 to 267.) that this breaking the order of things, which, as a link or chain, connects all beings from the higheſt to the loweſt, would unavoidably be attended with the deſtruction of the Univerſe: For that the ſeveral parts of it muſt at leaſt compoſe as entire and harmonious a Whole, as the parts of a human body, can be doubted of by no one: Yet we ſee what confuſion it would make in our frame, if the members were ſet upon invading each other's office:

"What if the Foot," etc.

Who will not acknowledge, therefore, that a connection, in the diſpoſition of things, ſo harmonious as here deſcribed, is tranſcendently beautiful? But the Fataliſts ſuppoſe ſuch an one. —What then? Is the Firſt Free Agent, the great Cauſe of all things, debarred a contrivance infinitely exquiſite, becauſe ſome Men, to ſet up their idol, Fate, abſurdly repreſent it as preſiding over ſuch a ſyſtem?

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or opinion of every man was true: Πᾶσα φαντασία ἐστὶν ἀληθής. But the Poet determines more philoſophically; that they are really and eſſentially different, how *thin* ſoever the partition be by which they are *divided.* Thus (to illuſtrate the truth of this obſervation) when a geometer conſiders a triangle, in order to demonſtrate the equality of its three angles to two right ones, he has the picture or image of ſome ſenſible triangle in his mind, which is *ſenſe*; yet notwithſtanding, he muſt needs have the notion or idea of an intellectual triangle likewiſe, which is *thought*; for this plain reaſon, becauſe every image or picture of a triangle muſt needs be obtuſangular, or rectangular, or acutangular; but that which, in his mind, is the ſubject of his propoſition is the ratio of a triangle, *undetermined* to any of theſe ſpecies. On this account it was that Ariſtotle ſaid, Νοηματά τινι διοίσει, τῷ μὴ φαντάσματα εἶναι, ἢ οὐδὲ ταυτα φαντάσματα, ἀλλ' οὐκ ἄνευ φαντάσματων. *The conceptions of the mind differ ſomewhat from ſenſible images; they are not ſenſible images, and yet not quite free or diſengaged from ſenſible images.*

Vaſt chain of Being! which from God began,
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beaſt, bird, fiſh, inſect, what no eye can ſee,
No glaſs can reach; from infinite to thee,
From thee to Nothing.—On ſuperior pow'rs
Were we to preſs, inferior might on ours:
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one ſtep broken, the great ſcale's deſtroy'd:
From Nature's chain whatever link you ſtrike,
Tenth, or ten thouſandth, breaks the chain alike.
And, if each ſyſtem in gradation roll
Alike eſſential to th' amazing Whole,
The leaſt confuſion but in one, not all
That ſyſtem only, but the Whole muſt fall.
Let Earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and ſtars run lawleſs through the ſky;
Let ruling Angels from their ſpheres be hurl'd,
Being on Being wreck'd, and world on world;

255 Heav'n's

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VER. 238. Ed. 1ſt.

Ethereal eſſence, ſpirit, ſubſtance, man.

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VER. 243. *Or in the full creation leave a void, etc.*] This is only an illuſtration from the Peripatetic *plenum* and *vacuum:* the *full* and *void* here meant, relating not to Matter, but to Life.

VER. 247. *And, if each ſyſtem in gradation* roll] The verb is exactly choſen, as not alluding to the *motion* of the planetary bodies of each ſyſtem; but to the *figures* deſcribed by that motion.

VER. 251. *Let Earth unbalanc'd*] *i. e.* Being no longer kept within its orbit by the different directions of its progreſſive and attractive motions; which, like equal weights in a balance, keep it in an equilibre.

VER. 253. *Let ruling Angels, etc.*] The Poet, throughout this Work, has, with great art, uſed an advantage which his employing a *Platonic* principle for the foundation of his Eſſay, had

afforded

Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And Nature trembles to the throne of God.
All this dread ORDER break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!—oh Madneſs! Pride! Impiety!
IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the duſt to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aſpir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
To ſerve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Juſt as abſurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this gen'ral frame:
Juſt as abſurd, to mourn the taſks or pains,
The great directing MIND OF ALL ordains.
All are but parts of one ſtupendous whole,
Whoſe body Nature is, and God the ſoul;

That,

COMMENTARY.

VER. 267. *All are but parts of one ſtupendous whole,*] Our Author having thus given a repreſentation of God's work, as *one entire whole*, where all the parts have a neceſſary dependance on, and relation to each other, and where each particular part works and concurs to the perfection of the Whole; as ſuch a ſyſtem tranſcends vulgar ideas; to reconcile it to common conceptions, he ſhews (from Ver. 266 to 281.) that God is equally and intimately preſent to every ſort of *ſubſtance*, to every particle of *matter*, and in every inſtant of *being*; which eaſes the labouring imagination, and makes us expect no leſs, from ſuch a *Preſence*, than ſuch a *Diſpenſation*.

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afforded him; and that is the expreſſing himſelf (as here) in Platonic language; which, luckily for his purpoſe, is highly poetical, at the ſame time that it adds a grace to the uniformity of his reaſoning.

VER. 259. *What if the foot, etc.*] This fine Illuſtration in defence of the *Syſtem of Nature*, is taken from St. *Paul*, who employed it to defend the *Syſtem of Grace*.

VER. 265. *Juſt as abſurd, etc.*] See the proſecution and application of this in Ep. iv. P.

VER. 266. *The great directing Mind, etc.*] "Veneramur autem et colimus ob dominium. "Deus enim ſine dominio, providentia, et cauſis finalibus, nihil aliud eſt quam FATUM et "NATURA." *Newtoni Princip. Schol. gener. ſub finem.*

VER. 268. *Whoſe body Nature is, etc.*] Mr. de Crouſaz remarks, on this line, that "A "Spinoziſt would expreſs himſelf in this Manner." I believe he would; for ſo the infamous

That, chang'd through all, and yet in all the ſame;
Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame;

Warms

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Toland has done, in his Atheiſt's Liturgy, called PANTHEISTICON: But ſo would St. Paul likewiſe, who, writing on this ſubject, the omnipreſence of God in his Providence, and in his Subſtance, ſays, in the words of a pantheiſtical Greek Poet, *In him we live, and move, and have our being*; *i. e.* we are parts of him, *his offspring:* And the reaſon is, becauſe a religious theiſt and an impious pantheiſt both profeſs to believe the omnipreſence of God. But would Spinoza, as Mr. Pope does, call God *the great directing Mind of all*, who hath intentionally created a perfect Univerſe? Or would a Spinoziſt have told us,

" The workman from the work diſtinct was known?"

a line that overturns all Spinoziſm from its very foundations.

But this ſublime deſcription of the Godhead contains not only the *divinity* of St. Paul; but, if that will not ſatisfy the men he writes againſt, the *philoſophy* likewiſe of Sir Iſaac Newton.

The Poet ſays,

" All are but parts of one ſtupendous whole,
" Whoſe body Nature is, and God the ſoul;
" That, chang'd through all, and *yet in all the ſame*,
" Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame,
" Warms in the ſun, refreſhes in the breeze,
" Glows in the ſtars, and bloſſoms in the trees,
" Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
" Spreads undivided, operates unſpent."

The Philoſopher:—" In ipſo continentur et moventur univerſa, ſed abſque mutua paſſione. " Deus nihil patitur ex corporum motibus; illa nullam ſentiunt reſiſtentiam ex omnipraeſentia " Dei.—Corpore omni et figura corporea deſtituitur.—Omnia regit et omnia cognoſcit.—Cum " unaquaeque Spatii particula ſit ſemper, et unumquodque Durationis indiviſibile momentum, " ubique certe rerum omnium Fabricator ac Dominus non erit nunquam, nuſquam."

Mr. Pope;

" Breathes in our ſoul, informs our mortal part,
" As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
" As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
" As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns:
" To him, no high, no low, no great, no ſmall;
" He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all."

Sir Iſaac Newton:—" Annon ex phaenomenis conſtat eſſe entem incorporeum, viventem, in- " telligentem, omnipraeſentem, qui in ſpatio infinito, tanquam ſenſorio ſuo, res ipſas intime " cernat, penituſque perſpiciat, totaſque intra ſe praeſens praeſentes complectatur."

But now admitting, there were an ambiguity in theſe expreſſions, ſo great that a Spinoziſt might employ them to expreſs his own particular principles; and ſuch a thing might well be,

becauſe

Warms in the ſun, refreſhes in the breeze,
Glows in the ſtars, and bloſſoms in the trees,
Lives through all Life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unſpent;
Breathes in our ſoul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph, that adores and burns:

To

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becauſe the Spinoziſts, in order to hide the impiety of their principle, are wont to expreſs the Omnipreſence of God in terms that any religious Theiſt might employ; in this caſe, I ſay, how are we to judge of the Poet's meaning? Surely by the whole tenor of his argument. Now take the words in the ſenſe of the Spinoziſts, and he is made, in the concluſion of his epiſtle, to overthrow all he had been advancing throughout the body of it: For Spinoziſm is the deſtruction of an Univerſe, where every thing tends, by a foreſeen contrivance in all its parts, to the perfection of the Whole. But allow him to employ the paſſage in the ſenſe of St. Paul, *That we and all creatures live, and move, and have our being in God*; and then it will be ſeen to be the moſt logical ſupport of all that had preceded. For the Poet, having, as we ſay, laboured through his epiſtle to prove, that every thing in the Univerſe tends, by a foreſeen contrivance, and a preſent direction of all its parts, to the perfection of the Whole; it might be objected, that ſuch a diſpoſition of things implying in God a painful, operoſe, and inconceivable extent of Providence, it could not be ſuppoſed that ſuch care extended to *all*, but was confined to the more noble parts of the creation. This groſs conception of the Firſt Cauſe the Poet expoſes, by ſhewing that God is equally and intimately preſent to every particle of Matter, to every ſort of Subſtance, and in every inſtant of Being.

VER. 277. *As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,*
As the rapt Seraph, that adores and burns.]

Which M. Du Reſnel tranſlates thus,

" Dans un homme ignoré ſous une humble Chaumiere,
" Que dans le Seraphin, rayonnant de lumiere.

i. e. *As well in the ignorant man, who inhabits an humble cottage, as in the Seraphim encompaſſed with rays of light.* The Tranſlator in good earneſt thought, that a *vile man that mourn'd* could be no other than ſome poor Country Cottager. Which has betrayed M. De Crouſaz into this important remark.—" For all that, we ſometimes find in perſons of the loweſt rank, a fund of " probity and reſignation which preſerves them from contempt; their minds are, indeed, but " narrow, yet fitted to their ſtation," etc. *Comm. p.* 120. But Mr. Pope had no ſuch childiſh idea in his head. He was here oppoſing the human ſpecies to the angelic; and ſo ſpoke of the firſt, when compared to the latter, as *vile and diſconſolate.* The force and beauty of the reflection depend upon this ſenſe; and, what is more, the propriety of it.

VER. 278. *As the rapt Seraph, etc.*] Alluding to the Name *Seraphim*, ſignifying *burners*.

To him no high, no low, no great, no ſmall;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.
X. Ceaſe then, nor ORDER Imperfection name:
Our proper bliſs depends on what we blame.

Know

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 282, in the MS.

Reaſon, to think of God when ſhe pretends,
Begins a Cenſor, an Adorer ends.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 281. *Ceaſe then, nor Order Imperfection name:*] And now the Poet, as he had promiſed, having *vindicated the ways of God to Man*, concludes (from Ver. 280, to the end) that, from what had been ſaid, it appears, that the very things we blame, contribute to our Happineſs, either as unrelated particulars, or at leaſt as parts of the univerſal ſyſtem; that our ſtate of ignorance was allotted to us out of compaſſion; that yet we have as much knowledge as is ſufficient to ſhew us, that we are, and always ſhall be, as bleſt as we can bear; for that NATURE is neither a *Stratonic* chain of blind Cauſes and Effects,

(All Nature *is but* Art, *unknown to thee*)

nor yet the fortuitous reſult of *Epicurean* Atoms,

(*All* Chance, Direction, *which thou canſt not ſee*)

as thoſe two ſpecies of atheiſm ſuppoſed it; but the wonderful art and contrivance, unknown indeed to Man, of an all-powerful, all-wiſe, all-good, and free Being. And therefore we may be aſſured, that the arguments brought above, to prove partial moral evil productive of Good, are concluſive; from whence one certain truth reſults, in ſpite of all the pride and cavils of vain Reaſon, That WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

That the reader may ſee in one view the exactneſs of the Method, as well as force of the Argument, I ſhall here draw up a ſhort ſynopſis of this Epiſtle. The Poet begins by telling us his ſubject is an Eſſay on Man: That his end of writing is *to vindicate Providence:* That he intends to derive his arguments, *from the viſible things of God ſeen in this ſyſtem:* Lays down this Propoſition, *That of all poſſible ſyſtems, infinite Wiſdom has formed the beſt:* draws from thence two Conſequences, 1. *That there muſt needs be ſomewhere ſuch a creature as Man*; 2. *That the moral Evil which he is author of, is productive of the Good of the Whole.* This is his general Theſis; from whence he forms this Concluſion, *That Man ſhould reſt ſubmiſſive and content, and make the hopes of Futurity his comfort; but not ſuffer this to be the occaſion of* PRIDE, which is the cauſe of all his impious complaints.

He proceeds to confirm his Theſis — Previouſly endeavours to abate our wonder at the phenomenon of *moral Evil*; ſhews, firſt, *its uſe to the perfection of the univerſe*, by analogy, from the uſe of *phyſical Evil* in this particular ſyſtem. — Secondly, *its uſe in this ſyſtem*, where it is turned, providentially, from its natural bias, to promote Virtue. Then goes on to

vindicate

Know thy own point: This kind, this due degree
Of blindneſs, weakneſs, Heav'n beſtows on thee.
Submit. —— In this, or any other ſphere,
Secure to be as bleſt as thou canſt bear:
Safe in the hand of one diſpoſing Pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;
All Chance, Direction, which thou canſt not ſee;
All Diſcord, Harmony not underſtood;
All partial Evil, univerſal Good:
And, ſpite of Pride, in erring Reaſon's ſpite,
One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

COMMENTARY.

vindicate Providence from the imputation of certain *ſuppoſed natural Evils*; as he had before juſtified it for the permiſſion of *real moral Evil*, in ſhewing that, though the Atheiſt's complaint againſt Providence be on pretence of *real moral Evil*, yet the true cauſe is his impatience under *imaginary natural Evil*; the iſſue of a *depraved appetite for fantaſtical advantages*, which, if obtained, would be *uſeleſs* or *hurtful* to Man, and deforming of, and deſtructive to the Univerſe, as breaking into that order by which it is ſupported.—He deſcribes that *order, harmony, and cloſe connection of the parts*; and by ſhewing the intimate preſence of God to his whole creation, gives a reaſon for an Univerſe ſo amazingly beautiful and perfect. From all this he deduces his general concluſion, *That Nature being neither a blind chain of Cauſes and Effects, nor yet the fortuitous reſult of wandering atoms, but the wonderful art and direction of an all-wiſe, all-good, and free Being*; WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT, *with regard to the diſpoſition of God, and its ultimate tendency*; which once granted, all complaints againſt Providence are at an end.

NOTES.

VER. 294. *One truth is clear, etc.*] It will be difficult to think any caviller ſhould have objected to this concluſion; eſpecially when the Author, in this very epiſtle, has himſelf thus explained it;

" Reſpecting Man, whatever wrong we call,
" *May, muſt* be right, as relative to ALL.——
" So Man, who here ſeems *principal* alone,
" Perhaps acts *ſecond* to ſome ſphere unknown;
" Touches ſome wheel, or verges to ſome goal:
" 'Tis but a part we ſee, and not a whole."

NOTES.

But without any regard to the evidence of this illuſtration, M. de Crouſaz exclaims: "See "the general concluſion, *All that is, is right.* So that at the ſight of Charles the firſt loſing his "head on the ſcaffold, we muſt have ſaid, *this is right*; at the ſight too of his judges con- "demning him, we muſt have ſaid, *this is right*; at the ſight of ſome of theſe judges, taken "and condemned for the action which he had owned to be right, we muſt have cried out, "*this is doubly right.*" Never was any thing more amazing than that the abſurdities ariſing from the ſenſe in which this critic takes the great principle, of *whatever is, is right*, did not ſhew him his miſtake: For could any one in his ſenſes employ a propoſition in a meaning from whence ſuch evident abſurdities *immediately* ariſe? I have obſerved, that this concluſion, *whatever is, is right*, is a conſequence of theſe premiſes, that *partial Evil tends to univerſal Good*; which the Author employs as a principle to humble the pride of Man, who would impiouſly make God accountable for his creation. What then does common ſenſe teach us to underſtand by *whatever is, is right?* Did the Poet mean right with regard to Man, or right with regard to God; right with regard to itſelf, or right with regard to its ultimate tendency? Surely, WITH REGARD TO GOD; for he tells us his deſign is to *vindicate the ways of God to Man.* Surely, with regard to its ULTIMATE TENDENCY; for he tells us again, *all partial ill is univerſal Good*, Ver. 291. Now is this any encouragement to Vice? Or does it take off from the crime of him who commits it, that God providentially produces Good out of Evil? Had Mr. Pope abruptly ſaid in his concluſion, *the reſult of all is, that whatever is, is right*, the objector had even then been inexcuſable for putting ſo abſurd a ſenſe upon the words, when he might have ſeen that it was a concluſion from the general principle above-mentioned; and therefore muſt neceſſarily have another meaning. But what muſt we think of him, when the Poet, to prevent miſtakes, had delivered, in this very place, the principle itſelf, together with this concluſion as the conſequence of it?

"All Diſcord, Harmony not underſtood;
"*All partial Evil, univerſal Good:*
"And, ſpite of Pride, in erring Reaſon's ſpite,
"One truth is clear,—*Whatever Is, is Right.*"

He could not have told his Reader plainer that his concluſion was the conſequence of that principle, unleſs he had written THEREFORE in great Church letters.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE II.

Of the Nature and State of Man, with reſpect to Himſelf, *as an Individual.*

I. *THE buſineſs of Man not to pry into* God, *but to ſtudy* himſelf. *His* Middle Nature; *his Powers and Frailties*, Ver. 1 to 19. *The Limits of his* Capacity, Ver. 19, etc. II. *The two Principles of Man*, Self-love *and* Reaſon, *both neceſſary*, Ver. 53, etc. Self-love *the ſtronger, and why*, Ver. 67, etc. *Their end the ſame*, Ver. 81, etc. III. *The* PASSIONS, *and their uſe*, Ver. 93 to 130. *The* Predominant Paſſion, *and its force*, Ver. 132 to 160. *Its Neceſſity, in directing Men to different purpoſes*, Ver. 165, etc. *Its providential Uſe, in fixing our Principle, and aſcertaining our Virtue*, Ver. 177. IV. Virtue *and* Vice *joined in our* mixed Nature; *the limits near, yet the things* ſeparate *and* evident: *What is the Office of* Reaſon, Ver. 202 to 216. V. *How odious* Vice *in itſelf, and how we deceive ourſelves in it*, Ver. 217. VI. *That, however, the* Ends *of* Providence *and* general Good *are anſwered in our Paſſions and Imperfections*, Ver. 238, etc. *How uſefully theſe are diſtributed to all* Orders of Men, Ver. 241. *How uſeful they are to* Society, Ver. 251. *And to* Individuals, Ver. 263. *In every* ſtate, *and every* age *of life*, Ver. 273, etc.

EPISTLE II.

I. KNOW then thyſelf, preſume not God to ſcan,
The proper ſtudy of Mankind is Man.
Plac'd on this iſthmus of a middle ſtate,
A Being darkly wiſe, and rudely great:

5 With

VARIATIONS.

VER. 2. Ed. 1ſt. The only ſcience of Mankind is Man.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 2. *The proper ſtudy, etc.*] The Poet having ſhewn, in the *firſt* epiſtle, that the *ways of God* are too high for our comprehenſion, rightly draws this concluſion: and methodically makes it the ſubject of his Introduction to the *ſecond*, which treats of the *Nature of Man*.

But here preſently the accuſers of Providence would be apt to object, and ſay, "Admit that we ran into an exceſs, when we pretended to cenſure or penetrate the deſigns of Providence, a matter, perhaps, too high for us; yet have not you gone as far into the oppoſite extreme, while you only ſend us to the knowledge of OURSELVES: You muſt mock us when you talk of this as a ſtudy; for who can doubt but we are intimately acquainted with our own Nature? The proper concluſion therefore from your proof of our inability to comprehend the ways of God, is, that we ſhould turn ourſelves to the ſtudy of the frame

of

NOTES.

VER. 3. *Plac'd on this iſthmus, etc.*] As the Poet hath given us this ſublime deſcription of Man for the very contrary purpoſe to what *Scepties* are wont to employ ſuch kind of paintings, namely, not to deter men from the ſearch, but to excite them to the diſcovery of truth; he hath, with great judgment, repreſented Man as doubting and wavering between the *right* and *wrong* object; from which ſtate it is allowable to hope he may be relieved by a careful and circumſpect uſe of Reaſon. On the contrary, had he ſuppoſed Man ſo blind as to be buſied in chuſing, or doubtful in his choice, between two objects *equally wrong*, the caſe had appeared deſperate, and all *ſtudy of Man* had been effectually diſcouraged. But M. *Du Reſnel*, not ſeeing the reaſon and beauty of this conduct, hath run into the very abſurdity, which I have here ſhewn Mr. Pope ſo artfully avoided. Of which the learned Reader may take the following proofs. The Poet ſays,

"Man hangs between; in doubt to *act*, or *reſt*."

Now he tells us it is Man's duty to *act*, not *reſt*, as the Stoics thought; and, to this their principle, the latter word alludes, whoſe Virtue, as he ſays afterwards, is

——"fix'd as in a Froſt,
"Contracted all, retiring to the breaſt:
"But ſtrength of mind is EXERCISE, not REST."

Now

5 With too much knowledge for the Sceptic ſide,
With too much weakneſs for the Stoic's pride,

He

COMMENTARY.

of general NATURE." Thus, I ſay, would they be apt to object; for, of all Men, thoſe who call themſelves *Freethinkers* are moſt given up to *Pride*; eſpecially to that kind which conſiſts in a boaſted knowledge of Man, the effects of which pride are ſo well expoſed in the *firſt* Epiſtle. The Poet, therefore, to convince them that this ſtudy is leſs eaſy than they imagine, replies (from Ver. 2 to 19.) to the *firſt* part of the objection, by deſcribing the dark and feeble ſtate of the human Underſtanding, with regard to the knowledge of ourſelves. And further to ſtrengthen this argument, he ſhews, in anſwer to the *ſecond* part of the objection (from Ver. 18 to 31.) that the higheſt advances in *natural knowledge* may be eaſily acquired,

NOTES.

Now hear the Tranſlator, who is not for mincing matters;

" Seroit-il en naiſſant *au travail condamné?*
" Aux *douceurs*, *du répos* ſeroit-il deſtiné?

and theſe are both wrong, for Man is neither condemned to *ſlaviſh Toil and Labour*, nor yet indulged in the *Luxury of Repoſe*. The Poet ſays,

" In doubt to deem himſelf a God or Beaſt."

i. e. He doubts, as appears from the very next line, whether his ſoul be *mortal* or *immortal*; one of which is the truth, namely, its *immortality*, as the Poet himſelf teaches, when he ſpeaks of the omnipreſence of God:

" Breathes in our *Soul*, informs our *mortal* part." EP. i. Ver. 275.

The Tranſlator, as we ſay, unconſcious of the Poet's purpoſe, rambles as before,

" Tantôt de ſon eſprit admirant l'excellence,
" Il penſe qu'il eſt Dieu, *qu'il en a la puiſſance*;
" *Et tantôt gemiſſant des beſoins de ſon corps*,
" *Il croit que de la brute, il n'a que les* RESORTS."

Here his head, turned to a ſceptical view, was running on the different extravagances of Plato in his Theology, and of Des Cartes in his Phyſiology. Sometimes, ſays he, Man believes himſelf a *real God*; and ſometimes again, a *mere machine:* things quite out of the Poet's thought in this place. Again, the Poet, in a beautiful alluſion to Scripture ſentiments, breaks out into this juſt and moral reflection of Man's condition here,

" Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err."

The Tranſlator turns this fine and ſober thought into the moſt outrageous Scepticiſm;

" Ce n'eſt que pour mourir, qu'il eſt né, qu'il reſpire,
" Et *toute ſa raiſon n' eſt preſque qu'un delire.*"

and ſo makes his Author directly contradict himſelf, where he ſays of Man, that he hath

—" too much knowledge for the Sceptic ſide."

He hangs between; in doubt to act, or reſt;
In doubt to deem himſelf a God, or Beaſt;
In doubt his Mind or Body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reaſon ſuch,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much:
Chaos of Thought and Paſſion, all confus'd;
Still by himſelf abus'd, or diſabus'd;

Created

COMMENTARY.

acquired, and yet we, all the while, continue very ignorant of *ourſelves*. For that neither the cleareſt ſcience, which reſults from the Newtonian philoſophy, nor the moſt ſublime, which is taught by the Platonic, will at all aſſiſt us in this ſelf-ſtudy; nay, what is more, that Religion itſelf, when grown fanatical and enthuſiaſtic, will be equally uſeleſs: Though pure and ſober Religion will beſt inſtruct us in Man's Nature; that knowledge being neceſſary to Religion; whoſe ſubject is Man conſidered in all his relations, and, conſequently, whoſe object is God.

NOTES.

VER. 10. *Born but to die, etc.*] The Author's meaning is, that as we are *born to die*, and yet do enjoy ſome ſmall portion of life; ſo, though we *reaſon to err*, yet we comprehend ſome few truths. This is the weak ſtate of Reaſon, in which Error mixes itſelf with all its true concluſions concerning Man's Nature.

VER. 11. *Alike in ignorance, etc.*] *i. e.* The proper ſphere of his Reaſon is ſo narrow, and the exerciſe of it ſo nice, that the too immoderate uſe of it is attended with the ſame ignorance that proceeds from the not uſing it at all. Yet, though in both theſe caſes, he is *abuſed by himſelf*, he has it ſtill in his own power to *diſabuſe himſelf*, in making his Paſſions ſubſervient to the *means*, and regulating his Reaſon by the *end* of life.

VER. 12. *Whether he thinks too little, or too much:*] It is ſo true, that ignorance ariſes as well from puſhing our enquiries too far, as from not carrying them far enough, that we may obſerve, when Speculations, even in Science, are carried beyond a certain point; that point, where uſe is reaſonably ſuppoſed to end, and mere curioſity to begin; they conclude in the moſt extravagant and ſenſeleſs inferences; ſuch as the unreality of matter; the reality of ſpace; the ſervility of the Will, *etc.* The cauſe of this ſudden fall out of full light into utter darkneſs, ſeems not to ariſe from the natural-condition of things, but to be the arbitrary decree of infinite wiſdom and goodneſs, which impoſed a barrier to the extravagancies of its giddy lawleſs creature, always inclined to purſue truths of leſs importance too far, and to neglect thoſe which are more neceſſary for his improvement in his ſtation here.

Created half to riſe, and half to fall;
Great Lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endleſs error hurl'd:
The glory, jeſt, and riddle of the world!
Go, wond'rous creature! mount where Science guides,
Go, meaſure earth, weigh air, and ſtate the tides;

Inſtruct

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 18. in the MS.

For more perfection than this ſtate can bear
In vain we ſigh, Heav'n made us as we are.
As wiſely ſure a modeſt Ape might aim
To be like Man, whoſe faculties and frame
He ſees, he feels, as you or I to be
An Angel thing we neither know nor ſee.
Obſerve how near he edges on our race;
What human tricks! how riſible of face!
It muſt be ſo—why elſe have I the ſenſe
Of more than monkey charms and excellence?
Why elſe to walk on two ſo oft eſſay'd?
And why this ardent longing for a Maid?

So

NOTES.

VER. 17. *Sole judge of truth, in endleſs error hurl'd:*] Some have imagined that the Author, by, *in endleſs error hurl'd*, meant, *caſt into endleſs error*, or, *into the regions of endleſs error*, and therefore have taken notice of it as an incongruity of ſpeech. But they neither underſtood the Poet's language, nor his ſenſe: to *hurl* and *caſt* are not ſynonymous; but related only as the genus and ſpecies; for to *hurl* ſignifies not ſimply to *caſt*, but to *caſt backward and forward*, and is taken from the rural game called *hurling*. So that, *into endleſs error hurl'd*, as theſe critics would have it, would have been a barbariſm. His words therefore ſignify *toſſed about in endleſs error*; and this he intended they ſhould ſignify, as appears from the antitheſis, *ſole judge of truth*. So that the ſenſe of the whole is,—"Though, as ſole judge of truth, "he is now fixed and ſtable; yet, as involved in *endleſs error*, he is now again *hurl'd*, or toſſed "up and down in it." This ſhews us how cautious we ought to be in cenſuring the expreſſions of a Writer, one of whoſe characteriſtic talents was correctneſs of expreſſion and propriety of ſentiment.

VER. 20. *Go, meaſure earth, etc.*] Alluding to the noble and uſeful labours of the modern Mathematicians, in meaſuring a degree at the equator and the polar circle, in order to determine the true figure of the earth; of great importance to aſtronomy and navigation; and which proved of equal honour to the wonderful ſagacity of Newton.

Inſtruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun;
Go, ſoar with Plato, to th' empyreal ſphere,
To the firſt good, firſt perfect, and firſt fair;
Or tread the mazy round his follow'rs trod,
And quitting ſenſe call imitating God;
As Eaſtern prieſts in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the Sun.
Go, teach Eternal Wiſdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyſelf, and be a fool!
Superior beings, when of late they ſaw
A mortal Man unfold all Nature's law,

Admir'd

VARIATIONS.

So Pug might plead, and call his Gods unkind,
Till ſet on end and married to his mind.
Go, reas'ning thing! aſſume the Doctor's chair,
As Plato deep, as Seneca ſevere:
Fix moral fitneſs, and to God give rule,
Then drop into thyſelf, etc.——

VER. 21. Ed. 4th and 5th.

Show by what rules the wand'ring planets ſtray,
Correct old Time, and teach the Sun his way.

NOTES.

VER. 22. *Correct old Time, etc.*] This alludes to Newton's Grecian Chronology, which he reformed on thoſe two ſublime conceptions, the difference between the reigns of kings, and the generations of men; and the poſition of the colures of the equinoxes and ſolſtices at the time of the Argonautic expedition.

VER. 29, 30. *Go, teach Eternal Wiſdom, etc.*] Theſe two lines are a concluſion from all that had been ſaid from Ver. 18. to this effect: Go now, vain Man, elated with thy acquirements in *real* ſcience, and *imaginary* intimacy with God; go, and run into all the extravagancies I have exploded in the firſt epiſtle, where thou pretendedſt to teach Providence how to govern; then drop into the obſcurities of thy own nature, and thereby manifeſt thy ignorance and folly.

VER. 31. *Superior beings, etc.*] In theſe lines the Poet ſpeaks to this effect: "But to make you fully ſenſible of the difficulty of this ſtudy, I ſhall inſtance in the great Newton himſelf; whom, when ſuperior beings, not long ſince, ſaw capable of unfolding the whole law of Nature,

Admir'd ſuch wiſdom in an earthly ſhape,
And ſhew'd a NEWTON as we ſhew an Ape.

35 Could

COMMENTARY.

VER. 31. *Superior beings, etc.*] To give this ſecond argument its full force, he illuſtrates it (from Ver. 30 to 43.) by the nobleſt example that ever was in ſcience, the incomparable NEWTON; who, although he penetrated ſo far beyond others into the works of GOD, yet could go no farther in the knowledge of his own nature than the generality of his fellows. Of which the Poet aſſigns this very juſt and adequate reaſon: In all *other ſciences* the Underſtanding is unchecked and uncontrouled by any oppoſite principle; but in the ſcience of *Man*, the Paſſions overturn as faſt as Reaſon can build up.

NOTES.

ture, they were in doubt whether the owner of ſuch prodigious ſagacity ſhould not be reckoned of their order; juſt as men, when they ſee the ſurprizing marks of Reaſon in an Ape, are almoſt tempted to rank him with their own kind." And yet this wondrous Man could go no further in the knowledge of himſelf than the generality of his ſpecies. M. Du Reſnel, who underſtood nothing of all this, tranſlates theſe four celebrated lines thus,

" Des celeſtes Eſprits la vive intelligence
" Regarde *avec pitie nôtre foible Science*;
" Newton, le grand Newton, que nos admirons tous
" Eſt peut-être pour eux, *ce qu'un Singe eſt pour nous*."

But it is not the *pity*, but the *admiration* of thoſe celeſtial Spirits which is here ſpoken of. And it was for no ſlight cauſe they admired; it was, *to ſee a mortal man unfold the whole law of Nature*. By which we ſee, it was not Mr. Pope's intention to bring any of the Ape's *qualities*, but its *ſagacity*, into the compariſon. But why the *Ape*'s, it may be ſaid, rather than the ſagacity of ſome more decent animal, particularly the *half-reaſoning elephant*, as the Poet calls it; which, as well on account of this its excellence, as for its having no ridiculous ſide, like the Ape, on which it could be viewed, ſeems better to have deſerved this honour? I reply, Becauſe, as a ſhape reſembling human (which only the Ape has) muſt be joined with great ſagacity, to raiſe a ſuſpicion that the animal, thus endowed, is related to man; ſo the ſpirituality, which Newton had in common with Angels, joined to a penetration ſuperior to Man, made thoſe Beings ſuſpect he might be one of their order. On this ground of relation, we ſee the whole beauty of the thought depends. — And here let me take notice of a new ſpecies of the ſublime, of which our Poet may be juſtly ſaid to be the Maker; ſo new, that we have yet no name for it, though of a nature diſtinct from every other known beauty of Poetry. The two great perfections in works of genius, are WIT and SUBLIMITY. Many Writers have been witty; ſome have been ſublime; and a few have even poſſeſſed both theſe qualities ſeparately: but none, that I know of, beſides our Poet, hath had the art to INCORPORATE them; of which he hath given many examples, both in this Eſſay, and his other poems; one of the nobleſt being the paſſage in queſtion. This ſeems to be the laſt effort of the imagination to poetical perfection: and, in this compounded excellence, the Wit receives a dignity from the Sublime,

and

Could he, whoſe rules the rapid Comet bind,
Deſcribe or fix one movement of his Mind?
Who ſaw its fires here riſe, and there deſcend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end?

Alas

VARIATIONS.

VER. 35. Ed. 1ſt.

Could he, who taught each Planet where to roll,
Deſcribe or fix one movement of the Soul?
Who mark'd their points to riſe or to deſcend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end?

NOTES.

and the Sublime a ſplendor from the Wit; which, in their ſtate of ſeparate exiſtence, they neither of them had. Yet a late Critic, who writes with the deciſion of a Lord of Seſſion on Parnaſſus, thinks otherwiſe: "It may be gathered, ſays he, from what is ſaid above, that "wit and ridicule make not an agreeable mixture with grandeur. Diſſimilar emotions have "a fine effect in a ſlow ſucceſſion; but in a rapid ſucceſſion which approaches to co-exiſtence, "they will not be reliſhed *." What pity is it, that the Poet ſhould here confute the Critic by DOING what the Critic, with his *rules*, teaches us cannot be done. Boileau, who was both Poet and Critic, had a clear view of this excellence in idea; while the mere Critic had no idea of what he might clearly ſee before his eyes.

"ON PEUT-ETRE A LA FOIS ET POMPEAUX ET PLAISANT;
"Et je hais un SUBLIME ennuyeux et peſant."

VER. 37. *Who ſaw its fires here riſe, etc.*] Sir Iſaac Newton, in calculating the velocity of a Comet's motion, and the courſe it deſcribes, when it becomes viſible in its deſcent to, and aſcent from the Sun, conjectur'd, with the higheſt appearance of truth, that Comets revolve perpetually round the Sun, in ellipſes vaſtly eccentrical, and very nearly approaching to parabolas. In which he was greatly confirmed, in obſerving between two Comets a coincidence in their perihelions, and a perfect agreement in their velocities.—Theſe matters have occaſioned a pleaſant conceit in the Author of *Elements of Criticiſm*, where for ſome reaſon or other he enters upon the nature and effects of Motion, and obſerves, "that regular motion is preferred; witneſs (ſays he) the motion of the Planets in orbits nearly circular; the motion of the Comets in orbits leſs regular is leſs agreeable." Now not to quarrel with him about the more or leſs regularity of different Ellipſes; the pleaſantry of the conceit is this, that ſpeaking of the pleaſures of the imagination ariſing from different motions, he illuſtrates his point by motions which do not fall under the obſervation of ſenſe at all. For tho' Comets and Planets are viſible, yet the orbits in which they move being inviſible, their motion appears equally regular or irregular.

* Elements of Criticiſm, Vol. i. p. 377.

Alas what wonder! Man's ſuperior part
Uncheck'd may riſe, and climb from art to art;
But when his own great work is but begun,
What Reaſon weaves, by Paſſion is undone.
Trace Science then, with Modeſty thy guide:
Firſt ſtrip off all her equipage of Pride;
Deduct what is but Vanity, or Dreſs,
Or Learning's Luxury, or Idleneſs;
Or tricks to ſhew the ſtretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleaſure, or ingenious pain;

Expunge

COMMENTARY.

VER. 43. *Trace Science then, etc.*] The concluſion, therefore, from the whole is (from Ver. 42 to 53.) that, as on the one hand we ſhould perſiſt in the ſtudy of Nature; ſo, on the other, in order to arrive at Science, we ſhould proceed in the ſimplicity of truth; and then the produce, though ſmall, will yet be real.

NOTES.

VER. 45.—*Vanity, or Dreſs,*] Theſe are the firſt parts of what the Poet, in the preceding line, calls the ſcholar's *equipage of Pride*. By *vanity* is meant that luxuriancy of thought and expreſſion in which a Writer indulges himſelf, to ſhew the fruitfulneſs of his fancy or invention. By *dreſs*, is to be underſtood a lower degree of that practice, in amplification of thought and ornamental expreſſion, to give force to what the Writer would convey: but even this, the Poet, in a ſevere ſearch after truth, condemns; and with great judgment. Conciſeneſs of thought and ſimplicity of expreſſion, being as well the beſt *inſtruments*, as the beſt *vehicles* of Truth. *Shakeſpear* touches upon this latter advantage with great force and humour. The Flatterer ſays to *Timon* in diſtreſs, "I cannot *cover* the monſtrous *bulk* of their ingratitude "with any *ſize of words*." The other replies, "Let it go *naked*; men may ſee't the "better."

VER. 46. *Or Learning's Luxury, or Idleneſs;*] The *Luxury of Learning* conſiſts in dreſſing up and diſguiſing old notions in a new way, ſo as to make them more faſhionable and palatable; inſtead of examining and ſcrutinizing their truth. As this is often done for pomp and ſhew, it is called *luxury*; as it is often done too to ſave pains and labour, it is called *idleneſs*.

VER. 47. *Or tricks to ſhew the ſtretch of human brain,*] Such as the mathematical demonſtrations concerning the *ſmall quantity of matter*; the *endleſs diviſibility* of it, etc.

VER. 48. *Mere curious pleaſure, or ingenious pain;*] i. e. when *Admiration* has ſet the mind on the rack.

Expunge the whole, or lop th' excreſcent parts
Of all our Vices have created Arts;
Then ſee how little the remaining ſum,
Which ſerv'd the paſt, and muſt the times to come!
II. Two Principles in human nature reign;
Self-love, to urge, and Reaſon, to reſtrain;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move or govern all:
And to their proper operation ſtill,
Aſcribe all Good; to their improper, Ill.
Self-love, the ſpring of motion, acts the ſoul;
Reaſon's comparing balance rules the whole.

Man,

COMMENTARY.

VER. 53. *Two Principles, etc.*] The Poet having thus ſhewn the difficulty which attends the ſtudy of Man, proceeds to remove it, by laying before us the elements or true principles of this ſcience, in an account of the *Origin*, *Uſe*, and *End* of the PASSIONS; which, in my opinion, contains the trueſt, cleareſt, ſhorteſt, and conſequently the beſt ſyſtem of Ethics that is any where to be met with. He begins (from Ver. 52 to 59.) with pointing out the two grand Principles in human nature, SELF-LOVE and REASON. Deſcribes their general nature: The firſt ſets Man upon acting, the other regulates his action. However, theſe principles are *natural*, not *moral*; and, therefore, in themſelves, neither good nor evil, but ſo only as they are directed. This obſervation is made with great judgment, in oppoſition to the deſperate folly of thoſe Fanatics, who, as the Aſcetic, vainly pretend to eradicate Self-love; or as the Myſtic, are more ſucceſsful in ſtifling Reaſon; and both, on the abſurd fancy of their being *moral*, not *natural*, principles.

VER. 59. *Self-love, the ſpring of motion, acts the ſoul;*] The Poet proceeds (from Ver. 58 to 67.) more minutely to mark out the diſtinct offices of theſe two Principles, which offices he had before aſſigned only in general; and here he ſhews their neceſſity; for without Self-love, as the *ſpring*, Man would be unactive: and without Reaſon, as the *balance*, active to no purpoſe.

NOTES.

VER. 49. *Expunge the whole, or lop th' excreſcent parts——*
Of all our Vices have created Arts;]
i. e. Thoſe parts of natural Philoſophy, Logic, Rhetoric, Poetry, etc. which adminiſter to luxury, deceit, ambition, effeminacy, etc.

Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And, but for this, were active to no end:
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar ſpot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
Or, meteor-like, flame lawleſs through the void,
Deſtroying others, by himſelf deſtroy'd.
Moſt ſtrength the moving principle requires:
Active its taſk, it prompts, impels, inſpires.
Sedate and quiet, the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and adviſe.
Self-love ſtill ſtronger, as its objects nigh;
Reaſon's at diſtance, and in proſpect lie:
That ſees immediate good by preſent ſenſe;
Reaſon, the future and the conſequence.
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,
At beſt more watchful this, but that more ſtrong.
The action of the ſtronger to ſuſpend
Reaſon ſtill uſe, to Reaſon ſtill attend.

Attention,

COMMENTARY.

VER. 67. *Moſt ſtrength the moving principle requires:*] Having thus explained the ends and offices of each Principle, he goes on (from Ver. 66 to 79.) to ſpeak of their qualities; and ſhews how they are fitted to diſcharge thoſe functions, and anſwer their reſpective intentions. The buſineſs of Self-love being to excite to action, it is quick and impetuous; and moving inſtinctively, has, like attraction, its force prodigiouſly increaſed as the object approaches, and proportionably leſſened as it recedes. On the contrary, Reaſon, like the Author of attraction, is always calm and ſedate, and equally preſerves itſelf, whether the object be near or far off. Hence the moving principle is made more ſtrong, though the reſtraining be more quick-ſighted. The conſequence he draws from this is, that if we would not be carried away to our deſtruction, we muſt always keep Reaſon upon guard.

NOTES.

VER. 74. *Reaſon, the future and the conſequence.*] *i. e.* By *experience*, Reaſon collects the *future*; and by *argumentation*, the *conſequence*.

Attention, habit and experience gains;
Each ſtrengthens Reaſon, and Self-love reſtrains.
Let ſubtle ſchoolmen teach theſe friends to fight,
More ſtudious to divide than to unite;
And Grace and Virtue, Senſe and Reaſon ſplit,
With all the raſh dexterity of wit.
Wits, juſt like Fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the ſame.

Self-love

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 86. in the MS.

Of good and evil Gods what frighted Fools,
Of good and evil Reaſon puzzled ſchools,
Deceiv'd, deceiving, taught——

COMMENTARY.

VER. 79. *Attention, etc.*] But it would be objected, that, if this account be true, human life would be moſt miſerable; and, even in the wiſeſt, a perpetual conflict between Reaſon and the Paſſions. To this, therefore, the Poet replies (from Ver. 78 to 81.) firſt, that Providence has ſo graciouſly contrived, that even in the voluntary exerciſe of Reaſon, as in the mechanic motion of a limb, Habit makes what was at firſt done with pain, eaſy and natural. And ſecondly, that the experience gained by the long exerciſe of Reaſon, goes a great way towards eluding the force of Self-love. Now the attending to Reaſon, as here recommended, will gain us this habit and experience. Hence it appears, that our ſtation, in which Reaſon is to be kept conſtantly upon guard, is not ſo uneaſy a one as may be at firſt imagined.

VER. 81. *Let ſubtle ſchoolmen, etc.*] From this deſcription of Self-love and Reaſon it follows, as the Poet obſerves (from Ver. 80 to 93.) that both conſpire to one end, namely, human happineſs, though they be not equally expert in the choice of the means; the difference being this, that the firſt haſtily ſeizes every thing which hath the appearance of good; the other weighs and examines whether it be indeed what it appears.

This ſhews, as he next obſerves, the folly of the ſchoolmen, who conſider them as two oppoſite principles, the one good and the other evil. The obſervation is ſeaſonable and judicious; for this dangerous ſchool-opinion gives great ſupport to the Manichean or Zoroaſtrian error, the confutation of which was one of the Author's chief ends in writing. For if there be *two principles* in Man, a *good* and *evil*, it is natural to think him the joint product of the two Manichean Deities (the firſt of which contributed to his *Reaſon*, the other to his *Paſſions*) rather than the creature of one Individual Cauſe. This was Plutarch's opinion, and, as we may ſee in him, of ſome of the more ancient theiſtical Philoſophers. It was of importance, therefore, to reprobrate and ſubvert a notion that ſerved to the ſupport of ſo dangerous an error: And this the Poet hath done with much force and clearneſs.

Self-love and Reaſon to one end aſpire,
Pain their averſion, Pleaſure their deſire;
But greedy That, its object would devour,
This taſte the honey, and not wound the flow'r:
Pleaſure, or wrong or rightly underſtood,
Our greateſt evil, or our greateſt good.

III. Modes of Self-love the Paſſions we may call:
'Tis real good, or ſeeming, moves them all:
But ſince not ev'ry good we can divide,
And reaſon bids us for our own provide;
Paſſions, tho' ſelfiſh, if their means be fair,
Liſt under Reaſon, and deſerve her care;
Thoſe, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take ſome Virtue's name.

In lazy Apathy let Stoics boaſt
Their Virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a froſt;
Contracted all, retiring to the breaſt;
But ſtrength of mind is Exerciſe, not Reſt:

The

COMMENTARY.

VER. 93. *Modes of Self-love, etc.*] Having given this account of the nature of Self-love in general, he comes now to anatomize it, in a diſcourſe on the PASSIONS, which he aptly names the MODES OF SELF-LOVE. The object of all theſe, he ſhews (from Ver. 92 to 101.) is *good*; and, when under the guidance of Reaſon, *real good*, either of ourſelves or of another; for ſome goods not being capable of diviſion, or communication, and Reaſon at the ſame time directing us to provide for ourſelves, we therefore, in purſuit of theſe objects, ſometimes aim at our own good, ſometimes at the good of others: when fairly aiming at our own, the quality is called *Prudence*; when at another's, *Virtue*.

Hence (as he ſhews from Ver. 100 to 105.) appears the folly of the Stoics, who would eradicate the Paſſions, things ſo neceſſary both to the good of the Individual and of the Kind. Which prepoſterous method of promoting Virtue he therefore very reaſonably reproves.

The riſing tempeſt puts in act the ſoul,
Parts it may ravage, but preſerves the whole.
On life's vaſt ocean diverſely we ſail,
Reaſon the card, but paſſion is the gale;
Nor God alone in the ſtill calm we find,
He mounts the ſtorm, and walks upon the wind.

Paſſions,

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 108. in the MS.

A tedious Voyage! where how uſeleſs lies
The compaſs, if no pow'rful guſts ariſe?

COMMENTARY.

VER. 105. *The riſing tempeſt puts in act the ſoul,*] But as it was from obſervation of the evils occaſioned by the paſſions, that the Stoics thus extravagantly projected their extirpation, the Poet recurs (from Ver. 104 to 111.) to his grand principle ſo often before, and to ſo good purpoſe, inſiſted on, that *partial Ill is univerſal Good*; and ſhews, that though the tempeſt of the Paſſions, like that of the air, may tear and ravage ſome few parts of nature in its paſſage, yet the ſalutary agitation produced by it preſerves the Whole, in life and vigour. This is his *firſt* argument againſt the Stoics, which he illuſtrates by a very beautiful ſimilitude, on a hint taken from Scripture:

"Nor God alone in the ſtill calm we find,
"He mounts the ſtorm, and walks upon the wind."

NOTES.

VER. 109. *Nor God alone* in the ſtill calm *we find,*
He mounts the ſtorm, *and walks upon the wind.*]
The Tranſlator turns it thus,

"Dieu lui-même, Dieu ſort de *ſon profond repos.*"

And ſo, makes an *Epicurean* God, of the Governor of the Univerſe. M. De Crouſaz does not ſpare this expreſſion of *God's coming out of his profound repoſe.* "It is, ſays he, exceſſively "poetical, and preſents us with ideas which we ought not to dwell upon," etc. and then as uſual blames the Author for the blunder of his Tranſlator. *Comm. p.* 158.

VER. 109. *Nor God alone, etc.*] Theſe words are only a ſimple affirmation in the poetic dreſs of a ſimilitude, to this purpoſe: Good is not only produced by the ſubdual of the Paſſions, but by the turbulent exerciſe of them. A truth conveyed under the moſt ſublime imagery that poetry could conceive or paint. For the author is here only ſhewing the providential iſſue of the Paſſions; and how, by God's gracious diſpoſition, they are turned away from

Paſſions, like elements, though born to fight,
Yet, mix'd and ſoften'd, in his work unite:
Theſe 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what compoſes Man, can Man deſtroy?
Suffice that Reaſon keep to Nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, Hope, and Joy, fair pleaſure's ſmiling train,
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of pain,
Theſe mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind:

The

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 112. in the MS.

The ſoft reward the virtuous, or invite;
The fierce, the vicious puniſh or affright.'

COMMENTARY.

VER. 111. *Paſſions, like elements, etc.*] His *ſecond* argument againſt the Stoics (from Ver. 110 to 133.) is, that Paſſions go to the compoſition of a moral character, juſt as elementary particles go to the compoſition of an organized body: Therefore, for Man to project the deſtruction of what compoſes his very Being, is the height of extravagance. 'Tis true, he tells us, that theſe Paſſions, which in their natural ſtate, like elements, are in perpetual jar, muſt be tempered, ſoftened, and united, in order to perfect the work of the great plaſtic Artiſt; who, in this office, employs human Reaſon; whoſe buſineſs it is to follow the road of Nature, and to obſerve the dictates of the Deity;—*Follow her and God.* The uſe and importance of this precept is evident: For in doing the firſt, ſhe will diſcover the abſurdity of attempting to eradicate the Paſſions; in doing the ſecond, ſhe will learn how to make them ſubſervient to the intereſts of Virtue.

NOTES.

from their natural deſtructive bias, to promote the Happineſs of Mankind. As to the method in which they are to be treated by Man, in whom they are found, all that he contends for, in favour of them, is only this, that they ſhould not be quite rooted up and deſtroyed, as the Stoics, and their followers, in all Religions, fooliſhly attempted. For the reſt, he conſtantly repeats this advice,

" The action of the ſtronger to ſuſpend,
" Reaſon ſtill uſe, to Reaſon ſtill attend."

The lights and ſhades, whoſe well accorded ſtrife
Gives all the ſtrength and colour of our life.
Pleaſures are ever in our hands or eyes;
And when, in act, they ceaſe, in proſpect, riſe:
Preſent to graſp, and future ſtill to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All ſpread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On diff'rent ſenſes diff'rent objects ſtrike;
Hence diff'rent Paſſions more or leſs inflame,
As ſtrong or weak, the organs of the frame;
And hence one MASTER PASSION in the breaſt,
Like Aaron's ſerpent, ſwallows up the reſt.

As

COMMENTARY.

VER. 123. *Pleaſures are ever in our hands or eyes*;] His *third* argument againſt the Stoics (from Ver. 122 to 127.) is, that the Paſſions are a continual ſpur to the purſuit of Happineſs; which, without theſe powerful inciters, we ſhould neglect; and ſink into a ſenſeleſs indolence. Now Happineſs is the *end* of our creation; and this excitement, the *means* to that end; therefore, theſe movers, the Paſſions, are the inſtruments of God, which he hath put into the hands of Reaſon to work withal.

VER. 127. *All ſpread their charms, etc.*] The Poet now proceeds in his ſubject; and this laſt obſervation leads him naturally to the diſcuſſion of his next principle. He ſhews then, that though all the Paſſions have their turn in ſwaying the determinations of the mind, yet every Man hath one MASTER PASSION that at length ſtifles or abſorbs all the reſt. The fact he illuſtrates at large in his epiſtle to Lord Cobham. Here (from Ver. 126 to 149.) he giveth us the CAUSE of it. Thoſe Pleaſures or Goods, which are the objects of the Paſſions, affect the mind by ſtriking on the ſenſes; but, as through the formation of the organs of our frame, every man hath ſome one ſenſe ſtronger and more acute than others, the object which ſtrikes that ſtronger or acuter ſenſe, whatever it be, will be the object moſt deſired; and conſequently, the purſuit of that will be the *ruling Paſſion:* That the difference of force in this ruling Paſſion, ſhall, at firſt, perhaps, be very ſmall or even imperceptible; but Nature, Habit, Imagination, Wit, nay even Reaſon itſelf ſhall aſſiſt its growth, till it hath at length drawn and converted every other into itſelf. All which is delivered in a ſtrain of Poetry ſo wonderfully ſublime, as ſuſpends, for a while, the *ruling Paſſion* in every Reader, and engroſſes his whole Admiration.

This naturally leads the Poet to lament the weakneſs and inſufficiency of human Reaſon (from Ver. 148 to 161.) and the purpoſe he had in ſo doing, was plainly to intimate THE NECESSITY OF A MORE PERFECT DISPENSATION TO MANKIND.

As Man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young diſeaſe, that muſt ſubdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and ſtrengthens with his ſtrength:
So, caſt and mingl'd with his very frame,
The Mind's diſeaſe, its RULING PASSION came;
Each vital humour which ſhould feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in ſoul:
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions ſpread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.
Nature its mother, Habit is its nurſe;
Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worſe;
Reaſon itſelf but gives it edge and pow'r;
As Heav'n's bleſt beam turns vinegar more ſow'r.
We, wretched ſubjects though to lawful ſway,
In this weak queen, ſome fav'rite ſtill obey:

Ah!

NOTES.

VER. 133. *As Man, perhaps, etc.*] "Antipater Sidonius Poeta omnibus annis uno die "natali tantum corripiebatur febre, et eo conſumptus eſt ſatis longa ſenecta." *Plin.* l. vii. *N. H.* This *Antipater* was in the times of Craſſus; and is celebrated for the quickneſs of his parts by Cicero.

VER. 147. *Reaſon itſelf, etc.*] The Poet, in ſome other of his epiſtles, gives examples of the doctrine and precepts here delivered. Thus, in that *Of the Uſe of Riches*, he has illuſtrated this truth in the character of Cotta:

"Old Cotta ſham'd his fortune and his birth,
"Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth.
"What though (the uſe of barb'rous ſpits forgot)
"His kitchen vy'd in coolneſs with his grot?
"*If Cotta liv'd on pulſe, it was no more*
"*Than bramins, ſaints, and ſages did before.*"

VER. 149. *We, wretched ſubjects, etc.*] St. Paul himſelf did not chuſe to employ other arguments, when diſpoſed to give us the higheſt idea of the uſefulneſs of CHRISTIANITY (*Rom.* vii.) But, it may be, the Poet finds a Remedy in NATURAL RELIGION. Far from it.

Ah! if ſhe lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can ſhe more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our Nature, not to mend,
A ſharp accuſer, but a helpleſs friend!
Or from a judge turn pleader, to perſuade
The choice we make, or juſtify it made;
Proud of an eaſy conqueſt all along,
She but removes weak Paſſions for the ſtrong:
So, when ſmall humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out.
Yes, Nature's road muſt ever be preferr'd;
Reaſon is here no guide, but ſtill a guard:
'Tis her's to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this paſſion more as friend than foe:
A mightier

COMMENTARY.

VER. 161. *Yes, Nature's road, etc.*] Now as it appears from the account here given of the *ruling Paſſion* and its cauſe, (which reſults from the ſtructure of the organs) that it is the road of Nature, the Poet ſhews (from Ver. 160 to 167.) that this road is to be followed. So that the office of Reaſon is not to direct us what paſſion to exerciſe, but to aſſiſt us in RECTIFYING, and keeping within due bounds, that which Nature hath ſo ſtrongly impreſſed; becauſe

" A mightier pow'r the ſtrong direction ſends,
" And ſev'ral Men impels to ſev'ral ends."

NOTES.

He here leaves Reaſon unrelieved. What is this, but an intimation that we ought to ſeek for a cure in that Religion, which only dares profeſs to give it?

VER. 163. *'Tis her's to rectify, etc.*] The meaning of this precept is, That as the ruling Paſſion is implanted by Nature, it is Reaſon's office to regulate, direct, and reſtrain, but not to overthrow it. To reform the paſſion of Avarice, for inſtance, into a parſimonious diſpenſation of the public revenues: to direct the paſſion of Love, whoſe object is worth and beauty,

" To the firſt good, firſt perfect, and firſt fair,"

the τὸ καλόν τ' ἀγαθὸν, as his maſter Plato adviſes; and to reſtrain Spleen to a contempt and hatred of Vice. This is what the Poet meant; and what every unprejudiced man could not but ſee he muſt needs mean, by RECTIFYING THE MASTER PASSION, though he had not confined us to this ſenſe, in the reaſon he gives of his precept in theſe words:

" A mightier Pow'r the ſtrong direction ſends,
" And ſev'ral Men impels to ſev'ral ends."

For, What ends are they which God impels to, but the ends of Virtue?

A mightier Pow'r the ſtrong direction ſends,
And ſev'ral Men impels to ſev'ral ends:
Like varying winds, by other paſſions toſt,
This drives them conſtant to a certain coaſt.
Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory, pleaſe,
Or (oft more ſtrong than all) the love of eaſe;
Through life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expence;
The merchant's toil, the ſage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find reaſon on their ſide.
Th' Eternal Art educing good from ill,
Grafts on this Paſſion our beſt principle:
'Tis thus the Mercury of Man is fix'd,
Strong grows the Virtue with his nature mix'd;
The droſs cements what elſe were too refin'd,
And in one int'reſt body acts with mind.

As

COMMENTARY.

VER. 167. *Like varying winds, etc.*] The Poet having proved that the *ruling paſſion* (ſince Nature hath given it us) is not to be overthrown, but *rectified*; the next inquiry will be of what *uſe* the ruling paſſion is; for an uſe it muſt have, if reaſon be to treat it thus mildly. This uſe he ſhews us (from Ver. 166 to 197.) is twofold, Natural and Moral.

1. Its *Natural* uſe is to conduct Men ſteddily to one certain end; who would otherwiſe be eternally fluctuating between the equal violence of various and diſcordant paſſions, driving them up and down at random; and, by that means, to enable them to promote the good of ſociety, by making each a contributor to the common ſtock:

" Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory, pleaſe," etc.

2. Its *Moral* uſe is to ingraft our ruling Virtue upon it; and by that means to enable us to promote our own good, by turning the exorbitancy of the *ruling paſſion* into its neighbouring Virtue:

" See anger, zeal and fortitude ſupply;" etc.

The wiſdom of the divine Artiſt is, as the Poet finely obſerves, very illuſtrious in this contrivance; for the mind and body having now one common intereſt, the efforts of Virtue will have their force infinitely augmented:

" 'Tis thus the Mercury," etc.

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On ſavage ſtocks inſerted, learn to bear;
The ſureſt Virtues thus from Paſſions ſhoot,
Wild Nature's vigour working at the root.
What crops of wit and honeſty appear
From ſpleen, from obſtinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger, zeal and fortitude ſupply;
Ev'n av'rice, prudence; ſloth, philoſophy;
Luſt, through ſome certain ſtrainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind;
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a ſlave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;
Nor Virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on pride, or grow on ſhame.
Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue neareſt to our vice ally'd:

Reaſon

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 194 in the MS.

How oft, with Paſſion, Virtue points her charms!
Then ſhines the Hero, then the Patriot warms.
Peleus' great Son, or Brutus, who had known,
Had Lucrece been a Whore, or Helen none?
But Virtues oppoſite to make agree,
That, Reaſon! is thy taſk; and worthy Thee.
Hard taſk, cries Bibulus, and Reaſon weak.
—Make it a point, dear Marqueſs! or a pique.
Once, for a whim, perſuade yourſelf to pay
A debt to Reaſon, like a debt at play.
For right or wrong have mortals ſuffer'd more?
B— for his Prince, or * * for his Whore?
Whoſe ſelf-denials Nature moſt controul?
His, who would ſave a Sixpence or his Soul?
Web for his health, a Chartreux for his Sin,
Contend they not which ſooneſt ſhall grow thin?
What we reſolve, we can: but here's the fault,
We ne'er reſolve to do the thing we ought.

Reaſon the byas turns from good to ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
The fiery ſoul abhorr'd in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine:
The ſame ambition can deſtroy or ſave,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.
This light and darkneſs in our chaos join'd,
What ſhall divide? The God within the mind.

Extremes

COMMENTARY.

VER. 197. *Reaſon the byas, etc.*] But leſt it ſhould be objected that this account favours the doctrine of Neceſſity, and would inſinuate that men are only acted upon, in the production of good out of evil; the Poet teacheth (from Ver. 196 to 203.) that Man is a free agent, and hath it in his power to turn the natural paſſions into virtues or into vices, properly ſo called:

"Reaſon the byas turns to good from ill,
"And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will."

Secondly, if it ſhould be objected, that though he doth, indeed, tell us ſome actions are beneficial and ſome hurtful, yet he could not call thoſe *virtuous*, nor theſe *vicious*, becauſe, as he hath deſcribed things, the motive appears to be only the gratification of ſome paſſion; give me leave to anſwer for him, that this would be miſtaking the argument, which (to Ver. 249 of this epiſtle) conſiders the paſſions only with regard to *Society*, that is, with regard to their *effects* rather than their *motives*: That, however, it is his deſign to teach that actions are *properly virtuous and vicious*; and though it be difficult to diſtinguiſh genuine virtue from ſpurious, they having both the ſame appearance, and both the ſame public effects, yet that they may be diſentangled. If it be aſked, by what means? He replies (from Ver. 202 to 205.) by conſcience;—*the God within the mind*;—and this is to the purpoſe; for it is a Man's own concern, and no one's elſe, to know whether his virtue be pure and ſolid; for what is it to others, whether this virtue (while, as to them, the effect of it is the ſame) be real or imaginary?

NOTES.

VER. 204. *The God within the mind.*] A Platonic phraſe for CONSCIENCE; and here employed with great judgment and propriety. For Conſcience either ſignifies, ſpeculatively, the judgment we paſs of things upon whatever principles we chance to have; and then it is only Opinion, a very unable judge and divider; or elſe it ſignifies, practically, the application of the eternal rule of right (received by us as the law of God) to the regulation of our actions; and then it is properly Conſcience, *the God* (or the law of God) *within the mind*, of power to divide the light from the darkneſs in this Chaos of the paſſions.

Extremes in Nature equal ends produce,
In Man they join to ſome myſterious uſe;
Tho' each by turns the other's bound invade,
As, in ſome well-wrought picture, light and ſhade,
And oft ſo mix, the diff'rence is too nice
Where ends the Virtue, or begins the Vice.
Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That Vice or Virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, ſoften, and unite
A thouſand ways, is there no black or white?
Aſk your own heart, and nothing is ſo plain;
'Tis to miſtake them, coſts the time and pain.
Vice is a monſter of ſo frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be ſeen;
Yet ſeen too oft, familiar with her face,
We firſt endure, then pity, then embrace.

But

COMMENTARY.

VER. 205. *Extremes in Nature equal ends produce, etc.*] But ſtill it will be ſaid, Why all this difficulty to diſtinguiſh true virtue from falſe? The Poet ſhews why (from Ver. 204 to 211.) That though indeed vice and virtue ſo invade each other's bounds, that ſometimes we can ſcarce tell where one ends and the other begins, yet great purpoſes are ſerved thereby, no leſs than the perfecting the conſtitution of the Whole, as lights and ſhades, which run into one another inſenſibly in a well-wrought picture, make the harmony and ſpirit of the compoſition. But on this account to ſay there is neither vice nor virtue, the Poet ſhews (from Ver. 210 to 217.) would be juſt as wiſe as to ſay, there is neither black nor white; becauſe the ſhade of that, and the light of this, often run into one another, and are mutually loſt:

"Aſk your own heart, and nothing is ſo plain;
"'Tis to miſtake them, coſts the time and pain."

This is an error of *ſpeculation*, which leads Men ſo fooliſhly to conclude, that there is neither vice nor virtue.

VER. 217. *Vice is a monſter, etc.*] There is another Error, an error of *practice*, which hath more general and hurtful effects; and is next conſidered (from Ver. 216 to 221.) It is this, that though, at the firſt aſpect, Vice be ſo horrible as to fright the beholder, yet, when by habit we are once grown familiar with her, we firſt ſuffer, and in time begin to loſe the memory of her nature; which neceſſarily implies an equal ignorance in the nature of Virtue. Hence men conclude, that there is neither one nor the other.

But where th' Extreme of Vice, was ne'er agreed:
Aſk where's the North? at York, 'tis on the Tweed;
In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
No creature owns it in the firſt degree,
But thinks his neighbour further gone than he;
Ev'n thoſe who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own;
What happier natures ſhrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right.
Virtuous and vicious ev'ry Man muſt be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;

The

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 220. in the 1ſt Edition, followed theſe,

A Cheat! a Whore! who ſtarts not at the name,
In all the Inns of Court or Drury-lane?

After Ver. 226. in the MS.

The Col'nel ſwears the Agent is a dog,
The Scriv'ner vows th' Attorney is a rogue.
Againſt the Thief th' Attorney loud inveighs,
For whoſe ten pound the County twenty pays.
The Thief damns Judges, and the Knaves of State;
And dying, mourns ſmall Villains hang'd by great.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 221. *But where th' Extreme of Vice, etc.*] But it is not only that extreme of Vice which ſtands next to Virtue, which betrays us into theſe miſtakes. We are deceived too, as he ſhews us, (from Ver. 220 to 231.) by our obſervations concerning the other extreme: For from the extreme of Vice being unſettled, Men conclude that Vice itſelf is only nominal, at leaſt rather comparative than real.

VER. 231. *Virtuous and vicious ev'ry Man muſt be,*] There is yet a third cauſe of this error of *no Vice, no Virtue*, compoſed of the other two, *i. e.* partly *ſpeculative*, and partly *practical*. And this alſo the Poet conſiders (from Ver. 230 to 239.) ſhewing it ariſeth from the imperfection of the beſt characters, and the inequality of all: whence it happens that no Man is extremely virtuous or vicious; nor extremely conſtant in the purſuit of either. Why it ſo happens, the Poet informs us, who with admirable ſagacity aſſigns the cauſe in this line:

" For, Vice or Virtue, SELF directs it ſtill."

AD

The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wiſe;
And ev'n the beſt, by fits, what they deſpiſe.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
For, Vice or Virtue, Self directs it ſtill;
Each individual ſeeks a ſev'ral goal;
But HEAVEN'S great view is One, and that the Whole.
That counter-works each folly and caprice;
That diſappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice;
That, happy frailties to all ranks apply'd;
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
Fear to the ſtateſman, raſhneſs to the chief,
To kings preſumption, and to crowds belief:
That, Virtue's ends from Vanity can raiſe,
Which ſeeks no int'reſt, no reward but praiſe;
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of Mankind.
Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
A maſter, or a ſervant, or a friend,

Bids

COMMENTARY.

An adherence or regard to what is, in the ſenſe of the world, a man's own intereſt, making an extreme, in either, almoſt impoſſible. Its effect in keeping a good man from the extreme of Virtue, needs no explanation; and in an ill Man, Self-intereſt ſhewing him the neceſſity of ſome kind of reputation, the procuring and preſerving that, will neceſſarily keep him from the extreme of Vice.

VER. 239. *That counter-works each folly and caprice*;] The mention of this principle, that *Self* directs vice and virtue, and its conſequence, which is, that

"Each individual ſeeks a ſeveral goal,"

leads the Author to obſerve,

"That HEAV'N's great View is One, and that the Whole."

And this brings him naturally round again to his main ſubject, namely, *God's producing good out of ill*, which he proſecutes from Ver. 238 to 249.

VER. 249. *Heav'n forming each on other to depend*,] I. Hitherto the Poet hath been employed in diſcourſing of the uſe of the Paſſions, with regard to Society at large; and in freeing his doctrine from objections: This is the *firſt* general diviſion of the ſubject of this epiſtle.

II. He

Bids each on other for aſſiſtance call,
Till one Man's weakneſs grows the ſtrength of all.
Wants, frailties, paſſions, cloſer ſtill ally
The common int'reſt, or endear the tie.
To theſe we owe true friendſhip, love ſincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the ſame we learn, in its decline,
Thoſe joys, thoſe loves, thoſe int'reſts to reſign;
Taught half by Reaſon, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly paſs away.
Whate'er the Paſſion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himſelf.

The

COMMENTARY.

II. He comes now to ſhew (from Ver. 248 to 261.) the uſe of theſe Paſſions, with regard to the more confined circle of our friends, relations, and acquaintance: and this is the *ſecond* general diviſion.

VER. 261. *Whate'er the Paſſion, etc.*] III. The Poet having thus ſhewn the uſe of the Paſſions in *Society*, and in *Domeſtic* life, comes, in the laſt place, (from Ver. 260 to the end) to ſhew their uſe to the *Individual*, even in their illuſions; the imaginary happineſs they preſent, helping to make the real miſeries of life leſs inſupportable: And this is his *third* general diviſion:

—— "OPINION gilds with varying rays
"Thoſe painted clouds that beautify our days," etc.

"One

NOTES.

VER. 253. *Wants, frailties, paſſions, cloſer ſtill ally*
The common int'reſt, etc.]

As theſe lines have been miſunderſtood, I ſhall give the reader their plain and obvious meaning. To theſe frailties (ſays he) we owe all the endearments of private life; yet, when we come to that age, which generally diſpoſes men to think more ſeriouſly of the true value of things, and conſequently of their proviſion for a future ſtate, the conſideration, that the grounds of thoſe joys, loves, and friendſhips, are wants, frailties, and paſſions, proves the beſt expedient to wean us from the world; a diſengagement ſo friendly to that proviſion we are now making for another ſtate. The obſervation is new, and would in any place be extremely beautiful, but has here an infinite grace and propriety, as it ſo well confirms, by an inſtance of great moment, the general theſis, *That God makes Ill, at every ſtep, productive of Good.*

The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty given,
The poor contents him with the care of Heav'n.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple ſing,
The ſot a hero, lunatic a king;
The ſtarving chemiſt in his golden views
Supremely bleſt, the poet in his Muſe.
See ſome ſtrange comfort ev'ry ſtate attend,
And pride beſtow'd on all, a common friend:
See ſome fit paſſion ev'ry age ſupply,
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.

Behold

COMMENTARY.

" One proſpect loſt, another ſtill we gain;
" And not a VANITY is giv'n in vain."

Which muſt needs vaſtly raiſe our idea of God's goodneſs; who hath not only provided more than a counterbalance of *real happineſs* to human miſeries, but hath even, in his infinite compaſſion, beſtowed on thoſe who were ſo fooliſh as not to have made this proviſion, an *imaginary happineſs*; that they may not be quite overborne with the load of human miſeries. This is the Poet's great and noble thought; as ſtrong and ſolid as it is new and ingenious: It teaches, that theſe illuſions are the faults and follies of Men, which they wilfully fall into; and thereby deprive themſelves of much happineſs, and expoſe themſelves to equal miſery: but that ſtill, God (according to his univerſal way of working) graciouſly turns theſe faults and follies ſo far to the advantage of his miſerable creatures, as to become, for a time, the ſolace and ſupport of their diſtreſſes:

" —— Tho' Man's a fool, yet God is wiſe."

NOTES.

VER. 270.—*the poet in his Muſe.*] The Author having ſaid, that no one would change his own profeſſion or views for thoſe of another, intended to carry his obſervation ſtill further, and ſhew that men were unwilling to exchange their own acquirements even for thoſe of the ſame kind, confeſſedly larger, and infinitely more eminent, in another.

To this end he wrote,

" What partly pleaſes, totally will ſhock:
" I queſtion much, if *Toland* would be *Locke*."

But wanting another proper inſtance of this truth, he reſerved the lines above for ſome following edition of this Eſſay; which he did not live to give.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a ſtraw:
Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuſe his riper ſtage,
And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age:
Pleas'd with this bauble ſtill, as that before,
Till tir'd he ſleeps, and Life's poor play is o'er.
Mean-while Opinion gilds with varying rays
Thoſe painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happineſs by Hope ſupply'd,
And each vacuity of ſenſe by Pride:
Theſe build as faſt as knowledge can deſtroy;
In folly's cup ſtill laughs the bubble, joy;
One proſpect loſt, another ſtill we gain;
And not a vanity is giv'n in vain;
Ev'n mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,
The ſcale to meaſure others wants by thine.
See! and confeſs, one comfort ſtill muſt riſe;
'Tis this, Tho' Man's a fool, yet GOD IS WISE.

NOTES.

VER. 280. *And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age.*] A Satire on what is called, in Popery, the *Opus operatum.* As this is a deſcription of the circle of human life returning into itſelf by a ſecond child-hood, the Poet has with great elegance concluded his deſcription with the ſame image with which he ſet out—*And life's poor play is o'er.*

VER. 286. *And each vacuity of Senſe by Pride:*] An eminent Caſuiſt, *Father Francis Garaſſe*, in his *Somme Theologique*, has drawn a very charitable concluſion from this principle; which he hath well illuſtrated. "Selon la Juſtice" (ſays this equitable Divine) "tout travail honnête "doit être recompenſé de loüange ou de ſatisfaction. Quand les bons eſprits font un ouvrage "excellent, ils ſon juſtement recompenſez par les ſuffrages du Public. Quand un pauvre "eſprit travaille beaucoup, pour fair un mauvais ouvrage, il n'eſt pas juſte ni raiſonable, "qu'il attende des loüanges publiques; car elles ne lui ſont pas dues. Mais afin que ſes "travaux ne demeurent pas ſans recompenſe, DIEU lui donne une ſatisfaction perſonnelle, que "perſonne ne lui peut envier ſans une injuſtice plus que barbare; tout ainſi que Dieu, qui "eſt juſte, donne de la ſatisfaction aux Grenoüilles de leur chant. Autrement la blâme "public, joint à leur mécontentement, ſeroit ſuffiſant pour les réduire au deſeſpoir."

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE III.

Of the Nature and State of Man *with reſpect to* Society.

I. *THE whole Univerſe one ſyſtem of Society*, Ver. 7, etc. *Nothing made wholly for* itſelf, *nor yet wholly for* another, Ver. 27. *The happineſs of* Animals *mutual*, Ver. 49. II. Reaſon *or* Inſtinct *operate alike to the good of each Individual*, Ver. 79. Reaſon *or* Inſtinct *operate alſo to Society, in all animals*, Ver. 109. III. *How far* Society *carried by Inſtinct*, Ver. 115. *How much further by Reaſon*, Ver. 128. IV. *Of that which is called the* State *of* Nature, Ver. 144. *Reaſon inſtructed by Inſtinct in the Invention of* Arts, Ver. 166; *and in the Forms of* Society, Ver. 176. V. *Origin of Political Societies*, Ver. 196. *Origin of Monarchy*, Ver. 207. *Patriarchal Government*, Ver. 212. VI. *Origin of true Religion and Government, from the ſame principle, of Love*, Ver. 231, etc. *Origin of Superſtition and Tyranny, from the ſame principle, of Fear*, Ver. 237, etc. *The influence of Self-love operating to the* ſocial *and* public *Good*, Ver. 266. *Reſtoration of true Religion and Government on their firſt principle*, Ver. 285. *Mixt Government*, Ver. 288. *Various Forms of each, and the true end of all*, Ver. 300, etc.

EPISTLE III.

HERE then we reſt: "The Univerſal Cauſe
"Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."
In all the madneſs of ſuperfluous health,
The trim of pride, the impudence of wealth,

5 Let

VARIATIONS.

VER. 1. In ſeveral Edit. in 4to.
Learn, Dulneſs, learn! "The Univerſal Cauſe," etc.

COMMENTARY.

We are now come to the third epiſtle of the Eſſay on Man. It having been ſhewn, in explaining the origin, uſe, and end of the Paſſions, in the ſecond epiſtle, that man hath ſocial as well as ſelfiſh paſſions, that doctrine naturally introduceth the third, which treats of man as a SOCIAL animal; and connects it with the ſecond, which conſidered him as an INDIVIDUAL. And as the concluſion from the ſubject of the firſt epiſtle made the introduction to the ſecond, ſo here again, the concluſion of the ſecond

"(Ev'n mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,
"The ſcale to meaſure others wants by thine.)"

maketh the introduction to the third,

"Here then we reſt: The Univerſal Cauſe
"Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."

The reaſon of *variety* in thoſe laws, which tend to *one* and the ſame *end*, the good of the Whole *generally*, is, becauſe the good of the individual is likewiſe to be provided for; both which together make up the good of the Whole *univerſally*. And this is the cauſe (as the Poet ſays elſewhere) that

"Each individual ſeeks a ſev'ral goal."

But to prevent our reſting there, God hath made each need the aſſiſtance of another; and ſo

"On mutual wants built mutual happineſs."

It

NOTES.

VER. 3. —*ſuperfluous health*,] Immoderate labour and immoderate ſtudy are equally the impairers of health: They, whoſe ſtation ſets them above both, muſt needs have an abundance of it, which not being employed in the common ſervice, but waſted in Luxury and Folly, the Poet properly calls a *ſuperfluity*.

VER. 4. —*impudence of wealth*,] Becauſe *wealth* pretends to be wiſdom, wit, learning, honeſty, and, in ſhort, all the virtues in their turns.

Let this great truth be preſent night and day;
But moſt be preſent, if we preach or pray.
Look round our World; behold the chain of Love
Combining all below and all above.

See

COMMENTARY.

It was neceſſary to explain the two firſt lines, the better to ſee the pertinency and force of what followeth (from Ver. 2 to 7.) where the Poet warns ſuch to take notice of this truth, whoſe circumſtances placing them in an imaginary ſtation of Independance, and inducing a real habit of inſenſibility to *mutual wants* (from which wants general Happineſs reſults) make them but too apt to overlook the true ſyſtem of things; viz. the men in full *health* and *opulence*. This caution was neceſſary with reſpect to Society; but ſtill more neceſſary with reſpect to Religion: Therefore he eſpecially recommends the memory of it as well to the Clergy as Laity, when they *preach* or *pray*; becauſe the preacher who doth not conſider the firſt Cauſe under this view, as a Being conſulting the good of the whole, muſt needs give a very unworthy idea of him; and the ſupplicant, who prayeth as one not related to a whole, or indifferent to the happineſs of it, will not only pray in vain, but offend his Maker by neglecting the intereſts of his diſpenſation.

VER. 7. *Look round our World, etc.*] He now introduceth his ſyſtem of human Sociability (Ver. 7, 8.) by ſhewing it to be the dictate of the Creator; and that Man, in this, did but follow the example of general Nature, which is united in one cloſe ſyſtem of benevolence.

VER. 9. *See plaſtic Nature working to this end,*] This he proveth, *firſt* (from Ver. 8 to 13.) on the noble theory of Attraction, from the economy of the material world; where there is a general conſpiracy in all the particles of Matter to work for one end; the uſe, beauty, and harmony of the whole maſs.

NOTES.

VER. 3, 4, 5, 6. M. Du Reſnel not ſeeing into the admirable purpoſe of the caution, contained in theſe four lines, hath quite dropped the moſt material circumſtances contained in the laſt of them; and, what is worſe, for the ſake of a fooliſh antitheſis, hath deſtroyed the whole propriety of the thought in the two firſt: and ſo between both, hath left his Author neither ſenſe nor ſyſtem.

"Dans le ſein du bonheur, *ou de l'adverſité.*"

Now of all men, thoſe in adverſity have leaſt need of this caution, as being leaſt apt to forget, *That God conſults the good of the whole, and provides for it by procuring mutual happineſs by means of mutual wants*; it being ſeen that ſuch who yet retain the ſmart of any freſh calamity, are moſt compaſſionate to others labouring under diſtreſſes, and moſt prompt and ready to relieve them.

See plaſtic Nature working to this end,
The ſingle atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
See Matter next, with various life endu'd,
Preſs to one center ſtill, the gen'ral Good.
See dying vegetables life ſuſtain,
See life diſſolving vegetate again:
All forms that periſh other forms ſupply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die)

Like

COMMENTARY.

VER. 13. *See Matter next, etc.*] The *ſecond* argument (from Ver. 12 to 27.) is taken from the vegetable and animal world; whoſe parts ſerve mutually for the production, ſupport, and ſuſtentation of each other.

But the obſervation, that God

" Connects each being, greateſt with the leaſt;
" Made Beaſt in aid of Man, and Man of Beaſt;
" All ſerv'd, all ſerving"—

awaking again the pride of his impious adverſaries, who cannot bear that man ſhould be thought to be *ſerving* as well as *ſerved*; he takes this occaſion again to humble them (from Ver. 26 to 49) by the ſame kind of argument he had ſo ſucceſsfully employed in the firſt epiſtle, and which the comment on that epiſtle hath conſidered at large.

NOTES.

VER. 9. *See plaſtic Nature, etc.*] M. Du Reſnel miſtook this deſcription of the *preſervation* of the material Univerſe, by the quality of attraction, for a deſcription of its *creation*; and ſo tranſlates it

" *Voi du ſein du Chaos* eclater la lumiere,
" Chaque atome ebranlé courir pour s'embraſſer," etc.

This deſtroys the Poet's fine analogical argument, by which he proves, from the circumſtance of *mutual attraction* in matter, that man, while he ſeeks Society, and thereby promotes the good of his ſpecies, co-operates with God's general diſpenſation; whereas the circumſtance of a *creation* proves nothing but a *Creator*.

VER. 12. *Form'd and impell'd, etc.*] To make Matter ſo cohere as to fit it for the uſes intended by its Creator, a proper *configuration* of its inſenſible parts, is as neceſſary as that quality ſo equally and univerſally conferred upon it, called *Attraction*. To expreſs the firſt part of this thought, our Author ſays *form'd*; and to expreſs the latter, *impell'd*.

Like bubbles on the ſea of Matter born,
They riſe, they break, and to that ſea return.
Nothing is foreign; Parts relate to whole;
One all-extending, all-preſerving Soul
Connects each being, greateſt with the leaſt;
Made Beaſt in aid of Man, and Man of Beaſt;
All ſerv'd, all ſerving: nothing ſtands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.
Has God, thou fool! work'd ſolely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy paſtime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly ſpread the flow'ry lawn:
Is it for thee the lark aſcends and ſings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures ſwell the note.
The bounding ſteed you pompouſly beſtride,
Shares with his lord the pleaſure and the pride.

Is

NOTES.

VER. 19, 20. *Like bubbles, etc.*] M. Du Reſnel tranſlates theſe two lines thus,

" *Sort du neant y réntre*, et reparoit au jour."

He is here, indeed, conſiſtently wrong: for having (as we ſaid) miſtaken the Poet's account of the *preſervation* of *Matter* for the *creation* of it, he commits the very ſame miſtake with regard to the *vegetable* and *animal* ſyſtems; and ſo talks now, though with the lateſt, of the *production of things out of nothing.* Indeed, by his ſpeaking of their *returning into nothing*, he has ſubjected his Author to M. Du Crouſaz's cenſure. " Mr. Pope deſcends to the moſt vul-" gar prejudices, when he tells us that *each being returns to nothing:* the Vulgar think that " what diſappears is annihilated," etc. *Comm. p.* 221.

VER. 22. *One all-extending, all-preſerving Soul*] Which, in the language of Sir Iſaac Newton, is, " Deus omnipraeſens eſt, non per virtutem ſolam, ſed etiam per ſubſtantiam: nam " virtus ſine ſubſtantia ſubſiſtere non poteſt." *Newt. Princ. ſchol. gen. ſub fin.*

VER. 23. *Greateſt with the leaſt;*] As acting more ſtrongly and immediately in beaſts, whoſe inſtinct is plainly an external reaſon; which made an old ſchool-man ſay, with great elegance, " Deus eſt anima brutorum:"

" In this 'tis God directs"—

Is thine alone the ſeed that ſtrews the plain?
The birds of Heav'n ſhall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harveſt of the golden year?
Part pays, and juſtly, the deſerving ſteer:
The hog, that plows not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this Lord of all.
Know, Nature's children all divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
While Man exclaims, "See all things for my uſe!"
"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd gooſe:
And juſt as ſhort of reaſon he muſt fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.
Grant that the pow'rful ſtill the weak controul;
Be Man the Wit and Tyrant of the whole:

Nature

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 46. in the former Editions,

What care to tend, to lodge, to cram, to treat him!
All this he knew; but not that 'twas to eat him.
As far as Gooſe could judge, he reaſon'd right;
But as to Man, miſtook the matter quite.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 49. *Grant that the pow'rful ſtill the weak controul*;] However, his adverſaries, loth to give up the queſtion, will reaſon upon the matter; and we are now to ſuppoſe them objecting againſt Providence in this manner.——"We grant, ſay they, that in the irrational, as in the inanimate creation, all is *ſerved*, and all is *ſerving*: But, with regard to Man, the caſe is different; he ſtandeth ſingle: For his reaſon hath endowed him both with power and addreſs

ſufficient

NOTES.

VER. 45. *See all things for my uſe!*] On the contrary, the wiſe man hath ſaid, *The Lord hath made all things for himſelf.* Prov. xvi. 4.

VER. 50. *Be Man the Wit and Tyrant of the whole*:] Alluding to the *witty* ſyſtem of that Philoſopher, which made Animals mere Machines, inſenſible of pain or pleaſure; and ſo encouraged Men in the exerciſe of that *Tyranny* over their fellow-creatures, conſequent on ſuch a principle.

Nature that Tyrant checks; He only knows,
And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
Say, will the falcon, ſtooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, ſpare the dove?
Admires the jay the inſect's gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk when Philomela ſings?
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beaſts his paſtures, and to fiſh his floods;
For ſome his Int'reſt prompts him to provide,
For more his Pleaſure, yet for more his Pride:
All feed on one vain Patron, and enjoy
Th' extenſive bleſſing of his luxury.
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He ſaves from famine, from the ſavage ſaves;
Nay, feaſts the animal he dooms his feaſt,
And, till he ends the being, makes it bleſt;

Which

COMMENTARY.

ſufficient to make all things ſerve him; and his Self-love, of which you have ſo largely provided for him, will indiſpoſe him, in his turn, to ſerve any: Therefore your theory is imperfect."—Not ſo, replies the Poet (from Ver. 48 to 79.) I grant that Man, indeed, affects to be the Wit and Tyrant of the whole, and would fain ſhake off

" that chain of love
" Combining all below and all above:"

But Nature, even by the very gift of Reaſon, checks this tyrant. For Reaſon endowing Man with the ability of ſetting together the memory of the paſt with his conjectures about the future; and paſt misfortunes making him apprehenſive of more to come, this diſpoſeth him to pity and relieve others in a ſtate of ſuffering. And the paſſion growing habitual, naturally extendeth its effects to all that have a ſenſe of ſuffering. Now as brutes have neither Man's Reaſon, nor his inordinate Self-love, to draw them from the ſyſtem of beneficence; ſo they wanted not, and therefore have not, this human ſympathy of another's miſery: By which paſſion, we ſee, thoſe qualities, in Man, balance one another; and ſo retain him in that orderly connexion, in which Providence hath placed its whole creation. But this is not all; Man's intereſt and amuſement, his vanity and luxury, tie him ſtill cloſer to the ſyſtem of beneficence, by obliging him to provide for the ſupport of other animals; and though it be, for the moſt part, only to devour them with the greater guſt, yet this does not abate the proper happineſs of the animals ſo preſerved, to whom Providence hath not imparted the *uſeleſs knowledge of their end.* From all which it appears, that the theory is yet uniform and perfect.

Which ſees no more the ſtroke, or feels the pain,
Than favour'd Man by touch ethereal ſlain.
The creature had his feaſt of life before;
Thou too muſt periſh, when thy feaſt is o'er!
To each unthinking being, Heav'n a friend,
Gives not the uſeleſs knowledge of its end:
To Man imparts it, but with ſuch a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
The hour conceal'd, and ſo remote the fear,
Death ſtill draws nearer, never ſeeming near.
Great ſtanding miracle! that Heav'n aſſign'd
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.
II. Whether with Reaſon or with Inſtinct bleſt,
Know, all enjoy that pow'r which ſuits them beſt;

To

COMMENTARY.

VER. 79. *Whether with Reaſon, etc.*] But even to this as a caviller would ſtill object, we muſt ſuppoſe he does ſo.——"Admit (ſays he) that Nature hath endowed all animals, whether human or brutal, with ſuch faculties as admirably fit them to promote the general good: yet, in its care for this, hath not Nature neglected to provide for the private good of the individual? We have cauſe to think ſhe hath; and we ſuppoſe, it was on this excluſive conſideration, that ſhe kept back from brutes the gift of Reaſon (ſo neceſſary a means of private happineſs) becauſe Reaſon, as we find in the caſe of *Man*, where there is occaſion for all the complicated contrivance you have deſcribed above, to make the effects of his Paſſions counter-work the immediate powers of his Reaſon, in order to keep him ſubſervient to the general ſyſtem; Reaſon, we ſay, naturally tendeth to draw Beings into a private, independent ſyſtem." This the Poet anſwers, by ſhewing (from Ver. 78 to 109.) that the happineſs of animal and that of human life are widely different: The happineſs of human life conſiſting in the improvement of the mind, can be procured by Reaſon only; but the happineſs of animal life conſiſting in the gratifications of ſenſe, is beſt promoted by Inſtinct. And, with regard to the regular and conſtant operation of each; in *that*, Inſtinct hath plainly the advantage; for here God directs immediately, there only mediately through Man.

NOTES.

VER. 68. *Than favour'd Man, etc.*] Several of the ancients, and many of the Orientals ſince, eſteemed thoſe who were ſtruck by lightning as ſacred perſons, and the particular favourites of Heaven. P.

To bliſs alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full Inſtinct is th' unerring guide,
What Pope or Council can they need beſide?
Reaſon, however able, cool at beſt,
Cares not for ſervice, or but ſerves when preſt,
Stays till we call, and then not often near;
But honeſt Inſtinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'erſhoot, but juſt to hit;
While ſtill too wide or ſhort is human Wit;
Sure by quick Nature happineſs to gain,
Which heavier Reaſon labours at in vain.
This too ſerves always, Reaſon never long;
One muſt go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing pow'rs
One in their nature, which are two in ours;
And Reaſon raiſe o'er Inſtinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.
Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To ſhun their poiſon, and to chuſe their food?
Preſcient, the tides or tempeſts to withſtand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the ſand?
Who made the ſpider parallels deſign,
Sure as De-moivre, without rule or line?
Who bid the ſtork, Columbus-like, explore
Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before?

Who

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 84. in the MS.

While Man, with op'ning views of various ways
Confounded, by the aid of knowledge ſtrays:
Too weak to chuſe, yet chuſing ſtill in haſte,
One moment gives the pleaſure and diſtaſte.

Who calls the council, ſtates the certain day,
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?
III. God, in the nature of each being, founds
Its proper bliſs, and ſets its proper bounds:
But as he fram'd the Whole, the Whole to bleſs,
On mutual Wants built mutual Happineſs:
So from the firſt, eternal ORDER ran,
And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
Whate'er of life all quick'ning ether keeps,
Or breathes through air, or ſhoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuſe on earth, one nature feeds
The vital flame, and ſwells the genial ſeeds.
Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the ſky, or roll along the flood,

Each

COMMENTARY.

VER. 109. *God, in the nature of each being, etc.*] The Author now cometh to the main ſubject of his epiſtle, the proof of Man's SOCIABILITY, from the two general ſocieties compoſed by him; the *natural*, ſubject to *paternal* authority; and the *civil*, ſubject to that of a *magiſtrate*. This he hath the addreſs to introduce, from what had preceded, in ſo eaſy and natural a manner, as ſheweth him to have the art of giving all the grace to the dryneſs and ſeverity of Method, as well as wit to the ſtrength and depth of Reaſon. The philoſophic nature of his work requiring he ſhould ſhew by what means thoſe Societies were introduced, this affords him an opportunity of ſliding gracefully and eaſily from the preliminaries into the main ſubject; and ſo of giving his work that perfection of method, which we find only in the compoſitions of great writers. For having juſt before, though to a different purpoſe, deſcribed the power of beſtial Inſtinct to attain the happineſs of the *Individual*, he goeth on, in ſpeaking of Inſtinct as it is ſerviceable both to that, and to the *Kind* (from Ver. 108 to 147.) to illuſtrate the original of *Society*. He ſheweth, that though, as he had before obſerved, God had founded the proper bliſs of each creature in the nature of its own exiſtence; yet theſe not being independent individuals, but parts of a Whole, God, to bleſs that Whole, built mutual happineſs on mutual wants: Now, for the ſupply of mutual wants, creatures muſt neceſſarily come together: which is the firſt ground of Society amongſt Men. He then proceeds to that called *natural*, ſubject to *paternal* authority, and ariſing from the union of the two ſexes; deſcribes the imperfect image of it in brutes; then explains it at large in all its cauſes and effects. And laſtly ſhews, that, as in *fact*, like mere animal Society, it is founded and preſerved by mutual wants, the ſupplial of which cauſeth mutual happineſs; ſo is it likewiſe in *right*, as a rational Society, by equity, gratitude, and the obſervance of the relation of things in general.

Each loves itſelf, but not itſelf alone,
Each ſex deſires alike, till two are one.
Nor ends the pleaſure with the fierce embrace!
They love themſelves, a third time, in their race.
Thus beaſt and bird their common charge attend,
The mothers nurſe it, and the ſires defend;
The young diſmiſs'd to wander earth or air,
There ſtops the Inſtinct, and there ends the care;
The link diſſolves, each ſeeks a freſh embrace,
Another love ſucceeds, another race.
A longer care Man's helpleſs kind demands;
That longer care contracts more laſting bands:
Reflection, Reaſon, ſtill the ties improve,
At once extend the int'reſt, and the love;
With choice we fix, with ſympathy we burn;
Each Virtue in each Paſſion takes its turn;
And ſtill new needs, new helps, new habits riſe,
That graft benevolence on charities.
Still as one brood, and as another roſe,
Theſe nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual thoſe:
The laſt, ſcarce ripen'd into perfect Man,
Saw helpleſs him from whom their life began:
Mem'ry and forecaſt juſt returns engage,
That pointed back to youth, this on to age;
While pleaſure, gratitude, and hope, combin'd,
Still ſpread the int'reſt, and preſerv'd the kind.

IV. Nor think, in NATURE'S STATE they blindly trod;
The State of Nature was the reign of God:

Self-

COMMENTARY.

VER. 147. *Nor think, in Nature's State they blindly trod*;] But the Atheiſt and Hobbiſt, againſt whom Mr. Pope argueth, deny the principle of *Right*, or of natural Juſtice, before the invention

Self-love and Social at her birth began,
Union the bond of all things, and of Man.
Pride then was not; nor Arts, that Pride to aid;
Man walk'd with beaſt, joint-tenant of the ſhade;
The ſame his table, and the ſame his bed;
No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed.
In the ſame temple, the reſounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:

The

COMMENTARY.

invention of civil compact; which, they ſay, gave being to it: And accordingly have had the effrontery publicly to declare, *that a ſtate of Nature was a ſtate of War.* This quite ſubverteth the Poet's *natural* Society: Therefore, after this account of that ſtate, he proceedeth to ſupport the reality of it by overthrowing the oppugnant principle of *no natural Juſtice*; which he doth (from Ver. 146 to 169.) by ſhewing, in a fine deſcription of the ſtate of Innocence, as repreſented in Scripture, that a ſtate of Nature was ſo far from being without natural Juſtice, that it was, at firſt, *the reign of God*, where Right and Truth univerſally prevailed.

NOTES.

VER. 152. *Man walk'd with beaſt, joint-tenant of the ſhade*;] The Poet ſtill takes his imagery from Platonic ideas, for the reaſon given above. Plato had ſaid, from old tradition, that, during the Golden age, and under the reign of Saturn, the primitive language then in uſe was common to man and beaſts. Moral Inſtructors took advantage of the popular ſenſe of this tradition, to convey their precepts under thoſe fables which give ſpeech to the whole brute creation. The Naturaliſts underſtood the tradition in the contrary ſenſe, to ſignify, that, in the firſt ages, Men uſed inarticulate ſounds, like beaſts, to expreſs their wants and ſenſations; and that it was by ſlow degrees they came to the uſe of ſpeech. This opinion was afterwards held by Lucretius, Diodorus Sic. and Gregory of Nyſſ.

VER. 156. *All vocal beings, etc.*] This may be well explained by a ſublime paſſage of the Pſalmiſt, who, calling to mind the age of Innocence, and full of the great ideas of thoſe

" Chains of Love
" Combining all below and all above,
" Which to one point, and to one centre bring
" BEAST, MAN, or ANGEL, *Servant*, *Lord*, or *King*;"

breaks out into this rapturous and divine apoſtrophe, to call back the devious Creation to its priſtine rectitude; that very ſtate our author deſcribes above: " Praiſe the Lord, all angels; " praiſe him, all ye hoſts. Praiſe ye him, ſun and moon; praiſe him, all ye ſtars of light. " Let them praiſe the name of the Lord, for he commanded, and they were created. Praiſe " the Lord, from the earth, ye dragons, and all deeps; fire and hail, ſnow and vapour, ſtormy

" wind

The ſhrine with gore unſtain'd, with gold undreſt,
Unbrib'd, unbloody, ſtood the blameleſs prieſt:
Heav'n's attribute was Univerſal Care,
And Man's prerogative to rule, but ſpare.

Ah!

NOTES.

" wind fulfilling his word: Mountains and all hills, fruitful trees and all cedars: *Beaſts* and " all *cattle*, creeping things and flying fowl: *Kings* of the earth, and all people; *princes* and " all judges of the earth. Let them praiſe the name of the Lord; for his name alone is excel- " lent, his glory is above the earth and heaven." *Pſalm* cxlviii.

VER. 158. *Unbrib'd, unbloody, etc.*] *i. e.* the ſtate deſcribed from Ver. 262 to 269, was not yet arrived.

" Then ſacred ſeem'd th' ethereal vault no more;
" Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
" Then firſt the Flamen taſted living food;
" Next his grim Idol ſmear'd with human blood;
" With Heav'n's own thunders ſhook the world below,
" And play'd the God an Engine on his foe."

For then, when Superſtition was become ſo extreme as to bribe the Gods with human ſacrifices; Tyranny became neceſſitated to woo the prieſt for a favourable anſwer.

VER. 159. *Heav'n's attribute, etc.*] The Poet ſuppoſeth the truth of the Scripture account, that Man was created Lord of this inferior world (Ep. i. Ver. 230.)

" Subjected theſe to thoſe, and all to thee."

What hath miſled ſome to imagine that our Author hath here fallen into a contradiction, was, I ſuppoſe, ſuch paſſages as theſe, *Aſk for what end the heav'nly bodies ſhine, etc.* And again, *Has God, thou fool! work'd ſolely for* thy *good, etc.* But, in truth, this is ſo far from contradicting what he had ſaid of Man's prerogative, that it greatly confirms it, and the Scripture account concerning it. And becauſe the licentious manner in which this ſubject has been treated, has made ſome readers jealous and miſtruſtful of the Author's ſober meaning, I ſhall endeavour to explain it. Scripture ſays, that Man was made lord of this ſublunary world: But intoxicated with Pride, the common effect of ſovereignty, he erected himſelf, like little partial monarchs, into a tyrant. And as tyranny conſiſts in ſuppoſing *all* made for the uſe of *one*; he took thoſe freedoms with *all*, which are the conſequence of ſuch a principle. He ſoon began to conſider the whole animal creation as his ſlaves rather than his ſubjects: as created for no uſe of their own, but for his uſe only; and therefore treated them with the utmoſt cruelty: And not ſo content, to add inſult to his cruelty, he endeavoured to philoſophize himſelf into an opinion that theſe animals were mere machines, inſenſible of pain or pleaſure. Thus Man affected to be the *Wit* as well as *Tyrant* of the Whole: So that it became one who adhered to the Scripture-account of Man's dominion, to reprove this abuſe of it, and to ſhew that

" Heav'n's attribute was Univerſal Care,
" And Man's prerogative to rule, but ſpare."

Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;
Who, foe to Nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
Murders their ſpecies, and betrays his own.
But juſt diſeaſe to luxury ſucceeds,
And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds;
The Fury-paſſions from that blood began,
And turn'd on Man a fiercer ſavage, Man.
See him from Nature riſing ſlow to Art!
To copy Inſtinct then was Reaſon's part;

Thus

COMMENTARY.

VER. 169. *See him from Nature riſing ſlow to Art!*] Strict method (in which, by this time, the reader finds the Poet to be more converſant, than ſome were aware of) leads him next to ſpeak of that Society, which ſucceeded the *Natural*, namely the *Civil*. He firſt explains (from Ver. 168 to 199.) the intermediate *means* which led Mankind from natural to civil Society. Theſe were the invention and improvement of Arts. For while men lived in a mere ſtate of Nature, there was no need of any other government than the Paternal; but when Arts were found out and improved, then that more perfect form, under the direction of a Magiſtrate, became neceſſary: And for theſe reaſons; firſt, to bring thoſe Arts, already found, to perfection: and, ſecondly, to ſecure the product of them to their rightful proprietors. The Poet, therefore, comes now, as we ſay, to the invention of Arts; but being always intent on the great end for which he wrote his Eſſay, namely to mortify that Pride which occaſions all the impious complaints againſt Providence; he ſpeaks of theſe inventions as only leſſons learnt of mere animals guided by inſtinct; and thus, at the ſame time, gives a new inſtance of the wonderful Providence of God, who hath continued to teach mankind in a way, not only proper to humble human pride, but to raiſe our idea of divine wiſdom to the higheſt pitch. This he does in a *proſopopoeia* the moſt ſublime that ever entered into the human imagination:

Thus then to Man the voice of Nature ſpake:
" Go, from the Creatures thy inſtructions take, etc.
" And for thoſe Arts mere Inſtinct could afford,
" Be crown'd as Monarchs, or as Gods ador'd."

The delicacy of the Poet's addreſs in the firſt part of the laſt line, is very remarkable. In this paragraph he hath given an account of thoſe intermediate means, which led Men from natural to civil Society, that is to ſay, the invention and improvement of Arts. Now here, on his concluſion of this account, and on his entry upon the deſcription of civil Society itſelf, he connects the two parts the moſt gracefully that can be conceived, by this true hiſtorical circumſtance, that it was the invention of *thoſe Arts* which raiſed to the Magiſtracy, in this new Society formed for the perfecting of them.

Thus then to Man the voice of Nature ſpake——
" Go, from the Creatures thy inſtructions take:
" Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
" Learn from the beaſts the phyſic of the field;
" Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
" Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave;
" Learn of the little Nautilus to ſail,
" Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.

" Here

NOTES.

VER. 171. *Thus then to Man the voice of Nature ſpake——Go, etc.*]
M. Du Reſnel has tranſlated the lines thus,

" La Nature *indigné* alors ſe fit entendre;
" Va, *malheureux* mortel, va, lui dit elle, apprendre."

One would wonder what ſhould make the Tranſlator repreſent Nature in ſuch a paſſion with man, and calling him names, at a time when Mr. Pope ſuppoſed her in her beſt good humour. But what led him into this miſtake was another as groſs. His Author having deſcribed the *State of innocence* which ends at theſe lines,

" Heav'n's attribute was Univerſal Care,
" And Man's prerogative to rule, but ſpare."

turns from *thoſe* times, to a view of *theſe latter ages*, and breaks out into this tender and humane complaint,

" Ah! how unlike the *man of times to come*,
" Of half that live the Butcher and the Tomb," etc.

Unluckily, M. Du Reſnel took this *man of times to come* for the corrupter of that *firſt age*; and ſo imagined the Poet had introduced NATURE only to ſet things right; he then ſuppoſed, of courſe ſhe was to be very angry; and not finding the Author had repreſented her in any great Emotion, he was willing to improve upon his Original.

VER. 173. *Learn from the birds, etc.*] It is a caution commonly practiſed amongſt Navigators, when thrown upon a deſert coaſt, and in want of refreſhments, to obſerve what fruits have been touched by the Birds: and to venture on theſe without further heſitation. P.

VER. 174. *Learn from the beaſts, etc.*] See Pliny's *Nat. Hiſt.* l. viii. c. 27. where ſeveral inſtances are given of Animals diſcovering the medicinal efficacy of herbs, by their own uſe of them; and pointing out to ſome operations in the art of healing, by their own practice.

VER. 177. *Learn of the little Nautilus, etc.*] Oppian Halieut. lib. i. deſcribes this fiſh in the following manner: " They ſwim on the ſurface of the ſea, on the back of their ſhells, " which exactly reſemble the hulk of a ſhip; they raiſe two feet like maſts, and extend a " membrane between, which ſerves as a ſail; the other two feet they employ as oars at the " ſide. They are uſually ſeen in the Mediterranean." P.

" Here too all forms of ſocial union find,
" And hence let Reaſon, late, inſtruct Mankind:
" Here ſubterranean works and cities ſee;
" There towns aerial on the waving tree.
" Learn each ſmall People's genius, policies,
" The Ants' republic, and the realm of Bees;
" How thoſe in common all their wealth beſtow,
" And Anarchy without confuſion know;
" And theſe for ever, tho' a Monarch reign,
" Their ſep'rate cells and properties maintain.
" Mark what unvary'd laws preſerve each ſtate,
" Laws wiſe as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate.
" In vain thy Reaſon finer webs ſhall draw,
" Entangle Juſtice in her net of Law,
" And right, too rigid, harden into wrong,
" Still for the ſtrong too weak, the weak too ſtrong.
" Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures ſway,
" Thus let the wiſer make the reſt obey;
" And for thoſe Arts mere Inſtinct could afford,
" Be crown'd as Monarchs, or as Gods ador'd."
V. Great Nature ſpoke; obſervant Men obey'd;
Cities were built, Societies were made:

Here

VARIATIONS.

VER. 197. in the firſt Editions,

Who for thoſe Arts they learn'd of BRUTES before,
As Kings ſhall crown them, or as GODS adore.

" Les Sauvages racontent que ce fut *Michabou* [le DIEU des Eaux] qui apprit à leurs " Ancêtres à pêcher, qu' il inventa les Rêts, et que ce fut la toile d' ARAIGNE'E, qui lui en " donne l'idée."——*Journal d' un Voyage dans l'Amerique Sept. par Charlevoix.* Vol. v. p. 417. *Par.* 1744, 8°.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 199. *Great Nature ſpoke*;] After all this neceſſary preparation, the Poet ſhews (from Ver. 198 to 209.) how civil Society followed, and the advantages it produced.

Here roſe one little ſtate; another near
Grew by like means, and join'd, through love or fear.
Did here the trees with ruddier burthens bend,
And there the ſtreams in purer rills deſcend?
What War could raviſh, Commerce could beſtow,
And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.

Converſe

VARIATIONS.

VER. 201. *Here roſe one little ſtate, etc.*] In the MS. thus,

The Neighbours leagu'd to guard their common ſpot;
And Love was Nature's dictate, Murder, not.
For want alone each animal contends;
Tigers with Tigers, that remov'd, are friends.
Plain Nature's wants the common mother crown'd,
She pour'd her acorns, herbs, and ſtreams around.
No Treaſure then for rapine to invade;
What need to fight for ſun-ſhine, or for ſhade?
And half the cauſe of conteſt was remov'd,
When beauty could be kind to all who lov'd.

NOTES.

VER. 199.——*obſervant Men obey'd*;] The epithet is beautiful, as ſignifying both obedience to the Voice of Nature, and attention to the leſſons of the animal creation.—— But M. l'Abbe, who has a ſtrange fatality of contradicting his original, whenever he attempts *to paraphraſe* (as he calls it) the ſenſe, turns the lines in this manner,

" Par ces mots la nature excita l' Induſtrie,
" *Et de l'Homme feroce enchaina la furie.*"

Chain'd up the fury of ſavage Man; and ſo contradicts the Author's whole ſyſtem of *benevolence*: and goes over to the Atheiſt's; who ſuppoſes *the ſtate of nature to be a ſtate of war*. What ſeems to have miſled him was theſe lines,

" What war could raviſh, Commerce could beſtow,
" And he return'd a friend who came a foe."

But M. Du Reſnel ſhould have conſidered, that though the Author holds, *a ſtate of nature to be a ſtate of peace*, yet he never imagined it impoſſible that there ſhould be quarrels in it. He had ſaid,

" So drives ſelf-love through juſt and through unjuſt."

He puſhes no ſyſtem to an extravagance, but *ſteers* (as he ſays in his preface) *through doctrines ſeemingly oppoſite*, or, in other words, follows truth uniformly throughout.

Converſe and Love mankind might ſtrongly draw,
When Love was Liberty, and Nature Law.
Thus States were form'd; the name of King unknown,
Till common int'reſt plac'd the ſway in one.
'Twas VIRTUE ONLY (or in arts or arms,
Diffuſing bleſſings, or averting harms)
The ſame which in a Sire the Sons obey'd,
A Prince the Father of a People made.
VI. Till then, by Nature crown'd, each Patriarch ſate,
King, prieſt, and parent of his growing ſtate;

On

COMMENTARY.

VER. 209. *Thus States were form'd;*] Having thus explained the original of Civil Society, he ſhews us next (from Ver. 208 to 215.) that to this Society a *civil magiſtrate* properly ſo called, did belong: And this in confutation of that idle hypotheſis, which pretends that God conferred the regal title on the Fathers of families; from whence men, when they had inſtituted Society, were to fetch their Governors. On the contrary, our Author ſhews, that a King was unknown, till common intereſt, which led men to inſtitute civil government, led them at the ſame time to inſtitute a Governor. However, that it is true that the ſame wiſdom or valour, which gained regal obedience from ſons to the ſire, procured kings a paternal authority, and made them conſidered as fathers of their people. Which probably was the original (and, while miſtaken, continues to be the chief ſupport) of that ſlaviſh error: Antiquity repreſenting its earlieſt monarchs under the idea of a common father, πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν. Afterwards, indeed, they became a kind of foſter-fathers, ποιμένα λαων, as Homer calls one of them: Till at length they began to devour that flock they had been ſo long accuſtomed to ſhear; and, as Plutarch ſay of Cecrops, ἐκ χρηστῦ βασιλεως ἄγριον κὴ δρακοντόδη γενόμενον TYPANNON.

VER. 215. *Till then, by Nature crown'd, etc.*] The Poet now returns (at Ver. 215 to 241.) to what he had left unfiniſhed in his deſcription of natural Society. This, which appears irregular, is, indeed, a fine inſtance of his thorough knowledge of method. I will explain it:

This

NOTES.

VER. 208. *When Love was Liberty,*] *i. e.* When men had no need to guard their native liberty from their governors by civil pactions; the love which each maſter of a family had for thoſe under his care being their beſt ſecurity.

VER. 211. *'Twas Virtue only, etc.*] Our Author hath good authority for this account of the origin of kingſhip. Ariſtotle aſſures us, that it was Virtue only, or in arts or arms: Καθίσαλαι Βασιλευς ἐκ τῶν ἐπιεικῶν καθ' ὑπεροχὴν ἀρετῆς, ἢ πραξεων τῶν ἀπὸ τῆς ἀρεῖης, ἢ καθ' ὑπεροχην τοιὰτυ γένυς.

On him, their ſecond Providence, they hung,
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food,
Taught to command the fire, controul the flood,
Draw forth the monſters of th' abyſs profound,
Or fetch th' aerial eagle to the ground.

Till

COMMENTARY.

This third epiſtle, we ſee, conſiders Man with reſpect to SOCIETY; the ſecond, with reſpect to HIMSELF; and the fourth, with reſpect to HAPPINESS. But in none of theſe relations does the Poet ever loſe ſight of him under that in which he ſtands to GOD: It will follow, therefore, that ſpeaking of him with reſpect to *Society*, the account would be moſt imperfect, were he not at the ſame time conſidered with reſpect to his *Religion*; for between theſe two, there is a cloſe, and, while things continue in order, a moſt intereſting connection:

" True FAITH, true POLICY united ran;
" That was but love of God, and this of Man."

Now Religion ſuffering no change or depravation when Man firſt entered into civil Society, but continuing the ſame as in the ſtate of Nature; the Author, to avoid repetition, and to bring the account of *true* and *falſe* Religion nearer to one another, in order to contraſt them by the advantage of that ſituation, deferred giving account of his *Religion* till he had ſpoken of the origin of civil Society. Thence it is, that he here reſumes the account of the ſtate of Nature, that is, ſo much of it as he had left untouched, which was only the *Religion* of it. This conſiſting in the knowledge of the one God, the Creator of all things, he ſhews how Men came by that knowledge; That it was either found out by REASON, which giving to every effect a cauſe, inſtructed them to go from cauſe to cauſe, till they came to the firſt, who, being cauſeleſs, would neceſſarily be judged ſelf-exiſtent: or elſe that it was taught by TRADITION, which preſerved the memory of the Creation. He then tells us *what* theſe men, undebauched by falſe ſcience, underſtood by God's nature and attributes: Firſt, of God's *Nature*, that they eaſily diſtinguiſhed between the Worker and the Work; ſaw the ſubſtance of the Creator to be diſtinct and different from that of the Creature, and ſo were in no danger of falling into the horrid opinion of the Greek philoſophers, and their follower, Spinoza. And ſimple Reaſon teaching them that the Creator was but One, they eaſily ſaw that ALL WAS RIGHT, and ſo were in as little danger of falling into the Manichean error; which, when *oblique Wit* had broken the *ſteddy light of Reaſon*, imagined all was not right, having before imagined that all was not the work of One. Secondly, he ſhews, what they underſtood of God's *Attributes*; that they eaſily acknowledged a Father where they found a Deity; and could not conceive a ſovereign Being to be any other than a ſovereign Good.

NOTES.

VER. 219. *He from the wond'ring furrow, etc.*] *i. e.* He ſubdued the intractability of all the *four elements*, and made them ſubſervient to the uſe of Man.

Till drooping, ſick'ning, dying, they began
Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as Man:
Then, looking up from ſire to ſire, explor'd
One great firſt Father, and that firſt ador'd.
Or plain tradition that this All begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from ſire to ſon;
The worker from the work diſtinct was known,
And ſimple Reaſon never ſought but one:
Ere Wit oblique had broke that ſteddy light,
Man, like his Maker, ſaw that all was right;
To Virtue, in the paths of pleaſure trod,
And own'd a Father when he own'd a God.

235 Love

NOTES.

Ver. 225. *Then, looking up, etc.*] The Poet here maketh their more ſerious attention to Religion to have ariſen, not from their gratitude amidſt abundance, but from their inability in diſtreſs; by ſhewing, that in proſperity, they reſted in *ſecond cauſes*, the immediate authors of their bleſſings, *whom they revered as God*; but that, in adverſity, they reaſoned up to the *Firſt*:

"Then, looking up from ſire to ſire," etc.

This, I am afraid, is but too true a repreſentation of humanity.

Ver. 225 to Ver. 240.] M. Du Reſnel, not apprehending that the Poet was here returned to finiſh his deſcription of the State of Nature, has fallen into one of the groſſeſt errors that ever was committed. He has miſtaken this account of *true Religion* for an account of the *origin of Idolatry*; and thus he fatally embelliſhes his own blunder.

"Jaloux d'en conſerver les traits et la figure,
"Leur zèle induſtrieux inventa la peinture.
"Leurs neveux, attentifs à ces hommes fameux,
"Qui par le droit du ſang avoient régné ſur eux,
"Trouvent-ils dans leur ſuite *un grand, un premier pere*,
"Leur aveugle reſpect l' adore et le révere."

Here you have one of the fineſt pieces of reaſoning turned at once into a heap of nonſenſe. The unlucky term of *Great firſt Father*, was miſtaken by our Tranſlator to ſignify a *Great Grand Father*. But he ſhould have conſidered, that Mr. Pope always repreſents God under the idea of a Father: He ſhould have obſerved, that the Poet is here deſcribing thoſe men who

"To *Virtue* in the paths of pleaſure trod,
"And own'd a *Father*, where they own'd a *God*."

Ver. 231. *Ere Wit oblique, etc.*] A beautiful alluſion to the effects of the priſmatic glaſs on the rays of light.

Love all the faith, and all th' allegiance then;
For Nature knew no right divine in Men,
No ill could fear in God; and underſtood
A ſov'reign being but a ſov'reign good.
True faith, true policy, united ran,
That was but love of God, and this of Man.
Who firſt taught ſouls enſlav'd, and realms undone,
Th' enormous faith of many made for one;
That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
T' invert the world, and counter-work its Cauſe?
Force firſt made Conqueſt, and that conqueſt, law;
Till Superſtition taught the Tyrant awe,

Then

COMMENTARY.

Ver. 241. *Who firſt taught ſouls enſlav'd, etc.*] Order leadeth the Poet to ſpeak (from Ver. 240 to 245) of the corruption of *civil Society* into *Tyranny*, and its cauſes; and here, with all the dexterity of addreſs, as well as force of truth, he obſerves it aroſe from the violation of that great Principle, which he ſo much inſiſts upon throughout his Eſſay, *that each was made for the uſe of all.* We may be ſure, that in this corruption, where right or natural juſtice was caſt aſide, and *violence*, the Atheiſt's juſtice, preſided in its ſtead, *Religion* would follow the fate of civil Society: We know, from ancient hiſtory, it did ſo. Accordingly Mr. Pope, (from Ver. 244 to 269.) together with corrupt Politics, deſcribes corrupt Religion and its Cauſes: he firſt informs us, agreeable to his exact knowledge of Antiquity, that it was the Politician, and not the Prieſt (as the illiterate tribe of Freethinkers would make us believe) who firſt corrupted Religion. Secondly, That the Superſtition he brought in was not invented by him, as an engine to play upon others (as the dreaming Atheiſt feigns, who would thus account for the origin of Religion) but was a trap he firſt fell into himſelf.

"Superſtition taught the tyrant awe."

NOTES.

Ver. 242. *Th' enormous faith, etc.*] In this Ariſtotle placeth the difference between a King and a Tyrant, that the firſt ſuppoſeth himſelf made for the People; the other, that the People are made for him: Βέλτιον δ' ὁ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ εἶναι φύλαξ, ὅπως οἱ μὲν κεκτημένοι τὰς οὐσίας μηθὲν ἄδικον πάσχωσιν, ὁ δὲ δῆμος μὴ ὑβρίζηται μηθέν· ἡ δὲ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΙΣ πρὸς ἁπὸν ἀποβλέπει κοινὸν, εἰ μὴ τῆς ἰδίας ὠφελείας χάριν. Pol. lib. v. cap. 10.

Ver. 245. *Force firſt made Conqueſt, etc.*] All this is agreeable to fact, and ſhews our Author's knowledge of human nature. For that *Impotency* of mind (as the Latin Writers call it) which

gives

Then ſhar'd the Tyranny, then lent it aid,
And Gods of Conqu'rors, Slaves of Subjects made:
She 'midſt the light'ning's blaze, and thunder's ſound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To Pow'r unſeen, and mightier far than they:
She, from the rending earth and burſting ſkies,
Saw Gods deſcend, and fiends infernal riſe:
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the bleſt abodes;
Fear made her Devils, and weak Hope her Gods;
Gods partial, changeful, paſſionate, unjuſt,
Whoſe attributes were Rage, Revenge, or Luſt;
Such as the ſouls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.

Zeal

NOTES.

gives birth to the enormous crimes neceſſary to ſupport a Tyranny, naturally ſubjects its owner to all the vain, as well as real, terrors of Conſcience: Hence the whole machinery of SUPERSTITION.

It is true, the Poet obſerves, that afterwards, when the Tyrant's fright was over, he had cunning enough, from the experience of the effect of Superſtition upon himſelf, to turn it, by the aſſiſtance of the Prieſt (who for his reward went ſhares with him in the Tyranny) againſt the juſtly dreaded reſentment of his ſubjects. For a Tyrant naturally and reaſonably ſuppoſeth all his Slaves to be his Enemies.

Having given the Cauſes of Superſtition, he next deſcribeth its objects:

"Gods partial, changeful, paſſionate, unjuſt," etc.

The ancient Pagan Gods are here very exactly deſcribed. This fact evinces the truth of that original, which the Poet gives to Superſtition; for if theſe phantaſms were firſt raiſed in the imagination of Tyrants, they muſt needs have the qualities here aſſigned to them. For Force being the Tyrant's Virtue, and Luxury his Happineſs, the attributes of his God would of courſe be *Revenge* and *Luſt*; in a word, the antitype of himſelf. But there was another, and more ſubſtantial cauſe, of the Reſemblance between a Tyrant and a Pagan-god; and that was the making *Gods of Conquerors*, as the Poet ſays; and ſo canonizing a tyrant's vices with his perſon.

Zeal then, not charity, became the guide;
And hell was built on ſpite, and heav'n on pride.
Then ſacred ſeem'd th' ethereal vault no more;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
Then firſt the Flamen taſted living food;
Next his grim idol ſmear'd with human blood;
With heav'n's own thunders ſhook the world below,
And play'd the God an engine on his foe.
So drives Self-love, through juſt and through unjuſt,
To one Man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, luſt:
The ſame Self-love, in all, becomes the cauſe
Of what reſtrains him, Government and Laws.
For, what one likes if others like as well,
What ſerves one will, when many wills rebel?
How ſhall he keep, what, ſleeping or awake,
A weaker may ſurprize, a ſtronger take?
His ſafety muſt his liberty reſtrain:
All join to guard what each deſires to gain.
Forc'd into virtue thus by Self-defence,
Ev'n Kings learn'd juſtice and benevolence:

Self-

COMMENTARY.

VER. 269. *So drives Self love, etc.*] The inference our Author draws from all this (from Ver. 268 to 283.) is, that SELF-LOVE driveth through right and wrong; it cauſeth the Tyrant to violate the rights of mankind; and it cauſeth the People to vindicate that violation. For Self-love being common to the whole ſpecies, and ſetting each individual in purſuit of the ſame objects, it became neceſſary for each, if he would ſecure his own, to provide for the ſafety of another's. And thus Equity and Benevolence aroſe from that ſame Self-love which had given birth to Avarice and Injuſtice:

" His

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VER. 262.—*and heav'n on pride.*] This might be very well ſaid of thoſe times, when no one was content to go to Heaven without being received there on the footing of a God, with the ceremony of an Αποθέωσις.

Self-love forſook the path it firſt purſu'd,
And found the private in the publick good.
'Twas then, the ſtudious head, or gen'rous mind,
Follow'r of God, or friend of human-kind,
Poet or Patriot, roſe but to reſtore
The Faith and Moral, Nature gave before;
Re-lum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;
If not God's image, yet his ſhadow drew:
Taught Pow'r's due uſe to People and to Kings,
Taught nor to ſlack, nor ſtrain its tender ſtrings,
The leſs, or greater, ſet ſo juſtly true,
That touching one muſt ſtrike the other too;
Till jarring int'reſts of themſelves create
Th' according muſic of a well-mix'd State.

295 Such

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"His Safety muſt his Liberty reſtrain;
"All join to guard what each deſires to gain."

The Poet hath not any where ſhewn greater addreſs, in the diſpoſition of this work, than with regard to the inference before us; which not only giveth a proper and timely ſupport to what had been advanced in the ſecond epiſtle concerning the nature and effects of Self-love, but is a neceſſary introduction to what follows, concerning the Reformation of Religion and Society; as we ſhall ſee preſently.

Ver. 283. *'Twas then, the ſtudious head, etc.*] The Poet hath now deſcribed the riſe, perfection, and decay of civil Policy and Religion in the more early times. But the deſign had been imperfect, had he dropt his diſcourſe here: There was, in after ages, a recovery of theſe from their ſeveral corruptions. Accordingly, he hath choſen that happy era for the concluſion of his Song. But as good and ill Governments and Religions ſucceed one another without ceaſing, he now leaveth facts, and turneth his diſcourſe (from Ver. 282 to 295.) to ſpeak

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Ver. 283. *'Twas then, etc.*] The Poet ſeemeth here to mean the polite and flouriſhing age of Greece; and thoſe benefactors to Mankind, which he had principally in view, were Socrates and Aristotle; who, of all the pagan world, ſpoke beſt of God, and wrote beſt of Government.

295 Such is the World's great Harmony, that ſprings
From Order, Union, full Conſent of things:

Where

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ſpeak of a more laſting reform of mankind, in the Invention of thoſe philoſophic Principles, by whoſe obſervance, a Policy and a Religion may be for ever kept from ſinking into Tyranny and Superſtition:

" 'Twas then, the ſtudious head or gen'rous mind,
" Follow'r of God, or friend of human-kind,
" Poet or Patriot, roſe but to reſtore
" The Faith and Moral, Nature gave before;" *etc.*

The eaſy and juſt tranſition into this ſubject from the foregoing is admirable. In the foregoing he had deſcribed the effects of Self-love; and now, with great art, and high probability, he maketh Men's *obſervations* on theſe effects the occaſion of thoſe diſcoveries which they have made of the true principles of Policy and Religion, deſcribed in the preſent paragraph; and this he evidently hinteth at in that fine tranſition,

" 'Twas THEN, the ſtudious head," etc.

VER. 295. *Such is the World's great Harmony, etc.*] Having thus deſcribed the true principles of civil and eccleſiaſtical Policy, he proceedeth (from Ver. 294 to 303.) to illuſtrate the harmony between the two Policies, by the univerſal harmony of Nature.

" Such is the World's great harmony, that ſprings
" From Order, Union, full Conſent of things:"

Thus, as in the beginning of this epiſtle he ſupported the *general* principle of mutual Love or Aſſociation, by conſiderations drawn from the particular properties of Matter, and the mutual dependance between vegetable and animal life: ſo, in the concluſion, he hath inforced the *particular* principles of Civil and Religious Society, from that *general* Harmony, which ſprings, in part, from thoſe properties and dependencies.

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VER. 295. *Such is the World's great Harmony, etc.*] An harmony very different from the PRE-ESTABLISHED HARMONY of the celebrated Leibnitz, which introduceth a Fatality deſtructive of all Religion and Morality. Yet hath the learned M. De Crouſaz ventured to accuſe our Poet of eſpouſing that dangerous whimſy. The *pre-eſtabliſhed harmony* was built upon, and is an outrageous extenſion of a conception of Plato; who, combating the atheiſtical objections about the *origin of Evil*, employs this argument in defence of Providence; " That " amongſt an infinite number of poſſible worlds in God's idea, this, which he hath created " and brought into being, and which admits of a mixture of Evil, is the beſt. But if the beſt, " then Evil conſequently is partial, comparatively ſmall, and tendeth to the greater per- " fection of the whole." This Principle is eſpouſed and ſupported by Mr. Pope with all the power

Where ſmall and great, where weak and mighty made
To ſerve, not ſuffer, ſtrengthen, not invade;

More

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power of reaſon and poetry. But neither was Plato a Fataliſt, nor is there any fataliſm in the argument. As to the truth of the notion, that is another queſtion; and how far it cleareth up the very difficult controverſy about the origin of Evil, is ſtill another. That it is a full ſolution of the difficulty, I cannot think, for reaſons too long to be given in this place. Perhaps we ſhall never have a full ſolution here: and it may be no great matter though we have not, as we are demonſtrably certain of the moral attributes of the Deity. Yet this will never hinder Writers from expoſing themſelves on this ſubject. A late Author thinks he can account for the *Origin of Evil*, and therefore he will write: he thinks too, that the clearing up this difficulty is neceſſary to ſecure the foundations of Religion, and therefore he will print. But he is doubly miſtaken: he muſt know little of Philoſophy to fancy that he has found the ſolution; and ſtill leſs of Religion to imagine that the want of his ſolution can affect our belief in God. Such Writers

Amuſe th' unlearn'd, and make the learned ſmile.

However, Mr. Pope may be juſtified in receiving and inforcing this Platonic notion, as it hath been adopted by the moſt celebrated and orthodox divines both of the ancient and modern church.

This doctrine, we own then, was taken up by Leibnitz; but it was to ingraft upon it a moſt pernicious fataliſm. Plato ſaid, God *choſe* the beſt: Leibnitz ſaid, he *could not but* chuſe the beſt, as he could not act without, what this philoſopher called, a *ſufficient reaſon*. Plato ſuppoſed freedom in God to chuſe one of two things equally good: Leibnitz held the ſuppoſition to be abſurd: however, admitting the caſe, he ſtill held that God could *not* chuſe one of two things equally good. Thus it appears, the firſt went on the ſyſtem of Freedom; and that the latter, notwithſtanding the moſt artful diſguiſes of his principles, in his *Theodicée*, was a thorough Fataliſt: For we cannot well ſuppoſe he would give that freedom to Man which he had taken away from God. The truth of the matter ſeems to be this: he ſaw, on the one hand, the monſtrous abſurdity of ſuppoſing, with Spinoza, that blind Fate was the author of a coherent Univerſe; but yet, on the other, he could not conceive with Plato, how God could foreſee and conduct, according to an archetypal idea, a World, of all poſſible Worlds the beſt, inhabited by *free Agents*. This difficulty therefore, which made the Socinians take Preſcience from God, diſpoſed Leibnitz to take Free-will from Man: And thus he faſhioned his fantaſtical hypotheſis; he ſuppoſed that when God made the body, he impreſſed on his new created Machine a certain ſeries or ſuite of *motions*; and that when he made the fellow ſoul, he impreſſed a correſpondent ſeries of *ideas*; whoſe operations, throughout the whole duration of the union, were ſo exactly timed, that whenever an *idea* was excited, a correſpondent *motion* was ever ready to ſatisfy the volition. Thus, for inſtance, when the mind had the *will* to raiſe the arm to the head, the body was ſo pre-contrived, as to raiſe, at that very moment, the part required. This he called the PRE-ESTABLISHED HARMONY;

More pow'rful each as needful to the reſt,
And, in proportion as it bleſſes, bleſt;
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beaſt, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King.

For

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NY; and with this he promiſed to do wonders. "Yet after all," (ſays an excellent philoſopher and beſt interpreter of Newton) "he owned to his friends, that this extraordinary "notion was only a luſus ingenii (un jeu d'eſprit) to try his parts, and laugh at the credulity "of Philoſophers; who are as fond of a new paradox, as Enthuſiaſts of a new light. If at "other times he was ſo pleas'd with his own notions in the *Theodicée*, as to defend them ſeri-"ouſly againſt the learned Dr. Clarke; that ſhews only that he angled for two different ſorts "of reputation, from the ſame performance; and unluckily he loſt both. The ſubject was too "ſerious to paſs for a romance; and the principles too abſurd to be admitted for truth." *Mr. Baxter's Appendix to the Inquiry into the nature of the human Soul*, p. 162. As this was the caſe, none would have thought it amiſs, in M. Voltaire, to oppoſe one Romance to another, had he reſted there. But his Tale of *Candide*, which profeſſes to ridicule the *Optimiſme* of Leibnitz, was apparently compoſed in favour of an irreligious *Naturaliſm*, which he makes the ſolution of all the difficulties in the ſtory.

VER. 303. *For Forms of Government, etc.*] Theſe fine lines have been ſtrangely miſunderſtood: the author, againſt his own expreſs words, againſt the plain ſenſe of his ſyſtem, hath been conceived to mean, That all Governments and all Religions were, as to their forms and objects, indifferent. But as this wrong judgment proceeded from ignorance of the reaſon of the reproof, as explained above, that explanation is alone ſufficient to rectify the miſtake.

However, not to leave him under the leaſt ſuſpicion in a matter of ſo much importance, I ſhall juſtify the ſenſe here given to this paſſage, more at large:

I. And firſt as to Society: Let us conſider the words themſelves: and then compare this miſtaken ſenſe with the context.

The Poet, we may obſerve, is here ſpeaking, not of civil Society at large, but of a *juſt* legitimate Policy:

"Th' according muſic of a *well-mix'd* State."

Now mix'd States are of various kinds; in ſome of which the Democratic, in others the Ariſtocratic, and in others, the Monarchic form prevails. Now, as each of theſe mixed Forms is equally legitimate, as being founded on the principles of natural liberty, that man is guilty of the higheſt folly, who chuſeth rather to employ himſelf in a ſpeculative conteſt for the ſuperior excellence of one of theſe *Forms* to the reſt, than in promoting the good adminiſtration of that ſettled *Form* to which he is ſubject. And yet moſt of our warm diſputes about Government, have been of this kind. Again, if by *Forms of Government*, muſt needs be meant legitimate Government, becauſe that is the ſubject under debate; then by *Modes of Faith*, which is the correſpondent idea, muſt needs be meant the modes or explanations of the True Faith, becauſe the Author is here too on the ſubject of true Religion:

"Relum'd

For Forms of Government let fools conteſt;
Whate'er is beſt adminiſter'd is beſt:

For

COMMENTARY.

VER. 303. *For Forms of Government let fools conteſt; etc.*] But now the Poet, having ſo much commended the invention and inventors of the philoſophic principles of Religion and Government, leſt an evil uſe ſhould be made of this, by Men's reſting in theory and ſpeculation, as they have been always too apt to do in matters where *practice* makes their happineſs, he cautions his reader (from Ver. 302 to 311.) againſt this error. The ſeaſonableneſs of this reproof will appear evident enough to thoſe who know, that mad diſputes about Liberty and Prerogative had once well nigh overturned our Conſtitution; while others about Myſtery and Church Authority had almoſt deſtroyed the very ſpirit of our Religion.

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"Relum'd her ancient light, not kindled new."

Beſides, the very expreſſion (than which nothing can be more preciſe) confineth us to underſtand by *Modes* of Faith, thoſe human explanations of Chriſtian Myſteries, in contending about which, zeal and ignorance have ſo perpetually violated Charity.

Secondly, If we conſider the *context*; to ſuppoſe him to mean, that *all Forms of Government* are indifferent, is making him directly contradict the preceding paragraph; where he extols the Patriot for diſcriminating the *true* from the *falſe* modes of Government. He, ſays the Poet,

"Taught Pow'r's *due* uſe to People and to Kings,
"Taught not to *ſlack*, nor *ſtrain* its tender ſtrings;
"The leſs or greater ſet ſo juſtly *true*,
"That touching one, muſt ſtrike the other too;
"Till jarring int'reſts of themſelves create
"Th' *according* muſic of a *well-mix'd* State."

Here he recommendeth the true Form of Government, which is the *mixed*. In another place he as ſtrongly condemneth the falſe, or the abſolute *jure divino* Form:

"For Nature knew no *right divine* in Men."

But the Reader will not be diſpleaſed to ſee the Poet's own apology, as I find it written in the year 1740, in his own hand, in the margin of a pamphlet, where he found theſe two celebrated lines very much miſapplied: "The Author of theſe lines was far from meaning that "no one form of Government is, in itſelf, better than another, (as, that mixed or limited "Monarchy, for example, is not preferable to abſolute) but that no form of Government, "however excellent or preferable, in itſelf, can be ſufficient to make a People happy, unleſs it "be adminiſtered with integrity. On the contrary, the beſt ſort of Government, when the *form* "of it is preſerved, and the *adminiſtration* corrupt, is moſt dangerous."

II. Again,

For Modes of Faith let graceleſs zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whoſe life is in the right:
In Faith and Hope the world will diſagree,
But all Mankind's concern is Charity:

All

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II. Again, to ſuppoſe the Poet to mean, that *all Religions* are indifferent, is an equally wrong, as well as uncharitable ſuſpicion. Mr. Pope, though his ſubject, in this *Eſſay on Man*, confineth him to Natural Religion; yet he giveth frequent intimations of a more ſublime Diſpenſation, and even of the neceſſity of it; particularly in his ſecond epiſtle (Ver. 149, etc.) where he confeſſeth the weakneſs and inſufficiency of human Reaſon.

And likewiſe in his fourth epiſtle, where, ſpeaking of the good Man, the favourite of Heaven, he ſayeth,

" For him alone, *Hope* leads from goal to goal,
" And opens ſtill, and opens on his ſoul:
" Till, lengthen'd on to *Faith*, and unconfin'd,
" It pours the bliſs that fills up all the mind."

But Natural Religion never lengthened Hope on to Faith; nor did any Religion, but the Chriſtian, ever conceive that Faith could fill the mind with happineſs.

Laſtly, In this very epiſtle, and in this very place, ſpeaking of the great Reſtorers of the *Religion of Nature*, he intimates that they could only draw God's *ſhadow*, not his *image*:

" Re-lum'd her ancient light, not kindled new,
" If not God's *image*, *yet his ſhadow drew*:"

as reverencing that truth, which telleth us, this diſcovery was reſerved for the *glorious Goſpel of Chriſt, who is the image of God.* 2 Cor. iv. 4.

VER. 305. *For Modes of Faith let graceleſs zealots fight*;] Theſe latter ages have ſeen ſo many ſcandalous contentions for *modes of faith*, to the violation of Chriſtian Charity, and diſhonour of ſacred Scripture, that it is not at all ſtrange they ſhould become the object of ſo benevolent and wiſe an Author's reſentment.

But that which he here ſeemed to have more particularly in his eye, was the long and miſchievous ſquabble between W—D and JACKSON, on a point confeſſedly above Reaſon, and amongſt thoſe adorable myſteries, which it is the honour of our Religion to find unfathomable. In this, by the weight of anſwers and replies, redoubled upon one another without mercy, they made ſo profound a progreſs, that the *One* proved, nothing hindered in Nature, but that *the Son might have been the Father*; and the *Other*, that nothing hindered in Grace, but that *the Son may be a mere Creature.* But if, inſtead of throwing ſo many Greek Fathers at one another's heads, they had but chanced to reflect on the ſenſe of one Greek word, ΑΠΕΙΡΙΑ, that it ſignifies both INFINITY and IGNORANCE, this ſingle *equivocation* might have

All muſt be falſe that thwart this One great End;
And all of God, that bleſs Mankind or mend.
Man, like the gen'rous vine, ſupported lives;
The ſtrength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.

On

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VER. 311. *Man, like the gen'rous vine, etc.*] Having thus largely conſidered Man in his ſocial capacity, the Poet, in order to fix a momentous truth in the mind of his reader, concludes the epiſtle in recapitulating the *two Principles* which concur to the ſupport of this part of his character, namely, SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL; and in ſhewing that they are only two different

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have ſaved them ten thouſand, which they expended in carrying on the controverſy. However, thoſe *Miſts that magnified the Scene*, enlarged the Character of the Combatants: and no body expecting *common ſenſe* on a ſubject where we have no ideas, the defects of dulneſs diſappeared, and its advantages (for, advantages it has) were all provided for.

The worſt is, ſuch kind of Writers ſeldom know when to have done. For writing themſelves up into the ſame deluſion with their Readers, they are apt to venture out into the more open paths of Literature, where their reputation, made out of that ſtuff which Lucian calls, Σκότος ὁλόχρους, preſently falls from them, and their nakedneſs appears. And thus it fared with our two Worthies. The World, which muſt always have ſomething to amuſe it, was now, and it was time, grown weary of its play-things; and catched at a new object, that promiſed them more agreeable entertainment. Tindal, a kind of Baſtard-Socrates, had brought our ſpeculations from *Heaven* to *Earth:* and, under the pretence of advancing the Antiquity of Chriſtianity, laboured to undermine its Original. This was a controverſy that required another management. Clear ſenſe, ſevere reaſoning, a thorough knowledge of prophane and ſacred Antiquity, and an intimate acquaintance with Human Nature, were the qualities proper for ſuch as engaged in this ſubject. A very unpromiſing adventure for theſe metaphyſical nurſlings, bred up in the gloomy regions of chimeras. Yet they would needs venture out. What they got by it was only to be once well laughed at, and then forgotten. But one odd circumſtance deſerves to be remembered; though they wrote not, we may be ſure, in concert, yet each attacked this formidable adverſary at the ſame time; faſtened upon him in the ſame place; and mumbled him with juſt the ſame toothleſs rage. But the ill ſucceſs of this eſcape ſoon brought them to themſelves. The One made a fruitleſs effort to revive the old game, in a diſcourſe on *The* IMPORTANCE *of the Doctrine of the Trinity*; and the Other has been ever ſince rambling in SPACE, and TIME.

This ſhort hiſtory, as inſignificant as the ſubjects of it are, may not be altogether unuſeful to poſterity. Divines may learn by theſe examples to avoid the miſchiefs done to Religion and Literature, through the affectation of being *wiſe* above what is written, and *knowing* beyond what can be underſtood.

On their own Axis as the Planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the Sun;
So two conſiſtent motions act the Soul;
And one regards Itſelf, and one the Whole.
Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
And bade Self-love and Social be the ſame.

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different motions of the appetite to Good, by which the Author of Nature hath enabled Man to find his own happineſs in the happineſs of the Whole. This he illuſtrates with a thought as ſublime as that general harmony which he deſcribes:

" On their own Axis as the Planets run,
" Yet make at once their circle round the Sun;
" So two conſiſtent motions act the Soul;
" And one regards Itſelf, and one the Whole.
" Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
" And bade Self-love and Social be the ſame."

For he hath the art of converting poetical ornament into philoſophic reaſoning; and of improving a ſimile into an analogical argument; of which, more in our next.

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VER. 318. *And bade Self-love and Social be the ſame.*] True *Self-love* is an appetite for that *proper* good, for the enjoyment of which, we were made as we are. Now that good is commenſurate with all other good, and a part and portion of Univerſal Good: it is therefore the *ſame with Social*, which hath theſe properties.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE IV.

Of the Nature and State of Man *with reſpect to* Happineſs.

I. *FALSE Notions of Happineſs, Philoſophical and Popular, anſwered from* Ver. 19 *to* 27. II. *It is the End of all Men, and attainable by all,* Ver. 30. *God intends* Happineſs *to be* equal; *and to be ſo, it muſt be* ſocial, *ſince all particular Happineſs depends on general, and ſince he governs by* general, *not* particular Laws, Ver. 37. *As it is neceſſary for* Order, *and the peace and welfare of* Society, *that* external goods *ſhould be* unequal, *Happineſs is not made to conſiſt in theſe,* Ver. 51. *But, notwithſtanding that inequality, the* balance *of Happineſs among Mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two Paſſions of* Hope *and* Fear, Ver. 70. III. *What the Happineſs of* Individuals *is, as far as is conſiſtent with the conſtitution of this world; and that the* good Man *has here the advantage,* Ver. 77. *The error of imputing to* Virtue *what are only the calamities of* Nature, *or of* Fortune, Ver. 94. IV. *The folly of expecting that God ſhould alter his general Laws in favour of particulars,* Ver. 121. V. *That we are not judges who are good; but that whoever they are, they muſt be happieſt,* Ver. 133, *etc.* VI. *That* external goods *are not the proper rewards, but often inconſiſtent with, or deſtructive of, Virtue,* Ver. 165. *That even theſe can make no Man happy without Virtue: Inſtanced in* Riches, Ver. 183. Honours, Ver. 191. Nobility, Ver. 203. Greatneſs, Ver. 215. Fame, Ver. 235. Superior Talents, Ver. 257, *etc. With pictures of human Infelicity in Men poſſeſſed of them all,* Ver. 267, *etc.* VII. *That* Virtue only *conſtitutes a Happineſs, whoſe object is* univerſal, *and whoſe proſpect* eternal, Ver. 307, *etc. That the* perfection *of* Virtue *and* Happineſs *conſiſts in a* conformity *to the* ORDER *of* PROVIDENCE *here, and a* Reſignation *to it here and hereafter,* Ver. 326, *etc.*

EPISTLE IV.

OH HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim!
Good, Pleaſure, Eaſe, Content! whate'er thy name
That ſomething ſtill which prompts th' eternal ſigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die,

5 Which

VARIATIONS.

VER. 1. *Oh Happineſs! etc.*] In the MS. thus;

Oh Happineſs! to which we all aſpire,
Wing'd with ſtrong hope, and borne by full deſire;
That eaſe, for which in want, in wealth we ſigh;
That eaſe, for which we labour and we die.

COMMENTARY.

THE two foregoing epiſtles having conſidered Man with regard to the MEANS (that is, in all his relations, whether as an Individual, or a Member of *Society)* this laſt comes to conſider him with regard to the END, that is, *Happineſs*.

It opens with an Invocation to HAPPINESS, in the manner of the ancient Poets; who, when deſtitute of a patron God, applied to the Muſe; and if ſhe was not at leiſure, took up with any ſimple Virtue next at hand, to inſpire and proſper their Undertakings. This was the ancient Invocation, which few modern Poets have had the art to imitate with any degree either of ſpirit or decorum: but our Author hath contrived to make *his* ſubſervient to the method and reaſoning of his philoſophic compoſition. I will endeavour to explain ſo uncommon a beauty.

It is to be obſerved that the pagan Deities had each their ſeveral *names* and *places of abode*; with ſome of which they were ſuppoſed to be more delighted than others; and conſequently to be then moſt propitious when invoked by the favourite name and place: Hence we find, the hymns of Homer, Orpheus, and Callimachus to be chiefly employed in reckoning up the ſeveral titles and habitations by which the patron God was known and diſtinguiſhed. Our Poet hath made theſe two circumſtances ſerve to introduce his ſubject. His purpoſe is to write of *Happineſs*; method therefore requires that he firſt define what men mean by Happineſs; and this he does in the ornament of a poetic Invocation; in which the ſeveral names, that *Happineſs* goes by, are enumerated.

" Oh Happineſs! our being's end and aim!
" Good, Pleaſure, Eaſe, Content! whate'er thy NAME:"

After the DEFINITION, that which follows next, is the PROPOSITION, which is, *that human Happineſs conſiſts not in external Advantages, but in Virtue.* For the ſubject of this

epiſtle

Which ſtill ſo near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, ſeen double, by the fool, and wiſe.
Plant of celeſtial ſeed! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal ſoil thou deign'ſt to grow?
Fair op'ning to ſome Court's propitious ſhine,
Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine?
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnaſſian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harveſts of the field?
Where grows?——where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the ſoil:
Fix'd to no ſpot is Happineſs ſincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where:
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from monarchs, ST. JOHN! dwells with thee.

Aſk

COMMENTARY.

epiſtle is to detect the *falſe* notions of Happineſs, and to ſettle and explain the *true*; and this, the Poet lays down in the next ſixteen lines. Now the enumeration of the ſeveral *ſituations* where Happineſs is ſuppoſed to reſide, is a ſummary of *falſe* Happineſs placed in Externals:

" Plant of celeſtial ſeed! if dropt below,
" Say, in what mortal ſoil thou deign'ſt to grow?
" Fair op'ning to ſome Court's propitious ſhine,
" Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine?
" Twin'd with the wreaths Parnaſſian laurels yield,
" Or reap'd in iron harveſts of the field?"

The ſix remaining lines deliver the *true* notion of Happineſs, and ſhew that it is rightly placed in Virtue. Which is ſummed up in theſe two:

" Fix'd to no ſpot is Happineſs ſincere;
" 'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where."

The Poet having thus defined his terms, and laid down his propoſition, proceeds to the ſupport of his Theſis; the various arguments of which make up the body of the Epiſtle.

NOTES.

VER. 6. *O'erlook'd, ſeen double, etc.*] *O'erlook'd* by thoſe who place Happineſs in any thing exclusive of Virtue; *ſeen double* by thoſe who admit any thing elſe to have a ſhare with Virtue in procuring Happineſs; theſe being the two general miſtakes which this epiſtle is employed to confute.

Aſk of the Learn'd the way? The Learn'd are blind;
This bids to ſerve, and that to ſhun mankind;
Some place the bliſs in action, ſome in eaſe,
Thoſe call it Pleaſure, and Contentment theſe;

Some

COMMENTARY.

VER. 19. *Aſk of the Learn'd, etc.*] He begins (from Ver. 18 to 29.) with detecting the falſe notions of Happineſs. Theſe are of two kinds, the *Philoſophical* and *Popular:* The popular he had recapitulated in the invocation, when Happineſs was called upon, at her ſeveral ſuppoſed places of abode: the philoſophical only remained to be delivered:

" Aſk of the Learn'd the way? The Learn'd are blind;
" This bids to ſerve, and that to ſhun Mankind:
" Some place the bliſs in action, ſome in eaſe;
" Thoſe call it Pleaſure, and Contentment theſe."

They differed as well in the *means*, as in the nature of the *end.* Some placed Happineſs in Action, ſome in Contemplation; the firſt called it Pleaſure, the ſecond Eaſe. Of thoſe who placed it in Action and called it Pleaſure, the rout they purſued either ſunk them into *ſenſual Pleaſures*, which ended in *Pain*; or led them in ſearch of *imaginary Perfections*, unſuitable to their nature and ſtation, (ſee Ep. i.) which ended in *Vanity.* Of thoſe who placed it in Eaſe, the contemplative ſtation they were fixed in, made ſome, for their quiet, find truth in *every thing*; others in *nothing.*

" Who thus define it, ſay they more or leſs
" Than this, that Happineſs is Happineſs?"

The confutation of theſe Philoſophic errors he ſhews to be very eaſy, one common fallacy running through them all; namely this, that inſtead of telling us in what the happineſs of *human nature* conſiſts, which was what was aſked of them, each buſies himſelf in explaining in what he placed *his own.*

NOTES.

VER. 21, 23. *Some place the bliſs in action,——*
Some ſunk to Beaſts, etc.]

1. Thoſe who place Happineſs, or the *ſummum bonum*, in Pleaſure, Ἡδονὴ; ſuch as the Cyrenaic ſect, called, on that account, the Hedonic. 2. Thoſe who place it in a certain tranquillity or calmneſs of Mind, which they call Εὐθυμία, ſuch as the Democritic ſect. 3. The Epicurean. 4. The Stoic. 5. The Protagorean, which held that Man was πάντων χρηματων μέτρον, *the meaſure of all things*; for that all things which *appear* to him, *are*, and thoſe things which *appear not* to any Man, *are not*; ſo that every imagination or opinion of every Man was true. 6. The Sceptic: Whoſe abſolute doubt is, with great judgment, ſaid to be the effect of Indolence, as well as the abſolute truſt of the Protagorean: For the ſame dread of labour attending the ſearch of truth, which makes the Protagorean preſume it is always at hand, makes the Sceptic conclude it is never to be found. The only difference is, that the lazineſs of the one is deſponding, and the lazineſs of the other ſanguine; yet both can give it a good name, and call it HAPPINESS.

Some ſunk to Beaſts, find pleaſure end in pain;
Some ſwell'd to Gods, confeſs ev'n Virtue vain!
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To truſt in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.
Who thus define it, ſay they more or leſs
Than this, that Happineſs is Happineſs?
Take Nature's path, and mad Opinion's leave;
All ſtates can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And mourn our various portions as we pleaſe,
Equal is Common Senſe, and Common Eaſe.
Remember, Man, "the Univerſal Cauſe
"Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws:"

And

COMMENTARY.

VER. 29. *Take Nature's path, etc.*] The Poet then proceeds (from Ver. 28 to 35.) to reform their miſtakes; and ſhews them that, if they will but take the road of Nature and leave that of mad Opinion, they will ſoon find Happineſs to be a good of the *ſpecies*, and, like Common Senſe, equally diſtributed to all mankind.

VER. 35. *Remember, Man, etc.*] Having expoſed the two falſe ſpecies of Happineſs, the *Philoſophical* and *Popular*, and denounced the true; in order to eſtabliſh the laſt, he goes on to a confutation of the two former.

I. He firſt (from Ver. 34 to 49.) confutes the *Philoſophical*; which, as we ſaid, makes happineſs a particular, not a general good: And this two ways; 1. From his grand principle, that God acts by general laws; the conſequence of which is, that happineſs, which ſupports the well-being of every ſyſtem, muſt needs be univerſal; and not partial, as the Philoſophers conceived. 2. From fact, that Man inſtinctively concurs with this deſignation of Providence, to make happineſs univerſal, by his having no delight in any thing uncommunicated or uncommunicable.

NOTES.

VER. 23. *Some ſunk to Beaſts, etc.*] Theſe four lines added in the laſt Edition, as neceſſary to complete the ſummary of the falſe purſuits after Happineſs among the Greek Philoſophers.

VER. 35. *Remember, Man, "the Univerſal Cauſe*
"Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws:"]
I reckon it for nothing that M. Du Reſnel ſaw none of the fine reaſoning (from theſe two lines, to Ver. 73.) in which the Poet confutes both the *philoſophic* and *popular* errors concerning happineſs.

And makes what Happineſs we juſtly call
Subſiſt not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a bleſſing Individuals find,
But ſome way leans and hearkens to the kind;
No Bandit fierce, no Tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd Hermit, reſts ſelf-ſatisfy'd:
Who moſt to ſhun or hate Mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abſtract what others feel, what others think,
All pleaſures ſicken, and all glories ſink:
Each has his ſhare; and who would more obtain,
Shall find, the pleaſure pays not half the pain.
ORDER is Heav'n's firſt law; and this confeſt,
Some are, and muſt be, greater than the reſt,

More

COMMENTARY.

VER. 49. *Order is Heav'n's firſt law;*] II. In the ſecond place (from Ver. 48 to 67.) he confutes the popular error concerning happineſs, namely, that it conſiſts in externals: This he does, *firſt*, by inquiring into the reaſons of the preſent providential diſpoſition of external goods:

NOTES.

happineſs. What I can leaſt bear is his perverting theſe two lines to a horrid and ſenſeleſs *fataliſm*, foreign to the argument in hand, and directly contrary to the Poet's general principles.

——— " Une Loi generale
" Determine toûjours la cauſe principale."

i. e. *a general Law always determines the firſt Cauſe:* which is the very *Fate* of the Ancient Pagans; who ſuppoſed that the *Deſtinies* gave law to the *Father of Gods and men.* The Poet ſays, again, ſoon after, Ver. 49. " Order is Heav'n's firſt Law,"—i. e. *the firſt Law made by God relates to Order:* which is a beautiful alluſion to the Scripture-hiſtory of the Creation, when God firſt appeaſed the diſorders of Chaos, and ſeparated the light from the darkneſs. Let us now hear his Tranſlator:

" L'Ordre, cet inflexible et grand Legiſlateur,
" Qui des decrets du Ciel eſt le premier Auteur."

Order, that inflexible and grand Legiſlator, who is the firſt Author of the Law of Heaven. A propoſition abominable in moſt ſenſes; abſurd in all.

More rich, more wiſe; but who infers from hence
That ſuch are happier, ſhocks all common ſenſe.
Heav'n to Mankind impartial we confeſs,
If all are equal in their Happineſs:
But mutual wants this Happineſs increaſe;
All Nature's diff'rence keeps all Nature's peace.
Condition, circumſtance is not the thing;
Bliſs is the ſame in ſubject or in king,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
Heav'n breathes through every member of the whole
One common bleſſing, as one common ſoul.
But Fortune's gifts if each alike poſſeſt,
And each were equal, muſt not all conteſt?
If then to all Men Happineſs was meant,
God in Externals could not place Content.

Fortune

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 52. in the MS.

Say not, "Heav'n's here profuſe, there poorly ſaves,
"And for one Monarch makes a thouſand ſlaves."
You'll find, when Cauſes and their Ends are known,
'Twas for the thouſand Heav'n has made that one.

COMMENTARY.

goods: A topic of confutation choſen with the greateſt accuracy and penetration: For, if it appears they were given in the manner we ſee them diſtributed, for reaſons different from the happineſs of Individuals, it is abſurd to think that they ſhould make part of that happineſs. He ſhews therefore that diſparity of external poſſeſſions among men was for the ſake of Society: 1. To promote the harmony and happineſs of a ſyſtem; becauſe the want of external goods in ſome, and the abundance in others, increaſe general harmony in the obliger and obliged. Yet here (ſays he) mark the impartial wiſdom of Heaven; this very inequality of externals, by contributing to general harmony and order, produceth an equality of happineſs amongſt Individuals.

2. To prevent perpetual diſcord amongſt men equal in power; which an equal diſtribution of external goods would neceſſarily occaſion. From hence he concludes, that as external goods were not given for the reward of virtue, but for many different purpoſes, God could not, if he intended happineſs for all, place it in the enjoyment of externals.

Fortune her gifts may variouſly diſpoſe,
And theſe be happy call'd, unhappy thoſe;
But Heav'n's juſt balance equal will appear,
While thoſe are plac'd in Hope, and theſe in Fear:
Not preſent good or ill, the joy or curſe,
But future views of better, or of worſe.
Oh ſons of earth! attempt ye ſtill to riſe,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the ſkies?
Heav'n ſtill with laughter the vain toil ſurveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raiſe.
Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere Mankind,

Reaſon's

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 66. in the MS.

'Tis peace of mind alone is at a ſtay:
The reſt mad Fortune gives or takes away.
All other bliſs by accident's debar'd;
But Virtue's, in the inſtant, a reward;
In hardeſt trials operates the beſt,
And more is reliſh'd as the more diſtreſt.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 67. *Fortune her gifts may variouſly diſpoſe, etc.*] His *ſecond* argument (from Ver. 66 to 73.) againſt the popular error of happineſs being placed in externals, is, that the poſſeſſion of them is inſeparably attended with fear; the want of them with hope; which directly croſſing all their pretenſions to making happy, evidently ſhews that God had placed happineſs elſewhere. And hence, in concluding this argument, he takes occaſion (from Ver. 72 to 77.) to upbraid the deſperate folly and impiety of thoſe, who, in ſpite of God and Nature, will yet attempt to place happineſs in externals:

" Oh ſons of earth! attempt ye ſtill to riſe,
" By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the ſkies?
" Heav'n ſtill with laughter the vain toil ſurveys,
" And buries madmen in the heaps they raiſe."

VER. 77. *Know, all the good, etc.*] The Poet having thus confuted the two errors concerning happineſs, the *Philoſophical* and *Popular*; and proved that true happineſs was neither ſolitary and partial, nor yet placed in externals; goes on (from Ver. 76 to 83.) to ſhew in what it doth conſiſt. He had before ſaid in general, and repeated it, that happineſs lay in

common

Reaſon's whole pleaſure, all the joys of Senſe,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.
But Health conſiſts with Temperance alone;
And Peace, oh Virtue! Peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of Fortune gain;
But theſe leſs taſte them, as they worſe obtain.
Say,

COMMENTARY.

common to the whole ſpecies. He now brings us better acquainted with it, in a more explicit account of its nature; and tells us, it is all contained in *health*, *peace*, and *competence*; but that theſe are to be gained only by VIRTUE, namely, by temperance, innocence, and induſtry.

VER. 83. *The good or bad, etc.*] Hitherto the Poet hath only conſidered *health* and *peace*:

" But Health conſiſts with Temperance alone;
" And Peace, oh Virtue! Peace is all thy own."

One head yet remained to be ſpoken to, namely, *competence*. In the purſuit of health and peace there is no danger of running into exceſs; but the caſe is different with regard to competence: here wealth and affluence would be apt to be miſtaken for it, in men's paſſionate purſuit after *external* goods. To obviate this miſtake therefore, the Poet ſhews (from Ver. 82 to 93.) that, as exorbitant wealth adds nothing to the happineſs ariſing from a *competence*; ſo, as it is generally ill gotten, it is attended with circumſtances which weaken another part of this triple cord, namely, *peace*.

" Reaſon's whole pleaſure, all the joys of Senſe,
" Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.
" But Health conſiſts with Temperance alone;
" And Peace, oh Virtue! Peace is all thy own."

NOTES.

VER. 79. *Reaſon's whole pleaſure, etc.*] This is a beautiful periphraſis for Happineſs; for all we feel of good is by *ſenſation* and *reflection*. But the Tranſlator, who ſeemed little to concern himſelf with the Poet's philoſophy or argument, miſtook this deſcription of *happineſs* for a deſcription of the *intellectual and ſenſitive faculties, oppoſed to one another*; and therefore turns it thus,

" Le charme ſeducteur, dont s'enyvrant les ſens,
" Les plaiſirs de l'eſprit, encore plus raviſſans:"

and ſo, with the higheſt abſurdity, not only makes the Poet conſtitute *ſenſual exceſſes* a part of human happineſs, but likewiſe the product of Virtue.

VER. 82. *And Peace, etc.*] *Conſcious* innocence (ſays the Poet) is the only ſource of *internal peace*; and *known* innocence, of *external*; therefore, peace is the ſole iſſue of virtue; or, in

Say, in purſuit of profit or delight,
Who riſk the moſt, that take wrong means, or right?
Of Vice or Virtue, whether bleſt or curſt,
Which meets contempt, or which compaſſion firſt?
Count all th' advantage proſp'rous Vice attains,
'Tis but what Virtue flies from and diſdains:
And grant the bad what happineſs they wou'd,
One they muſt want, which is, to paſs for good.
Oh blind to truth, and God's whole ſcheme below,
Who fancy Bliſs to Vice, to Virtue Woe!

Who

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 92. in the MS.

Let ſober Moraliſts correct their ſpeech,
No bad man's happy: he is great, or rich.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 93. *Oh blind to truth, etc.*] Our Author having thus largely confuted the miſtake, that happineſs conſiſts in externals, proceeds to expoſe the terrible conſequences of ſuch an opinion, on the ſentiments and practice of all ſorts of men; making the *Diſſolute*, impious and atheiſtical; the *Religious*, uncharitable and intolerant; and the *Good*, reſtleſs and diſcontent. For when it is once taken for granted, that happineſs conſiſts in externals, it is immediately ſeen that ill men are often more happy than the Good; which ſets all conditions on objecting to the ways of Providence: and ſome even on raſhly attempting to rectify its diſpenſations, though by the violation of all laws, divine and human. Now this being the moſt important part of the ſubject under conſideration, is deſervedly treated moſt at large. And here it will be proper to take notice of the art of the Poet in making this confutation ſerve, at the ſame time, for a full ſolution of all objections which might be made to his main propoſition, *that happineſs conſiſts not in externals.*

I. He begins, firſt of all, with the atheiſtical complainers; and purſues their impiety from Ver. 92 to 131.

"Oh blind to truth! and God's whole ſcheme below," etc.

NOTES.

his own emphatic words, *peace is* all *thy own*; a concluſive obſervation in his argument; which ſtands thus: Is happineſs rightly placed in externals? No; for it conſiſts in health, peace, and competence. Health and competence are the product of temperance; and peace of perfect innocence.

Who ſees and follows that great ſcheme the beſt,
Beſt knows the bleſſing, and will moſt be bleſt.
But fools, the Good alone, unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.
See FALKLAND dies, the virtuous and the juſt!
See god-like TURENNE proſtrate on the duſt!
See SIDNEY bleeds amid the martial ſtrife!
Was this their Virtue, or Contempt of Life?
Say, was it Virtue, more tho' Heav'n ne'er gave,
Lamented DIGBY! ſunk thee to the grave?
Tell me, if Virtue made the Son expire,
Why, full of days and honour, lives the Sire?
Why drew Marſeilles' good biſhop purer breath,
When Nature ſicken'd, and each gale was death?

Or

COMMENTARY.

VER. 97. *But fools, the Good alone unhappy call, etc.*] He expoſes their folly, even on their own notions of external goods,

1. By examples (from Ver. 98 to 111.) where he ſhews, *firſt*, that if good men have been untimely cut off, this is not to be aſcribed to their virtue, but to a contempt of life, which hurried them into dangers. *Secondly*, That if they will ſtill perſiſt in aſcribing untimely death to virtue, they muſt needs, on the ſame principle, aſcribe long life to it alſo; conſequently, as the argument, in fact, concludes both ways, in logic it concludes neither.

> " Say, was it Virtue, more tho' Heav'n ne'er gave,
> " Lamented Digby! ſunk thee to the grave?
> " Tell me, if Virtue made the Son expire,
> " Why, full of days and honour, lives the Sire?"

NOTES.

VER. 100. *See* god-like TURENNE.] This epithet has a peculiar juſtneſs; the great man to whom it is applied not being diſtinguiſhed, from other generals, for any of his ſuperior qualities, ſo much as for his providential care of thoſe whom he led to war; in which he was ſo intent, that his chief purpoſe in taking on himſelf the command of armies, ſeems to have been the preſervation of mankind. In this *god-like* care he was more remarkably employed throughout the whole courſe of that famous campaign in which he loſt his life.

Or why ſo long (in life if long can be)
Lent Heav'n a parent to the poor and me?
What makes all phyſical or moral ill?
There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will.
God ſends not ill; if rightly underſtood,
Or partial Ill is univerſal Good,
Or Change admits, or Nature lets it fall;
Short, and but rare, till Man improv'd it all.

We

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 116. in the MS.

Of ev'ry evil, ſince the world began,
The real ſource is not in God, but man.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 111. *What makes all phyſical or moral ill?*] 2. He expoſes their folly (from Ver. 110 to 131.) by conſiderations drawn from the ſyſtem of Nature; and theſe twofold, natural and moral. You accuſe God, ſays he, becauſe the good man is ſubject to natural and moral evil: Let us ſee whence theſe proceed: Natural evil is the neceſſary conſequence of a material world ſo conſtituted: But that this conſtitution was beſt, we have proved in the firſt Epiſtle. Moral evil ariſeth from the depraved will of Man: Therefore neither one nor the other from God. But you ſay, (adds the Poet, to theſe impious complainers) that though it be fit Man ſhould ſuffer the miſeries which he brings upon himſelf, by the commiſſion of moral evil; yet it ſeems unfit that his innocent poſterity ſhould bear a ſhare of the burthen. To this, ſays he, I reply,

" We juſt as wiſely might of Heav'n complain
" That righteous Abel was deſtroy'd by Cain,
" As that the virtuous ſon is ill at eaſe,
" When his lewd father gave the dire diſeaſe."

But you will ſtill ſay, Why doth not God either prevent, or immediately repair theſe evils? You may as well aſk why he doth not work continual miracles, and every moment reverſe the eſtabliſhed laws of Nature:

" Shall burning Etna, if a ſage requires," etc.

This is the force of the Poet's reaſoning; and theſe the men to whom he addreſſeth it; namely, the libertine cavillers againſt Providence.

NOTES.

VER. 110. *Lent Heav'n a parent, etc.*] This laſt inſtance of the Poet's illuſtration of the ways of Providence, the reader ſees, has a peculiar elegance; where a tribute of piety to a parent is paid in a return of thanks to, and made ſubſervient of his vindication of, the great Giver and Father of all things. The Mother of the Author, a perſon of great piety and charity, died the year this poem was finiſhed, viz. 1733.

We juſt as wiſely might of Heav'n complain
That righteous Abel was deſtroy'd by Cain,
As that the virtuous ſon is ill at eaſe
When his lewd father gave the dire diſeaſe.
Think we, like ſome weak Prince, th' Eternal Cauſe,
Prone for his fav'rites to reverſe his laws?
Shall burning Etna, if a ſage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?
On air or ſea new motions be impreſt,
Oh blameleſs Bethel! to relieve thy breaſt?
When the looſe mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation ceaſe, if you go by?
Or ſome old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartres' head reſerve the hanging wall?
But ſtill this world (ſo fitted for the knave)
Contents us not. A better ſhall we have?

A kingdom

COMMENTARY.

VER. 131. *But ſtill this world, etc.*] II. But now, ſo unhappy is the condition of our corrupt nature, that theſe are not the only complainers. RELIGIOUS men are but too apt, if not to ſpeak out, yet ſometimes ſecretly to murmur againſt Providence; and ſay, *its ways are not equal:* Thoſe eſpecially, who are more inordinately devoted to a ſect or party, are ſcandalized, that the *Juſt* (for ſuch they eſteem themſelves) the *Juſt* who are to judge the world, have no better a portion in their own inheritance and dominion: The Poet therefore now leaves thoſe more profeſſedly impious, and turns to theſe leſs profligate complainers (from Ver. 130 to 149.)

" But

NOTES.

VER. 121. *Think we, like ſome weak Prince, etc.*] Agreeable hereunto, holy Scripture, in its account of things under the common Providence of Heaven, never repreſents miracles as wrought for the ſake of him who is the object of them, but in order to give credit to ſome of God's extraordinary diſpenſations to Mankind.

VER. 123. *Shall burning Etna, etc.*] Alluding to the fate of thoſe two great Naturaliſts, Empedocles and Pliny, who both periſhed by too near an approach to Etna and Veſuvius, while they were exploring the cauſe of their eruptions.

A kingdom of the Juſt then let it be:
But firſt conſider how thoſe Juſt agree.
The good muſt merit God's peculiar care;
But who, but God, can tell us who they are?
One thinks on Calvin Heav'n's own ſpirit fell;
Another deems him inſtrument of hell;
If Calvin feel Heav'n's bleſſing, or its rod,
This cries, there is, and that, there is no God.

What

COMMENTARY.

" But ſtill this world (ſo fitted for the knave)" etc.

As the former wanted external goods to be the reward of virtue for the moral man; ſo Theſe want them for the pious, in order to have *a kingdom of the Juſt:* To this the Poet holds it ſufficient to anſwer; Pray firſt agree among yourſelves, who thoſe *Juſt* are. As they are not likely to do this, he bids them to reſt ſatisfied; to remember his fundamental principle, that *whatever is, is right*; and to content themſelves (as their religion teaches them to profeſs a more than ordinary ſubmiſſion to the will of Providence) with that common anſwer which he, with ſo much reaſon and piety, gives to every kind of complainer.

However, though there be yet no *kingdom of the Juſt*, there is ſtill no kingdom of the Unjuſt; both the virtuous and the vicious (whatſoever becomes of thoſe whom every ſect calls the *Faithful)* have their ſhare in external goods; and what is more, the virtuous have infinitely the moſt enjoyment of their ſhare.

" This world, 'tis true,
" Was made for Caeſar—but for Titus too:
" And which more bleſt? who chain'd his country? ſay,
" Or he whoſe Virtue ſigh'd to loſe a day?"

I have been the more ſolicitous to explain this laſt argument, and to ſhew *againſt whom* it is directed, becauſe a great deal depends upon it for the illuſtration of the ſenſe, and the defence of the Poet's reaſoning. For if we ſuppoſe him to be ſtill addreſſing himſelf to thoſe IMPIOUS complainers, confuted in the forty preceding lines, we ſhould make him guilty of a paralogiſm, in the argument about the Juſt; and in the illuſtration of it by the caſe of Calvin. For then the Libertine aſks, Why the Juſt, that is, the *moral man*, is not rewarded? The anſwer is, That none but God can tell, who the Juſt, that is, the *faithful man*, is. Where the Term is changed, in order to ſupport the argument; for about the truly moral man there is no diſpute; about the truly faithful, or the orthodox, a great deal. But take the Poet right, as arguing here againſt RELIGIOUS complainers, and the reaſoning is ſtrict and logical. They aſk, Why the truly faithful are not rewarded? He anſwereth, " They may be, for aught you " know; for none but God can tell who they are."

What ſhocks one part will edify the reſt,
Nor with one ſyſtem can they all be bleſt.
The very beſt will variouſly incline,
And what rewards your Virtue, puniſh mine.
WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.——This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Caeſar—but for Titus too:
And which more bleſt? who chain'd his country? ſay,
Or he whoſe Virtue ſigh'd to loſe a day?
" But ſometimes Virtue ſtarves, while Vice is fed."
What then? Is the reward of Virtue bread?
That, Vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
The knave deſerves it, when he tills the ſoil,
The knave deſerves it, when he tempts the main,
Where Folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent;
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
But grant him Riches, your demand is o'er?
" No—ſhall the good want Health, the good want Pow'r?"

Add

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 142. in ſome Editions,

Give each a Syſtem, all muſt be at ſtrife;
What diff'rent Syſtems for a Man and Wife?

The joke, though lively, was ill placed, and therefore ſtruck out of the text.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 149. " *But ſometimes Virtue ſtarves, while Vice is fed.*"] III. The Poet, having diſpatched theſe two ſpecies of murmurers, comes now to the third, and ſtill more pardonable ſort, the *diſcontented* GOOD MEN, who lament only that Virtue ſtarves, while Vice riots. To theſe he replies (from Ver. 148 to 157.) that, admit this to be the caſe, yet they have no reaſon to complain, either of the good man's lot in particular, or of the diſpenſation of Providence in general. Not of the former, becauſe Happineſs, the reward of Virtue, conſiſteth not in Externals; nor of the latter, becauſe ill men may gain wealth by commendable induſtry; good men want neceſſaries through indolence or ill conduct.

VER. 157. *But grant him Riches, etc.*] But as modeſt as this complaint ſeemeth at firſt view, the Poet next ſhews (from Ver. 156 to 167.) that it is founded on a principle of the higheſt

Add Health, and Pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing.
" Why bounded Pow'r? why private? why no king?"
Nay, why external for internal giv'n?
Why is not Man a God, and Earth a Heav'n?
Who aſk and reaſon thus, will ſcarce conceive
God gives enough, while he has more to give:
Immenſe the pow'r, immenſe were the demand;
Say, at what part of nature will they ſtand?
What nothing earthly gives, or can deſtroy,
The ſoul's calm ſun-ſhine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is Virtue's prize: A better would you fix?
Then give Humility a coach and ſix,
Juſtice a Conqu'ror's ſword, or Truth a gown,
Or Public Spirit its great cure, a Crown.
Weak, fooliſh man! will Heav'n reward us there
With the ſame traſh mad mortals wiſh for here?

The

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 172. in the MS.

Say, what rewards this idle world imparts,
Or fit for ſearching heads or honeſt hearts.

COMMENTARY.

extravagance, which will never let the diſcontented good man reſt, till he becomes as vain and fooliſh in his imagination as the very worſt ſort of complainers. For that when once he begins to think he wants what is his due, he will never know where to ſtop, while God hath any thing to give.

VER. 167. *What nothing earthly gives, etc.*] But this is not all; the Poet ſheweth next (from Ver. 166 to 185.) that theſe demands are not only unreaſonable, but in the higheſt degree abſurd, likewiſe. For that thoſe very goods, if granted, would be the deſtruction of that Virtue for which they are demanded as a reward. He concludes therefore, on the whole, that,

" What nothing earthly gives, or can deſtroy,
" The ſoul's calm ſun-ſhine, and the heart-felt joy,
" Is Virtue's prize—"

And that to aim at other, which not only is of no uſe to us here, but, what is more, will be of none hereafter, is a paſſion like that of an Infant or a Savage; where the one is impatient for what he will ſoon deſpiſe; and the other makes a proviſion for what he can never want.

The Boy and Man an Individual makes,
Yet ſigh'ſt thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the Indian, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife:
As well as dream ſuch trifles are aſſign'd,
As toys and empires, for a god-like mind.
Rewards, that either would to Virtue bring
No joy, or be deſtructive of the thing:
How oft by theſe at ſixty are undone
The virtues of a ſaint at twenty-one!
To whom can Riches give Repute, or Truſt,
Content, or Pleaſure, but the Good and Juſt?

Judges

COMMENTARY.

VER. 185. *To whom can Riches give Repute, or Truſt,*] The Poet now enters more at large upon the matter: And ſtill continuing his diſcourſe to this third ſort of complainers (whom he indulgeth, as much more pardonable than the firſt or ſecond, in rectifying all their doubts and miſtakes) he proves, both from reaſon and example, how unable any of thoſe things are, which the world moſt admires, to make a good man happy. For as to the Philoſophic miſtakes concerning happineſs, there being little danger of their making a general impreſſion, he had, after a ſhort confutation, diſmiſſed them for altogether. But External goods are thoſe Syrens, which ſo bewitch the world with dreams of happineſs, that it is of all things the moſt difficult to awaken it out of its deluſions; though, as he proves in an exact review of the moſt pretending, they diſhonour bad men, and add no luſtre to the good.—That it is only this third, and leaſt criminal ſort of complainers, againſt whom the remaining part of the diſcourſe is directed, appeareth from the Poet's ſo frequently addreſſing himſelf, henceforward, to his friend.

I. He beginneth therefore (from Ver. 184 to 205.) with conſidering RICHES. 1. He examines firſt, what there is of real uſe or enjoyment in them; and ſheweth, they can give the good man only that very contentment in himſelf, and that very eſteem and love from others, which he had before: And ſcornfully cries out to thoſe of a different opinion,

" Oh

NOTES.

VER. 177. *Go, like the Indian, etc.*] Alluding to the example of the Indian, in Epiſt. i. Ver. 99. which ſhews, that that example was not given to diſcredit any rational hopes of future happineſs, but only to reprove the folly of ſeparating them from Charity: as when,

" — Zeal, not Charity, became the guide,
" And hell was built on ſpite, and heav'n on pride."

Judges and Senates have been bought for gold,
Eſteem and Love were never to be ſold.
Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human-kind,
Whoſe life is healthful, and whoſe conſcience clear,
Becauſe he wants a thouſand pounds a year.
Honour and ſhame from no Condition riſe;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in Men has ſome ſmall diff'rence made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobler apron'd, and the parſon gown'd,
The frier hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
"What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl?"
I'll tell you, friend! a wiſe man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobler-like, the parſon will be drunk,

Worth

COMMENTARY.

"Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
"The *lover* and the *love* of human-kind,
"Whoſe life is healthful, and whoſe conſcience clear;
"Becauſe he wants a thouſand pounds a year!"

2. He next examines the imaginary value of Riches, as the fountain of Honour. For the objection of his adverſaries ſtandeth thus:—As *honour* is the genuine claim of virtue; and *ſhame* the juſt retribution of vice; and as honour, in their opinion, follows riches; and ſhame, poverty; therefore the good man ſhould be *rich*. He tells them in this they are much miſtaken:

"Honour and ſhame from no Condition riſe;
"Act well your part, there all the honour lies."

What power then has Fortune over the Man? None at all; for as her favours can confer neither worth nor wiſdom; ſo neither can her diſpleaſure cure him of any of his follies. On his *garb*, indeed, ſhe hath ſome little influence; but his *heart* ſtill remains the ſame:

"Fortune in Men has ſome ſmall diff'rence made,
"One *flaunts* in rags, one *flutters* in brocade."

So that this difference extends no further than to the habit; the pride of heart is the ſame both in the *flaunter* and the *flutterer*; as it is the Poet's intention to inſinuate by the uſe of thoſe terms.

Worth makes the man, and want of it, the fellow;
The reſt is all but leather or prunella.
Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with ſtrings,
That thou may'ſt be by kings, or whores of kings,
Boaſt the pure blood of an illuſtrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
But by your fathers' worth if your's you rate,
Count me thoſe only who were good and great.
Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
Has crept through ſcoundrels ever ſince the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own, your fathers have been fools ſo long.
What can ennoble ſots, or ſlaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the HOWARDS.
Look next on Greatneſs; ſay where Greatneſs lies?
"Where, but among the Heroes and the Wiſe?"

Heroes

VARIATIONS.

VER. 207. *Boaſt the pure blood, etc.*] In the MS. thus,

The richeſt blood, right-honourably old,
Down from Lucretia to Lucretia roll'd,
May ſwell thy heart and gallop in thy breaſt,
Without one daſh of uſher or of prieſt:
Thy pride as much deſpiſe all other pride
As Chriſt-Church once all colleges beſide.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 205. *Stuck o'er with titles, etc.*] II. Then as to NOBILITY, by creation or birth; this too the Poet ſhews (from Ver. 204 to 217.) is in itſelf as devoid of all real worth as the reſt; becauſe, in the firſt caſe, the Honour is generally gained by no merit at all; in the ſecond, by the merit of the firſt Founder of the Family; which, when well conſidered, is generally the ſubject rather of humiliation than of glory.

VER. 217. *Look next on Greatneſs, etc.*] III. The Poet now unmaſks (from Ver. 216 to 237.) the falſe pretences of GREATNESS, whereby it is ſeen that the *Hero* and the *Politician* (the

two

Heroes are much the ſame, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
The whole ſtrange purpoſe of their lives, to find
Or make, an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward ſtill he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward further than his noſe.
No leſs alike the Politic and Wiſe;
All ſly ſlow things, with circumſpective eyes:
Men in their looſe unguarded hours they take,
Not that themſelves are wiſe, but others weak.
But grant that thoſe can conquer, theſe can cheat;
'Tis phraſe abſurd to call a Villain Great:
Who wickedly is wiſe, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, ſmiles in exile or in chains,
Like

COMMENTARY.

two characters which would monopolize that quality) do, after all their buſtle, if they want Virtue, effect only this, that the one proves himſelf a Fool, and the other a Knave: And Virtue they but too generally want; the art of Heroiſm being underſtood to conſiſt in Ravage and Deſolation; and the art of Politics, in Circumvention.

It is not ſucceſs, therefore, that conſtitutes true Greatneſs; but the end aimed at, and the means which are employed: And if theſe be right, Glory will follow as the reward, whatever happens to be the iſſue:

" Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
" Or failing, ſmiles in exile or in chains,
" Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
" Like Socrates, that man is great indeed."

NOTES.

VER. 222. — *an enemy of all mankind!*] Had all nations, with regard to their HEROES, been of the humour with the Normans, who called Robert II. the greateſt of their Dukes, by the name of ROBERT THE DEVIL, the Races of HEROES might have been leſs numerous, or however leſs miſchievous.

Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that Man is great indeed.
What's Fame? a fancy'd life in others breath,
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
Juſt what you hear, you have, and what's unknown
The ſame (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the ſmall circle of our foes or friends;
To all beſide as much an empty ſhade
An Eugene living, as a Caeſar dead:
Alike or when, or where, they ſhone, or ſhine,
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A Wit's a feather, and a Chief a rod;
An honeſt Man's the nobleſt work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can ſave,
As Juſtice tears his body from the grave;
When what t' oblivion better were reſign'd,
Is hung on high, to poiſon half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true deſert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One ſelf-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of ſtupid ſtarers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Caeſar with a ſenate at his heels.

In

COMMENTARY.

VER. 237. *What's Fame?*] IV. With regard to FAME, that ſtill more fantaſtic bleſſing, he ſheweth (from Ver. 236 to 259.) that all of it, beſides what we hear ourſelves, is merely nothing: and that even of this ſmall portion, no more of it giveth the poſſeſſor a real ſatisfaction, than what is the fruit of Virtue. Thus he ſhews, that Honour, Nobility, Greatneſs, Glory, ſo far as they have any thing real and ſubſtantial, that is, ſo far as they contribute to the Happineſs of the poſſeſſor, are the ſole iſſue of Virtue; and that neither Riches, Courts, Armies, nor the Populace, are capable of conferring them.

In Parts ſuperior what advantage lies?
Tell (for You can) what is it to be wiſe?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To ſee all others faults, and feel our own:
Condemn'd in buſineſs or in arts to drudge,
Without a ſecond, or without a judge:
Truths would you teach, or ſave a ſinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few underſtand.
Painful preheminence! yourſelf to view
Above life's weakneſs, and its comforts too.
Bring then theſe bleſſings to a ſtrict account:
Make fair deductions; ſee to what they mount;

How

COMMENTARY.

VER. 259. *In Parts ſuperior what advantage lies?*] V. But laſtly, the Poet ſhews (from Ver. 258 to 269.) that as *no external* goods can make man happy, ſo neither is it in the power of *all internal*. For that even SUPERIOR PARTS bring no more real happineſs to the poſſeſſor than the reſt; nay, that they put him into a worſe condition; for that the quickneſs of apprehenſion and depth of penetration do but ſharpen the miſeries of life.

NOTES.

VER. 267. *Painful preheminence! etc.*] This, to his friend: —nor does it at all contradict what he had ſaid to him concerning Happineſs, in the beginning of the epiſtle:

" 'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
" And fled from Monarchs, St. John! dwells with thee."

For there he compliments his *virtue*; here he eſtimates the value of his *politics*, which he calls, *wiſdom*. He is now proving, that nothing either external to man, or what is not in man's power, and of his own acquirement, can make him happy here. The moſt plauſible rival of Virtue is human Wiſdom: yet even this is ſo far from giving any degree of real happineſs, that it deprives us of thoſe common comforts of life, which are a kind of ſupport, under the want of happineſs. Such as the more innocent of thoſe deluſions which he ſpeaks of in the ſecond Epiſtle:

" Thoſe painted clouds that beautify our days," etc.

Now Knowledge deſtroyeth all thoſe comforts, by ſetting man above life's weakneſſes: So that in him, who thinketh to attain happineſs by Knowledge alone, independent of Virtue, the fable is reverſed, and in a prepoſterous attempt to gain the ſubſtance, he loſeth even the ſhadow. This I take to be the ſenſe of this fine ſtroke of ſatire on the wrong purſuits after happineſs.

How much of other each is ſure to coſt;
How each for other oft is wholly loſt;
How inconſiſtent greater goods with theſe;
How ſometimes life is riſqu'd, and always eaſe:
Think, and if ſtill the things thy envy call,
Say, would'ſt thou be the Man to whom they fall?
To ſigh for ribbands if thou art ſo ſilly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.
Is yellow dirt the paſſion of thy life?
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.
If Parts allure thee, think how Bacon ſhin'd,
The wiſeſt, brighteſt, meaneſt of mankind:

Or

COMMENTARY.

VER. 269. *Bring then theſe bleſſings to a ſtrict account, etc.*] Having thus proved how empty and unſatisfactory all theſe greateſt external goods are, from an examination of their nature; he proceeds to ſtrengthen his argument (from Ver. 268 to 309.) by theſe three further conſiderations:

1. That

NOTES.

VER. 281, 283. *If Parts allure thee,—*
Or raviſh'd with the whiſtling of a Name,]
Theſe two inſtances are choſen with great judgment. The world, perhaps, doth not afford two ſuch other.

BACON diſcovered and laid down thoſe true principles of ſcience, by whoſe aſſiſtance, Newton was enabled to unfold the whole law of Nature. He was no leſs eminent for the creative power of his imagination; the brightneſs of his conceptions; and the force of his expreſſion: Yet being convicted on his own confeſſion, for bribery and corruption in the adminiſtration of juſtice, while he preſided in the ſupreme Court of Equity, he endeavoured to repair his ruined fortunes by the moſt profligate flattery to the Court: Which, indeed, from his very firſt entrance into it, he had accuſtomed himſelf to practiſe with a proſtitution that diſgraceth the very profeſſion of letters, or of ſcience.

CROMWELL ſeemeth to be diſtinguiſhed in the moſt eminent manner, with regard to his abilities, from all other great and wicked men, who have overturned the Liberties of their Country. The times in which others have ſucceeded in this attempt, were ſuch as ſaw the ſpirit of Liberty ſuppreſſed and ſtifled, by a general luxury and venality: But Cromwell ſubdued his country, when this ſpirit was at its height, by a ſucceſsful ſtruggle againſt court-oppreſſion; and while it was conducted and ſupported by a ſet of the greateſt Geniuſes for government the world ever ſaw embarked together in one common cauſe.

Or raviſh'd with the whiſtling of a Name,
See Cromwell, damn'd to everlaſting fame!
If all, united, thy ambition call,
From ancient ſtory learn to ſcorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
See the falſe ſcale of happineſs complete!
In hearts of Kings, or arms of Queens who lay,
How happy! thoſe to ruin, theſe betray.
Mark by what wretched ſteps their glory grows,
From dirt and ſea-weed as proud Venice roſe;
In each how guilt and greatneſs equal ran,
And all that rais'd the Hero, ſunk the Man:
Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
But ſtain'd with blood, or ill exchang'd for gold:
Then ſee them broke with toils, or ſunk in eaſe,
Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.

Oh

COMMENTARY.

1. That the acquirement of theſe goods is made with the loſs of one another, or of greater; either as inconſiſtent with them, or as ſpent in attaining them.

2. That the poſſeſſors of each of theſe goods are generally ſuch, as are ſo far from raiſing envy in a good man, that he would refuſe to take their perſons, though accompanied with their poſſeſſions: and this the Poet illuſtrates by examples.

3. That even the poſſeſſion of them all together, where they have excluded Virtue, only terminates in more enormous miſery.

NOTES.

VER. 283. *Or raviſh'd with the whiſtling of a Name,*] And even this fantaſtic glory ſometimes ſuffers a terrible reverſe.—*Sacheverel*, in his *Voyage to I-columbkill*, deſcribing the Church there, tells us, that "in one corner is a peculiar incloſure, in which were the monuments of "the kings of many different nations, as Scotland, Ireland, Norway, and the *Iſle of Man*. "THIS (ſaid the perſon who ſhewed me the place, pointing to a plain ſtone) was the monu-"ment of the Great TEAGUE, king of Ireland. I had never heard of him, and could not "but reflect of how little value is *Greatneſs*, that has barely left a *name* ſcandalous to a na-"tion, and a grave which the meaneſt of mankind would never envy."

VER. 292. *From dirt and ſea-weed*] Avarice and Luſt.

Oh wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
E'er taught to ſhine, or ſanctify'd from ſhame!
What greater bliſs attends their cloſe of life?
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
The trophy'd arches, ſtory'd halls invade,
And haunt their ſlumbers in the pompous ſhade.
Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,
Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day;
The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A Tale, that blends their glory with their ſhame!
Know then this truth (enough for Man to know)
"Virtue alone is happineſs below."
The only point where human bliſs ſtands ſtill,
And taſtes the good without the fall to ill;

Where

COMMENTARY.

VER. 309. *Know then this truth, etc.*] Having thus at length ſhewn that happineſs conſiſts neither in external goods of *any* kind, nor in *all* kinds of internal (that is, in ſuch of them as are not of our own acquirement) nor yet in the viſionary purſuits of the Philoſophers, he concludes (from Ver. 308 to 311.) that it is to be found in VIRTUE ALONE.

VER. 311. *The only point where human bliſs ſtands ſtill, etc.*] Hitherto the Poet had proved, NEGATIVELY, that happineſs conſiſts in Virtue, by ſhewing, that it did not conſiſt in any thing

NOTES.

VER. 309. *Know then this truth (enough for Man to know)*
"Virtue ALONE *is happineſs below."*]

M. Du Reſnel tranſlates the lines thus,

"Appren donc, qu'il n'eſt point icy bas de *Bonheur*
"*Si la Vertu ne regle et l'Eſprit et le Coeur.*

i. e. *Learn then, that there is no Happineſs here below, unleſs Virtue regulate the heart and the underſtanding:* Which deſtroys all the force of his Author's concluſion. He had proved, that happineſs conſiſts neither in external goods, as the Vulgar imagined; nor yet in the viſions of the Philoſophers: he concludes therefore, that it conſiſts in VIRTUE ALONE. His Tranſlator ſays, that *without Virtue there can be no happineſs.* And ſo ſay the men whom his Author is here confuting. For though they ſuppoſed *external* goods requiſite to happineſs, it was when in conjunction with Virtue. Mr. Pope ſays,

"VIRTUE ALONE is Happineſs below:"

And ſo ought a faithful Tranſlator to have ſaid after him.

Where only Merit conſtant pay receives,
Is bleſt in what it takes, and what it gives;
The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain,
And if it loſe, attended with no pain:
Without ſatiety, though e'er ſo bleſs'd,
And but more reliſh'd as the more diſtreſs'd:
The broadeſt mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
Leſs pleaſing far than Virtue's very tears:
Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
Never elated, while one man's oppreſs'd;
Never dejected, while another's bleſs'd;
And where no wants, no wiſhes can remain,
Since but to wiſh more Virtue, is to gain.
See the ſole bliſs Heav'n could on all beſtow!
Which who but feels can taſte, but thinks can know:

Yet

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 316. in the MS.

Ev'n while it ſeems unequal to diſpoſe,
And chequers all the good Man's joys with woes,
'Tis but to teach him to ſupport each ſtate,
With patience this, with moderation that;
And raiſe his baſe on that one ſolid joy,
Which conſcience gives, and nothing can deſtroy.

Theſe lines are extremely finiſhed. In which there is ſuch a ſoothing ſweetneſs in the melancholy harmony of the verſification, as if the Poet was then in that tender office in which he was moſt officious, and in which all his ſoul came out, the condoling with ſome good man in affliction.

COMMENTARY.

thing elſe. He now (from Ver. 310 to 327.) proves the ſame POSITIVELY, by an enumeration of the qualities of Virtue, all naturally adapted to give and to increaſe human happineſs; as its Conſtancy, Capacity, Vigour, Efficacy, Activity, Moderation, and Self-ſufficiency.

VER. 327. *See the ſole bliſs Heav'n could on all beſtow!*] Having thus proved that happineſs is placed in *Virtue*; he proves next (from Ver. 326 to 329.) that it is *rightly* placed there; for that then, and then only, ALL may partake of it, and ALL be capable of reliſhing it.

Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad muſt miſs; the good, untaught, will find;
Slave to no ſect, who takes no private road,
But looks through Nature, up to Nature's God;
Purſues that Chain which links th' immenſe deſign,
Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees, that no Being any bliſs can know,
But touches ſome above, and ſome below;
Learns from this union of the riſing Whole,
The firſt, laſt purpoſe of the human ſoul;
And knows where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,
All end, in LOVE OF GOD, and LOVE OF MAN.
For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens ſtill, and opens on his ſoul;
Till lengthen'd on to FAITH, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliſs that fills up all the mind.
He ſees, why Nature plants in Man alone
Hope of known bliſs, and Faith in bliſs unknown:

(Nature,

COMMENTARY.

VER. 329. *Yet poor with fortune, etc.*] The Poet then, with ſome indignation, obſerveth, (from Ver. 328 to 341.) that as obvious and as evident as this truth was, yet Riches and falſe Philoſophy had ſo blinded the diſcernment even of improved minds, that the poſſeſſors of the firſt, placed happineſs in externals, unſuitable to Man's nature; and the followers of the latter, in refined viſions, unſuitable to his ſituation: while the ſimple-minded man, with NATURE only for his guide, found plainly in what it ſhould be placed.

VER. 341. *For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,*] But this is not all; the Author ſhews further (from Ver. 340 to 353.) that when the ſimple minded man, on his firſt ſetting out in the purſuit of Truth in order to Happineſs, hath had the wiſdom

"To look through Nature up to Nature's God,"

(inſtead

NOTES.

VER. 341. *For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal, etc.*] PLATO, in his firſt book of a Republic, hath a remarkable paſſage to this purpoſe. "He whoſe conſcience does not reproach "him, has chearful *Hope*, for his companion, and the ſupport and comfort of his old age,

"according

(Nature, whoſe dictates to no other kind
Are giv'n in vain, but what they ſeek they find)
Wiſe is her preſent; ſhe connects in this
His greateſt Virtue with his greateſt Bliſs;
At once his own bright proſpect to be bleſt,
And ſtrongeſt motive to aſſiſt the reſt.
Self-love thus puſh'd to ſocial, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's bleſſing thine.

Is

COMMENTARY.

(inſtead of adhering to any ſect or party, where there was ſo great odds of his chuſing wrong) that then the benefit of gaining the knowledge of *God's will written in the mind*, is not confined there; for ſtanding on this ſure foundation, he is now no longer in danger of chuſing wrong, amidſt ſuch diverſities of Religions; but by purſuing this grand ſcheme of univerſal benevolence, in practice as well as theory, he arrives at length to the knowledge of the *revealed will of God*, which is the conſummation of the ſyſtem of benevolence:

" For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
" And opens ſtill, and opens on his ſoul;
" Till lengthen'd on to FAITH, and unconfin'd,
" It pours the bliſs that fills up all the mind."

VER. 353. *Self-love thus puſh'd to ſocial, etc.*] The Poet, in the laſt place, marks out (from Ver. 352 to 373.) the progreſs of his good man's benevolence, puſhed through natural religion to revealed, till it arrives to that height which the ſacred writers deſcribe as the very ſummit of Chriſtian perfection; and ſhews how the progreſs of *human* differs from the progreſs of *divine* benevolence. That the divine deſcends from *whole* to *parts*; but that the human muſt

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" according to Pindar. For this great Poet, O Socrates, very elegantly ſays, That he who " leads a juſt and holy life has always amiable *Hope* for his companion, which fills his heart " with joy, and is the ſupport and comfort of his old age. *Hope*, the moſt powerful of the " Divinities, in governing the ever-changing and inconſtant temper of mortal men." Τῷ δὲ μηδεὺ ἑαυτῷ ἄδικον ξυνειδότι ἡδεῖα ἐλπὶς ἀεὶ πάρεσι, καὶ ἀγαθὴ γηροτρόφος, ὡς καὶ Πίνδαρος λέγει. Χαριέντως γάρ τοι, ὦ Σώκρατες, τοῦτ' ἐκεῖνος εἶπεν, ὅτι ὃς ἂν δικαίως καὶ ὁσίως τὸν βίον διαγάγῃ, γλυκεῖά οἱ καρδίαν ἀτάλλουσα γηροτρόφος συναορεῖ ἐλπὶς, ἃ μάλιστα θνατῶν πολύτροφον γνώμαν κυβερνᾷ. In the ſame manner Euripides ſpeaks in his *Hercules furens*,

Οὗτος δ' ἀνὴρ ἄριστος ὅστις ἐλπίσιν
Πέποιθεν αἰεί, τὸ δ' ἀπορεῖν, ἀνδρὸς κακοῦ. Ver. 105.

" He is the good man in whoſe *breaſt Hope ſprings eternally:* But to be *without Hope in the* " *world*, is the portion of the wicked."

Is this too little for the boundleſs heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
Graſp the whole worlds of Reaſon, Life, and Senſe,
In one cloſe ſyſtem of Benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of Bliſs but height of Charity.
God loves from Whole to Parts: But human ſoul
Muſt riſe from Individual to the Whole.
Self-love but ſerves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the ſmall pebble ſtirs the peaceful lake;

The

COMMENTARY.

muſt riſe from *individual* to *univerſal*. His argument for this extended benevolence is, that, as God has made a Whole, whoſe parts have a perfect relation to, and an entire dependency on each other, man, by extending his benevolence throughout that Whole, acts in conformity to the will of his Creator; and therefore this enlargement of his affection becomes a duty. But the Poet hath not only ſhewn his piety in this obſervation, but the utmoſt art and addreſs likewiſe in the diſpoſition of it. The *Eſſay on Man* opens with expoſing the murmurs and impious concluſions of fooliſh men againſt the preſent conſtitution of things: as it proceeds, it occaſionally detects all thoſe falſe principles and opinions, which led them to conclude thus perverſely. Having now done all that was neceſſary in ſpeculation, the Author turns to practice; and ends his Eſſay with the recommendation of an acknowledged Virtue, CHARITY; which, if exerciſed in that *extent* which conformity to the will of God requireth, would effectually prevent all complaints againſt the preſent order of Nature: ſuch complaints being made with a total diſregard to every thing but their *own private ſyſtem*, and ſeeking remedy in the diſorder, and at the expence of all the reſt. This obſervation,

"Self-love but ſerves the virtuous mind to wake,"

is important: Rochefoucault, Eſprit, and their coarſe and wordy diſciple Mandeville, had obſerved, that Self-love was the *origin* of all thoſe virtues which mankind moſt admire; and therefore fooliſhly ſuppoſed it was the *end* likewiſe: and ſo taught that the higheſt pretences to diſintereſtedneſs were only the more artful diſguiſes of Self-love. But our Author, who ſays ſomewhere or other,

"Of human Nature, Wit its worſt may write,
"We all revere it in our own deſpite," MS.

ſaw, as well as they, and every body elſe, that the Paſſions began in Self-love; yet he underſtood human nature better than to imagine that they ended there. He knew that Reaſon and Religion could convert Selfiſhneſs into its very oppoſite; and therefore teacheth that

"Self-love but ſerves the virtuous mind to wake:"

and thus hath vindicated the dignity of human Nature, and the philoſophic truth of the Chriſtian doctrine.

The centre mov'd, a circle ſtraight ſucceeds,
Another ſtill, and ſtill another ſpreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, firſt it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race;
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind;
Earth ſmiles around, with boundleſs bounty bleſt,
And Heav'n beholds its image in his breaſt.
Come then, my Friend! my Genius! come along;
Oh maſter of the poet, and the ſong!
And while the Muſe now ſtoops, or now aſcends,
To Man's low paſſions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wiſe,
To fall with dignity, with temper riſe;
Form'd by thy converſe, happily to ſteer
From grave to gay, from lively to ſevere;

Correct

VARIATIONS.

VER. 373. *Come then, my Friend! etc.*] In the MS. thus,

And now tranſported o'er ſo vaſt a Plain,
While the wing'd courſer flies with all her rein,
While heav'n-ward now her mounting wing ſhe feels,
Now ſcatter'd fools fly trembling from her heels,
Wilt thou, my ST. JOHN! keep her courſe in ſight,
Confine her fury, and aſſiſt her flight?

NOTES.

VER. 373. *Come then, my Friend! etc.*] This noble apoſtrophe, by which the Poet concludes the Eſſay in an addreſs to his friend, will furniſh a critic with examples of every one of thoſe five Species of elocution, from which, as from its ſources, Longinus deduceth the SUBLIME *.

1. The firſt and chief is *a grandeur and ſublimity of conception:*

" Come then, my Friend! my Genius! come along;
" Oh Maſter of the Poet, and the Song!
" And while the Muſe now ſtoops, and now aſcends,
" To Man's low paſſions, or their glorious ends"——

2. The

* —πέντε πηγαί τινές εἰσιν τ' ὑψηγορίας. 1. Πρῶτον μὲν κ) κρατιςον τὸ περὶ τὰς νοήσεις ἀδρεπήβολον. 2. Δεύτερον δὲ τὸ σφοδρὸν κ) ἐνθουσιαςικὸν πάθ⊙. 3. Ποιὰ τῶν σχημάτων πλάσις. 4. Ἡ γενναῖα φράσις. 5. Πέμπτη δὲ μεγέθους αἰτία, κ) συγκλείουσα τὰ πρὸ ἑαυτῆς ἅπαντα, ἡ ἐν ἀξιώματι κ) διάρσει σύνθεσις.

Correct with ſpirit, eloquent with eaſe,
Intent to reaſon, or polite to pleaſe.
Oh! while along the ſtream of Time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;
Say, ſhall my little bark attendant ſail,
Purſue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When ſtateſmen, heroes, kings, in duſt repoſe,
Whoſe ſons ſhall bluſh their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verſe to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philoſopher, and friend?
That urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
From ſounds to things, from fancy to the heart;

For

NOTES.

2. The *ſecond*, that *pathetic enthuſiaſm*, which, at the ſame time, melts and inflames:
" Teach me, like thee, in various nature wiſe,
" To fall with dignity, with temper riſe;
" Form'd by thy converſe, happily to ſteer
" From grave to gay, from lively to ſevere;
" Correct with ſpirit, eloquent with eaſe,
" Intent to reaſon, or polite to pleaſe."

3. *A certain elegant formation and ordonance of figures:*
" Oh! while along the ſtream of Time thy name
" Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
" Say, ſhall my little bark attendant ſail,
" Purſue the triumph, and partake the gale?"

4. *A ſplendid diction:*
" When ſtateſmen, heroes, kings, in duſt repoſe,
" Whoſe ſons ſhall bluſh their fathers were thy foes,
" Shall then this verſe to future age pretend
" Thou wert my guide, philoſopher, and friend?
" That urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
" From ſounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
" For Wit's falſe mirror held up Nature's light;"—

5. And fifthly, which includes in itſelf all the reſt, *a weight and dignity in the compoſition:*
" Shew'd erring Pride, Whatever is, is RIGHT;
" That REASON, PASSION, anſwer one great AIM;
" That true SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL are the SAME;
" That VIRTUE only makes our BLISS below;
" And all our Knowledge is, OURSELVES TO KNOW."

For Wit's falſe mirror held up Nature's light;
Shew'd erring Pride, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT;
That REASON, PASSION, anſwer one great aim;
That true SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL are the ſame;
That VIRTUE only makes our Bliſs below;
And all our Knowledge is, OURSELVES TO KNOW.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 397. *That Virtue only, etc.*] In the MS. thus,
That juſt to find a God is all we can,
And all the ſtudy of Mankind is Man.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 394. *Shew'd erring Pride, Whatever is, is right*;] The Poet's addreſs to his friend, which concludeth this epiſtle ſo nobly, and endeth with a recapitulation of the general argument, affords me the following obſervation, with which I ſhall conclude theſe remarks.—There is one great beauty that ſhines through the whole *Eſſay*: The Poet, whether he ſpeaks of man as an individual, a member of ſociety, or the ſubject of happineſs, never miſſeth an opportunity, while he is explaining his ſtate under any of theſe capacities, to illuſtrate it in the moſt artful manner by the inforcement of his grand principle, *That every thing tendeth to the good of the Whole*; from whence his ſyſtem gaineth the reciprocal advantage of having that grand Theorem realized by facts; and his facts juſtified on a principle of Right or Nature.

THUS I have endeavoured to analyſe and explain the exact reaſoning of theſe four epiſtles. Enough, I preſume, to convince every one, that it hath a preciſion, force, and cloſeneſs of connection, rarely to be met with, even in the moſt formal treatiſes of philoſophy. Yet in doing this, it is but too evident I have deſtroyed that grace and energy which animates the original. And now let the Reader believe, if he be ſo diſpoſed, what M. de Crouſaz, in his Critique upon this work, inſinuates to be his own opinion, as well as that of his friends: "Some "perſons," ſays he, "have conjectured, that Mr. Pope did not compoſe this Eſſay at once, "and in a regular order; but that after he had written ſeveral fragments of poetry, all finiſhed "in their kind, (one, for example, on the parallel between Reaſon and Inſtinct, another upon "Man's groundleſs Pride, another on the Prerogatives of human Nature, another on Religion "and Superſtition, another on the Original of Society, and ſeveral fragments beſides on Self-"love and the Paſſions) he tacked theſe together as he could, and divided them into four "epiſtles; as, it is ſaid, was the fortune of Homer's Rhapſodies." I ſuppoſe this extravagance will be believed juſt as ſoon of one as of the other. But M. Du Reſnel, our Poet's Tranſlator, is not behind hand with the Critic, in his judgment on the work. "The only rea-"ſon," ſays he, "for which this poem can be properly termed an *Eſſay*, is, that the Author has "not formed his plan with all the regularity of method which it might have admitted." And again—"I was, by the unanimous opinion of all thoſe whom I have conſulted on this occaſion, "and amongſt theſe, of ſeveral *Engliſhmen* completely ſkilled in both languages, *obliged to fol-"low a different method. The French are not ſatisfied with ſentiments, however beautiful, unleſs "they be methodically diſpoſed: Method being the characteriſtic that diſtinguiſhes our performances "from thoſe of our neighbours*," etc. After having given many examples of the critical ſkill of this wonderful man of method, in the foregoing notes, it is enough juſt to have quoted this flouriſh of ſelf-applauſe, and ſo to leave him to the laughter of the World.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of All! in ev'ry Age,
In ev'ry Clime ador'd,
By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great Firſt Cauſe, leaſt underſtood:
Who all my Senſe confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art Good,
And that myſelf am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark Eſtate,
To ſee the Good from Ill;
And binding Nature faſt in Fate,
Left free the Human Will.

What Conſcience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than Hell to ſhun,
That, more than Heav'n purſue.

What

COMMENTARY.

Univerſal Prayer.] It may be proper to obſerve, that ſome paſſages in the preceding *Eſſay* having been unjuſtly ſuſpected of a tendency towards FATE and NATURALISM, the Author compoſed this Prayer as the ſum of all, to ſhew that his ſyſtem was founded in *free-will*, and terminated in *piety:* that the Firſt Cauſe was as well the Lord and Governor of the Univerſe as the Creator of it; and that, by ſubmiſſion to his will, (the great principle inforced throughout the *Eſſay)* was not meant ſuffering ourſelves to be carried along by a blind determination, but reſting in a religious acquieſcence, and confidence full of *Hope* and *Immortality*. To give all this the greater weight, the Poet choſe for his model the LORD'S PRAYER, which, of all others, beſt deſerves the title prefixed to his Paraphraſe.

What Bleſſings thy free Bounty gives,
Let me not caſt away;
For God is paid when Man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to Earth's contracted Span
Thy Goodneſs let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of Man,
When thouſand Worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Preſume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy Foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to ſtay;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from fooliſh Pride,
Or impious Diſcontent,
At aught thy Wiſdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy Goodneſs lent.

Teach

NOTES.

If I am right, thy grace impart,—
If I am wrong, O teach my heart]

As the *imparting of grace*, on the Chriſtian ſyſtem, is a ſtronger exertion of the Divine Power than the natural illumination of the heart, one would expect that *right* and *wrong* ſhould change places; more aid being required to *reſtore* men to right, than to *keep* them in it. But as it was the Poet's purpoſe to inſinuate that Revelation was the *right*, nothing could better expreſs his purpoſe, than making the *right* ſecured by the guards of *grace*.

Teach me to feel another's Woe,
To hide the Fault I ſee;
That Mercy I to others ſhow,
That Mercy ſhow to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly ſo,
Since quicken'd by thy Breath;
Oh lead me whereſoe'er I go,
Through this day's Life or Death.

This day, be Bread and Peace my Lot:
All elſe beneath the Sun,
Thou know'ſt if beſt beſtow'd or not,
And let Thy Will be done.

To Thee, whoſe Temple is all Space,
Whoſe Altar, Earth, Sea, Skies!
One Chorus let all Being raiſe!
All Nature's Incenſe riſe!

The DYING CHRISTIAN to his SOUL.

ODE*.

I.

VITAL ſpark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying;
Oh the pain, the bliſs of dying!
Ceaſe, fond Nature, ceaſe thy ſtrife,
And let me languiſh into life.

II.

Hark! they whiſper; Angels ſay,
Siſter Spirit, come away.
What is this abſorbs me quite?
Steals my ſenſes, ſhuts my ſight,
Drowns my ſpirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death?

III.

The world recedes; it diſappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With ſounds ſeraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy Victory?
O Death! where is thy Sting?

NOTES.

* This ode was written in imitation of the famous ſonnet of Hadrian to his departing Soul; but as much ſuperior to his original, in ſenſe and ſublimity, as the *Chriſtian* Religion is to the *Pagan*.

The END of the FIRST VOLUME.